

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Summer's End...

Summer is drawing her garment of
gold
Close round her shoulders and steal-
ing away,
Going so quietly,
Going so silently
Into the limbo of Yesterday.

Season of swimming is reaching its
close,
Summer of surfing and laughter is
done,
Clutch the fag end of it,
All that is left of it,
Months that were spent in a riot of
fun.

Clean water clinging to gay colored
caps,
Slender, young bodies are poising to
dive,
Laughter and truth of them,
Beauty and youth of them,
Glad in the Summer-time, gladly
alive.
P. Duncan-Brown.

ARCHBISHOP Reveals MODERN CHURCH Trend

By Our Clerical Writer

Apart from any other aspect, the enthronement last week of Archbishop Mowll reveals the fact that a remarkable spirit of tolerance between all Church groups now prevails.

The Archbishop, moreover, has shown that he desires to promote a broadness of spirit, not only within the Church of England, but towards other denominations.

His calling on the Roman Catholic Archbishop and attending the Methodist Conference at the Lyceum, are both acts characteristic of a modern broadness of outlook.

MANY years ago the Sydney Synod became definitely "Evangelical." This is because the majority of metropolitan Anglican clergy and church people are Evangelical.

It is said by some high churchmen that many Synod resolutions are passed only with Low Church approval, and against High Church approval. They suggest, in fact, that there is a kind of evangelical caucus.

However that may be, the election of Archbishop Mowll was certainly not of that type. At first it was thought the voting was to be unanimous. Even when that was not so it was noticeable that in the end such High Churchmen as Father Hope and Dr. Micklem voted for His Grace.

Archbishop Mowll, therefore, was chosen because of his qualities of leadership, so that he might make the Church as a whole felt throughout the community.

HIS breadth of understanding and tolerance and freedom from fear of offending the narrow-minded has been clearly shown.

His first appearances as a public speaker have aroused great enthusiasm in all quarters.

The Premier, Mr. Stevens (a Methodist), stated that "Archbishop Mowll almost persuaded me to become an Anglican." Bishop Crotty said that he had been almost moved to tears by His Grace's beautiful simplicity.

Archbishop Mowll, in short, is less likely to be a man any party can mould to suit its own ends, than to be a mould of the different sections of the Anglican Church into one united body.

HIS GRACE is, of course, being mentioned, together with Archbishop Wand, of Brisbane, Archbishop Head,

of Melbourne, and Archbishop Le Fanu, of Perth, for the Primacy of Australia.

Before Archbishop Mowll's arrival those in the know thought that this honor would probably not remain, as it always has, in Sydney.

It was suggested, on the one hand, that it would be a good idea to make a change, and let one of the other States have it for a turn; and, on the other, that as the election is in the hands of all the Bishops of the Commonwealth, probably somebody who is a more definite Churchman would be elected.

For elsewhere there is not such a preponderance of the Low Church spirit as prevails in Sydney.

Archbishop Wand will arrive in Brisbane only very shortly before the election, so he has not been considered probable of election.

Archbishop Le Fanu has in his favor that he is a great administrator, interested and able in all constitutional matters.

But Archbishop Head was thought by many to be likely of selection.

As well as being an able speaker, he is a big factor in the life of Melbourne as a whole. He is interested in all social and economic questions, and greatly beloved by all clergymen, under him, as he visits all the smaller parts of his diocese. Moreover, as the appointment would coincide with the Centenary celebrations, it would be very apt.

Yet notwithstanding all this, Archbishop Mowll is at present considered certain of becoming Primate.

So great an appeal has he made to all classes by his ability, personality and talent for appreciating every side of every issue, that he has attained an extraordinarily entrenched position already.

A Bicycle Built For Two Again?



WILL MARY exchange this for "a bicycle built for two"? The cables this week referred again to the reported reconciliation between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Miss Pickford stated that she hoped to "get over to England as soon as I can and want to go on a bicycling trip." She added that she was first going to Hollywood to make a new picture.

TELLING FRANCE About Sydney Men! French Paper's Libellous "Description"

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

The Australian Women's Weekly, in its last issue, drew attention to the fact that gross libels on Australian women are being published in the important French paper, "Gringoire." These scandalous articles are part of a series written by Monsieur Ferri-Pisani, who recently visited Australia.

The nature of the contents of two of these articles was indicated in last issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. The third of the series dealt with in the report which follows, libels Australian men as viciously as its predecessors libelled Australian women. Surely some official action should be taken to prevent such poisonous propaganda against Australia being spread throughout France!

THE third instalment of Monsieur Ferri-Pisani's report of Australia has now appeared in the French weekly, "Gringoire." Will Australia allow such unparalleled libels to go unchallenged and permit the French, who know so little of Australia, to believe such absurd lies?

This latest article deals with Sydney. The writer tells how he becomes acquainted with a young woman on the ferry going over to Manly. She invites

him to tea. He accepts on condition she will come to the cinema with him, and to this she agrees. He asks her if her husband allows her to accept casual invitations from strangers. Then she tells him that in Australia it is the women who go to business and provide for the men, and that the men stay at home and do the housework.

She tells him that her husband, father, and brother are all on the dole, and that she and her sister and mother go to work. She goes on to offer him a room in their house, which he accepts, being anxious to peep at this curious Australian family life, where the order of things is so reversed.

THERE is a great bustle when they reach home, "the men, in the midst of household and even feminine work, carrying their wash-up mops and flat irons, and wearing aprons, hasten to welcome their womenfolk who come back from Sydney with the trusting smiles, which wives used to welcome husbands back from factory or office."

THE writer is held up as an example to these young men because he has work. He is told that in Australia it

BIGGER THAN EVER ... FOR ONLY 2d.

A special Home Beautiful section of eight pages is included in this week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly. It is packed with modern ideas in home decoration arrangement.

is the general rule that, since the slump, only the women of the households work. The women are given all the jobs, because they are allowed to accept lower wages than the men.

He learns that in Australia waiters have been replaced by waitresses, tailors by dressmakers, and that there are even women engineers and chemists instead of men. While he is talking to the men of the family the women are in the other room taking an aperitif without having asked the men to join them, but call out impatiently to know if dinner isn't nearly ready.

The hostess then says to her husband, "the front steps don't look very clean to me."

"Well, I did brush them over to-day," says "the master of the house," excusing himself.

During dinner, which is entirely dominated by the women-folk, the "gentleman friend" of the hostess drops in and he, being the proud owner of a job in a man's cloakroom, is able to ask Madame to the cinema in spite of the obvious jealousy of her helpless husband.

The young brother's girl then calls for him. She has a job in a shoe shop, and so takes him to the pictures and also provides him with cigarettes every Saturday night.

There is much more in similar strain. Australian blood boils at this gross misrepresentation of Australian men and women. One would like, among other things, to remind Monsieur Ferri-Pisani that Paris is the home and forcing-ground of the gigolo, who has no part in the sane-minded Australian scheme of things.





No 24

FACE POWDER



DEDICATED TO THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—"No 24" was first created for an exclusive English clientele, but its fame has spread far and wide through the fashion centres of the world. Eight perfect shades . . . 1/6 LARGE BOX

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Let's Talk of
Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E



—Women's Weekly photo.

PIONEER OF NASAL HYGIENE

WHEN KATHERINE GREENE went to England for a holiday about seven years ago she had no intention of taking up a career. Then she met Dr. Octavia Lewin, the eminent London nose and throat specialist, and began a course of nasal hygiene at Dr. Lewin's clinic. After nearly three years she came back to Melbourne, where she believes she is the pioneer of nasal hygiene—that preventer of nose and throat troubles.

With the whole-hearted approval of the matron, Miss Greene instituted nasal hygiene at the Victorian Children's Aid Society, and at the same time trained the nurses there to carry on the good work. She has lectured on the subject in many of our schools, and when Dr. W. Regt Hughes published his paper on catarrh and the common cold and the tonsil problem he asked Miss Greene to write briefly on nasal hygiene.



—Women's Weekly photo.

AIRSHIP CAPTAIN

FRAU SOPHIE THOMAS, of Berlin, is the first woman in Germany to be granted a captain's certificate for airships. Frau Thomas's husband was an air officer in the Great War, and she has long been interested in aviation and was an expert on practical matters of engineering. She had made a close study of the building of aeroplanes before she qualified for her captain's certificate. She is frequently to be seen flying in a Parnavel-Naats over Berlin.



—Women's Weekly photo.

GOLD MEDALIST

MRS. ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH is the first woman to be awarded the Hubbard Gold Medal by the National Geographic Society of America. This medal was conferred for geographical aerial achievements, and so far only nine men, one of whom is Mrs. Lindbergh's famous husband, have been similarly honored.

Mrs. Lindbergh's work during the aerial circumnavigation of the Atlantic by her husband, and during his earlier flight to Tokyo from America, was an outstanding achievement, which gained her this signal honor.

What Would You EXCHANGE FOR MONEY?

WHAT would you exchange for money—a lot of money? The answer to this leading question is not so easily provided as it may appear. When all the things held dear are counted and considered, one by one, what is left to offer in exchange for wealth and the luxuries appertaining thereto?

By THE BARONESS ORCZY
(Of "Scarlet Pimpernel" Fame.)

HOW often do we hear it said that "Every man hath his price?" How often do we hear this or that success ascribed to the persuasive power of the "Almighty dollar?" Yet both quotations are the merest nonsense, and fit only for the mouths of self-confessed failures in the world's race for success and happiness!

Have you, for any possible action, your price? Would you, if the reward was high enough, commit murder, betray your friend, or rob an old woman of her savings? Would the all-powerful dollar—or, for that matter, a sackful of it—compensate you for the loss of love, honor or self-respect? I think not!

Unfortunately, however, one cannot blind oneself to the fact that the influence of money is largely on the increase. Too often now, in certain strata of society, the share-pusher is accepted, Croesus is trod to because of benefits which might accrue from his goodwill, and the counterfeit gift of an ill-mannered millionaire welcomed in place of the true gold of breeding and of courtesy.

Lure of Wealth

FAR be it from me to pretend to a ridiculous attitude of contempt for wealth and all the comfort and luxury which it can bring. I like wealth, and I love comfort and even luxury when I can get it. I like to see beautiful pearls round a beautiful woman's neck, and have before now cast eyes of longing on fifteen-hundred-guinea fur coats. At the same time, I do not believe in the influence of wealth as wealth, or in the power of pearl necklaces and fur coats. There are influences far greater than these.

To begin with, there is religion. There is no money in the world that could purchase the convictions of a devout man or woman, no matter to what form of religion he or she may adhere. The pages of the world's history teem with the accounts of martyrdom endured rather than belief renounced. It were almost ridiculous to refer to the early Christian martyrs to the horrors of the Inquisition, or the persecution of the Jews, for these facts are too well known to need reiteration. But they do serve to prove the fact that not even life, much less wealth or honors, was ever a price high enough to offer when religious conviction was at stake.

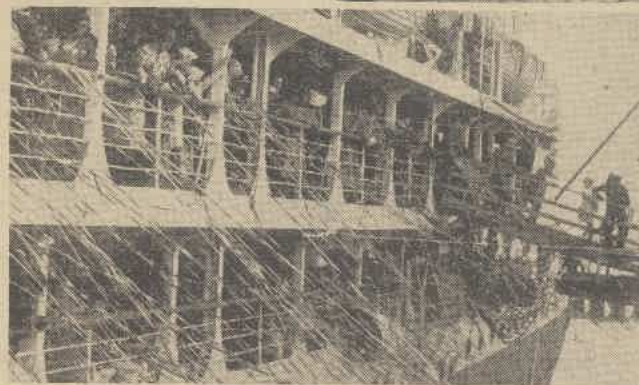
Then there is love. Is there any money in the world that will purchase the love of a woman if she be forced into marriage with a very Croesus? Many a rich man has learned this hard lesson to his cost. Diamonds and pearls, fur coats and motor cars, every luxury a woman's heart can desire, will not com-

mand a single heartfelt caress or the true fervor of a loving kiss.

MONEY cannot purchase love and it cannot purchase health. I know of at least one multi-millionaire who would give five-sixths of his entire fortune to any doctor who could cure him permanently of a troublesome, but not deadly disease. A very well-known Victorian woman of great wealth offered £100,000 to any physician who could rid her of a disfiguring port-wine mark on her face. In those days beauty culture was in its infancy, and the lady took the ugly mark with her to the grave.

Indeed, wealth is not almighty, far from it. It is only exceedingly pleasant—and so is health. It has not the satisfying quality of faith, nor the rapture of love. Frankly, I believe that wealth—a lot of it—is a source of more trouble than anything else on earth. The getting it is a worry, the losing it a greater one still. In that way it is like teeth—a trouble when they come, a trouble when they go.

Unfortunately, the tendency of the



TOP: IT IS such scenes as this that make love and romance worth more than all the money in the world. You cannot buy moonlight, nor the affinity of soul that exists between one who loves and one who is loved. This couple are enjoying a rapture which they will remember for ever. Money could not buy it for them, and lack of money could not stop them enjoying it.

LEFT: THIS great liner, sailing away to the other side of the world, is carrying on it hundreds of people who have exchanged a large bulk of their savings for the right to travel. It is said that Australians will pay bigger prices to travel than any other people in the world.

You wear the modern swimming suit...

Eat

THE 1934 BREAKFAST

WE laugh at the garments that slowed up sports in the old days, yet we often weigh down our bodies with heavy, rich food that makes us sluggish! Eat the modern breakfast—light, nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Ready-to-eat, energy-producing, popular with grown-ups or children! Delicious with milk, cream or fruits—perfect for any light meal.

Have Kellogg's regularly—you'll feel better!

Oven-Fresh Always
The new, exclusive, inner-waxed Waxing Wrapper keeps Kellogg's fresh and crisp after opening.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

How Sea Bathing Started

SEA bathing is now our most popular pastime, but in the early 16th Century it was the credo of the world of fashion that while the body might be washed from time to time with fresh water, salt water was only for fish, sailors, and the mentally unbalanced.

In fact, lunatics were the originators of sea bathing, because in the Middle Ages doctors, when prescribing for them, suggested salt water as the specific for their complaint.

It was about 1570 in England that sea bathing first became popular through a man named Doctor Russel, although a few courageous souls braved the waves before that time.

ON the Continent, the Germans were the first to get the seaside habit, and by 1812 France took up the craze.

Curious scenes were witnessed at Dieppe, where the bathers were plunged into the water in baskets to protect them from the waves and tides.

The really fashionable of France were not won over to this new form of bathing until 1824, when the Duchesse de Berry learned to swim and dip in the ocean.

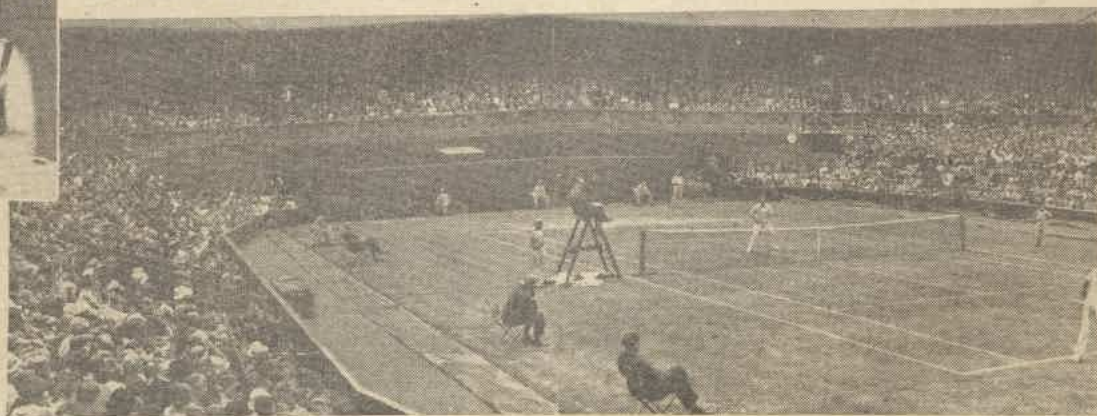
Quite a unique piece of pageantry accompanied her immersion. She was led a little way into the water by the Director of the Beach, an elegant person clad in evening dress and white gloves, a gun then being fired off to announce to those on the beach that her Royal Highness was in.

The papers of the time issued instructions to would-be bathers, telling them to sit or stand on the shore, taking care that they were held from behind by the hands. Also they were advised to wear a woollen shift in order to keep the eyes of the curious from seeing too much.—D.V.



MISS PEGGY SCRIVEN, the English tennis star, who won the French Women's Championship last year.

WHO is Woman TENNIS Champion of WORLD?



TYPICAL SCENE at Wimbledon, the Mecca of the tennis world, where the international contests are played.



JOAN HARTIGAN

Peggy Scriven Sums Up Wimbledon!

The annual gathering of tennis stars of all countries at Wimbledon has a special interest this year for Australians, as our champion, Joan Hartigan, will be facing her first great test against the leading internationals.

Joan, who is already on the high seas, has been specially commissioned to keep *The Australian Women's Weekly* in closest touch with the games, and her exclusive articles will be read with the greatest interest by Australian women.

Peggy Scriven, the English girl, who rose to meteoric fame in the French championships last year, and who represented England in the Wightman Cup tournament in America, tells in this special article what is in store at Wimbledon.

By PEGGY SCRIVEN, by special cable to *The Women's Weekly*

A FEW days ago I saw in the papers the following headlines:

"Another record Wimbledon. Applications for tickets exceed those of previous years."

It seems difficult to believe that people

are already clamoring to obtain seats for this great sports event, as yet far away in June—yet really it will not be long now. At the All-England Club the preparations of the famous grounds go on apace, new stands are being built, old ones knocked down, and the flawless turf is being microscopically exam-

ined for any slightest weed or unwanted growth. Soon the champions of many different and remote countries will assemble, and the great battle for the blue riband of lawn tennis will commence once more.

The 1834 Wimbledon promises to be an intriguing one.

BOTH from the men's and women's point of view, hopes are high for English and Empire "stars."

Just now Perry and Crawford seem to be running neck and neck for men's supremacy in the tennis world, and at present the balance is, if anything, a little in Perry's favor. But I should think Jack Crawford is a tired man and sadly in need of a long rest.

From my own experience, after winning the French championships, I proved that, for a woman, it is almost impossible to play one's best in two consecutive championships. I felt I had hardly the energy to move at all during my 4th and 5th round matches at Wimbledon, and I am sure that it must be much the same for a man... yet Jack won both at Paris and Wimbledon

and reached the finals of the American-Australian Championships.

Perry, it appears, is as fresh as ever, and even more determined, if possible.

CLOSE on the heels of these two are many overseas invaders, only a few of whose names I can mention here.

Personally, my outsider's choice for the championship rests between Maier, the brilliant young Spaniard (who, if you remember, ran Crawford to five sets at Wimbledon last year, and was, incidentally the only "ace" to out in the first round here) and Frank Shields, both capable of being world-beaters on their day.

Then, of course, one must not forget Stoecken and Parker, two young and determined players, who might easily do great things this year.

The French team's hopes are not as bright as previously, yet in Bousus, Bernard, and Merlin there are still great possibilities. Personally, I always consider Bousus to be something of a genius. Yet it seems his mind is never quite on the game. One day I think he'll wake up to full concentration, and then, I believe, he'll make history.

English ability suffers a big drop after Perry. I don't believe Austin has the stamina ever to win Wimbledon, and the rest are a long way behind this pair.

AS for the women, this is again an intriguing enigma. Now that it seems unlikely that Mrs. Wills Moody will be defending, the field becomes at once more open, and full of possibilities. Tennis among English women to-day is definitely better than it has been since the days of Kitty McKane, and there are numerous "rising" young stars such as Kay Stammers, Freda James, and

Dorothy Round, who should all have good chances for the coveted title.

I consider the two strongest overseas players to be Helen Jacobs and Fraulein Krahwinkel, both terribly difficult to beat on their day, and far superior, in my opinion, to any other foreign "star" with the possible exception of Mme. Mathieu. (Unfortunately, this great player rarely displays her top form on grass, but she is always a force to be reckoned with.)

Then, of course, there is Sarah Palfrey—undoubtedly close to the world-beater class on her home courts—but there again we have yet to see her at her best on the Wimbledon turf.

THERE will also be numerous interesting newcomers to watch attentively. I believe Alice Marble, the young Californian with the cannon ball service, intends coming over, and I have heard great news from my Belgian friends of a certain Mlle. Adamson, as yet only nineteen years old, who the Belgians, I gather, believe will give us a surprise or two during the meeting.

THE news that Joan Hartigan, the Australian champion, is on the way over to England, is, of course, wonderful.

Oh, yes, it is definitely going to be a record Wimbledon in more ways than one, I'm sure, and whoever accomplishes the great achievement of winning the ladies' or men's all-comers' singles will surely have had a hard fight and be fully deserving of the crown.

WOMEN'S Team for CATTLE-DRAFTING

One of the most interesting features of the show this year will be the competition between a team of women riders from Queensland and one from New South Wales.

This will mark the first occasion on which a camp-draft, one of the most interesting phases of country life, has been included on the programme of events, for it has been generally conceded as definitely a man's province.

THE teams include four of the best-known women riders from each State, and they will be required to cut out the cattle from the mob and draft under exactly the same conditions as the men.

City dwellers, unskilled in the rites of horsemanship and the process of mustering cattle, will watch with bated breath, while country visitors will scan the proceedings with coolly appraising eyes.

The Queensland team includes: Miss May Wood, Warra; Miss Mary Taylor, Brisbane; Miss Rene Collins, Miles; Miss Jean Burgess, Miriam Vale.

The N.S.W. team comprises: Miss Jean Stirling, Inverell; Miss Jessie Stirling, Inverell; Miss Bessie Scott, Boggabilla; Mrs. Solomon, Inverell.

THE actual camp-draft is a thrilling exhibition of horsemanship in which the impression is given that the major portion of the credit is due to the horse.

Just as the polo ponies learn to respond to their riders' faintest signal, and, apparently, know the rules of the game to the letter, so the horse in the camp-draft displays the very highest order of equine sagacity.

At the side of the ring stands a restless, uneasy mob of bullocks. The steward indicates to the competing rider that one particular animal, one that is standing in the centre of the mob, is to be "cut out."

The competitor rides straight into the heart of the mob and gradually emerges guiding the beast before him.

When one considers that the sight of just one of these bullocks at the side of

the road would cause a city woman to scale the nearest fence, it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the skill that goes to the cutting-out process.

BUT the next stage contains the real thrill for the onlookers. A definite course, over which the bullock must be guided, is marked out by pegs in the ring.

Directly the bullock finds itself separated from the rest of the mob, it is ready to charge blindly forward. But for this course of action the horse and rider are prepared, and the bullock finds itself forced by gentle pressure from the horse's shoulder to follow the allotted trail.

The trail is devious, leading the horse and the beast in circular directions, and, as the bends in the trail have to be negotiated, the horse displays its agility.

Just the slightest signal from the rider and the horse is round the other side of the beast, causing it to make the requisite turn.

All of which is done at tremendous speed. The beast, unused to restraint or guidance of any nature, thunders angrily across the turf, but the horse gallops with him, never losing touch.

To those who are familiar with work on a cattle station it will represent part of a day's work, but they will be the more ready to acclaim the champions of the draft, for they will be able to fully appreciate the difficulties of their job.

To the city people it will seem incredible, and they will watch the beautifully groomed, intelligent animals and their fearless riders spellbound.

"JACK HAS ASKED ALL THE PEOPLE THAT WERE AT THE WEDDING—YES, IT WILL BE LOVELY!"

BETTER LOOK OUT THOSE WEDDING PRESENTS."

FROM AUNT MARIA—WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE THING IT IS!"

THEY'RE CLEAN—BUT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'LL HAVE TO HIDE MY HANDS INSIDE THEM."

"AH, SOLVOL!"

YOUR HANDS ARE EVEN MORE CHARMING THAN YOUR DELIGHTFUL HOUSE."

SOLVOL CAN BE TRUSTED to make your hands clean and white again after even the messiest job. If you want to be as proud of your hands as you are of your home, keep a tablet of **SOLVOL** handy. Housework grease and grime can't be removed completely with ordinary toilet soap—but **SOLVOL** dissolves the grime. And **SOLVOL** is as gentle to the skin as fine toilet soap.

A PRINCE of Good FELLOWS



NTRIGUE and jealousy are now rearing their heads in the plot of this fascinating new serial.

You have met **JENNY FOSTER**, the 19-year-old heroine, is assistant in Chez Fleurette, a fashionable florist's. The shop is situated opposite the

Odeon Theatre.

EVE FOSTER, Jenny's golden-haired sister, and her sweetheart, **MAURICE RANDALL**, have both secured parts in the "Golden Girl".

TED FOSTER, Jenny's brother, is a saxophone player, but too hot-tempered to keep his job. He is in love with **ANNE CARROLL**, another assistant in the flower shop. **Yvonne** and **Pamela** are the other two assistants.

MADAME FLEURETTE is the business-like owner of the shop. Jenny has an uneasy feeling about her.

CLIVE FREEMAN is a regular customer at the shop. He is a staid city man, but is now in love with Jenny.

TONI GERRARD, "The Prince of Good Fellows", a wealthy actor-producer at the Odeon, who has just returned from America to produce a new show, "Golden Girl". While at the florist's he meets Jenny, and can't get her out of his mind.

CHRISTINE BEAUMONT, one of his stars, a blonde, ravishing beauty, who wants to marry Toni, and who is much cleverer off the stage than on it.

Toni Gerrard calls at the florist's shop and orders from Jenny a lovely bouquet of flowers, in which he encloses a costly bracelet, and leaves it at the theatre for Christine, before going on a trip to the provinces.

On his return Christine admits that she returned the flowers to the shop, as she was piqued at Toni overlooking her birthday. She assures Toni that she did not see the bracelet with the flowers, and assumes that it must have been returned to the shop. Toni accompanies her to Madame Fleurette's, where Christine practically accuses Jenny of having purloined the bracelet. Madame, however, tells Toni that she herself opened the parcel when it came back, and there was no bracelet with the flowers. Suspicion then falls on Christine's maid, Ada, but Christine will not hear of her dishonesty, and informs Toni that she is not a mere maid, but a poor relation.

Now read on:

CHAPTER IV.

TONI till now had watched the scene completely fascinated. He should by rights have been shocked at what was verging on a vulgar brawl. He wasn't. Christine's face had a new animation, an excitement which could not be accounted for merely by the loss of the bracelet. It was like a crack in the mask of her assumed behaviour, and Toni felt that he was on the edge of discovery.

It was her concrete accusation that brought him back to earth and roused him to action.

"Jenny didn't take it," Toni said quietly.

"Why do you think that?"

"My dear, I have a lot to do with people in my job. If Jenny ever took anything that didn't belong to her," he smiled soothingly and took Christine's arm, "I'll go out of business. I'll apprentice myself to a psychologist and try to learn something about human nature." He was struggling hard to bring the conversation back to normal.

"That's all very well," objected Christine, "but—"

Jenny spoke slowly, "I didn't take your bracelet, Miss Beaumont, I can't prove it, of course. You'll just have to believe me."

"I'm sorry, but I don't."

"Come, Christine," Toni cut her short. "It's gone, and that's that. Don't worry. I'll replace it, and this time you can have the fun of choosing it for yourself."

"But—"

Christine's lovely, exciting row was being snatched from her hands.

"Come on," he said coaxingly. "We'll go right away now. Dixon is waiting for me, poor man, but he'll just have to go on waiting. I'm extremely sorry, Madame, that this should have happened."

"Ah, Monsieur—" Madame was

acheyous

"I'm having a dinner party to-morrow night at my flat. Just to show there's no ill-feeling will you send Jenny to do the flowers?"

"Certainly, Monsieur. It is all very unfortunate. But perhaps Miss Beaumont will find the bracelet later on. Things get into such queer places. Valuable clients that must be appeased. A customer was a privileged person."

"You'll come, Jenny?" said Toni Gerrard.

"Yes, Mr. Gerrard."

"That's right. Now come along, Christine."

Christine remembered suddenly that she was a lady climbing the last steps of the ladder to security. "Well, Madame," she said sweetly, "I'm sorry if I've been rude—but you understand—a gift—one feels keenly about it. If it had been anything else I shouldn't have minded."

"I understand perfectly, Mademoiselle. Your suspicions were quite natural. I only wish I could clear up the mystery."

"You understand, too, don't you, Jenny?"

"I understand, Miss Beaumont," she said very low.

Toni moved uneasily. "Come on, Beautiful. Everything is all right." At the door he turned and gave them one of his much photographed smiles and led Christine into the waiting car.

Madame watched them go with a cynical smile. "The poor Mr. Gerrard. Mon dieu, what has he caught! Now come, Jenny, we must get off that order for Lady Blessington."

"Yes, Madam," said Jenny, dully, overwhelmed by her discoveries.

"Hurry. What are you dreaming about?"

"I'm sorry," said Jenny, and handed Madame the order book.

Mechanically she put together the flowers that Lady Blessington required. When they were ready Madame took them into the back room for the chauffeur who was to fetch them.

Alone in the shop, Jenny bent and picked the incriminating piece of glazed paper out of the basket. She folded it carefully and put it in the pocket of her overall. She could not explain why she did so. She had a feeling that her good name was threatened. Christine believed that she had stolen the bracelet. Madame could always make it appear so. This might be only a temporary lull in the storm. If Toni Gerrard were not there she would be helpless between the two women. Somehow she felt the paper with Toni's pear-shaped blot of ink might protect her.

Jenny was right in thinking that she had not heard the last of the lost bracelet. That very evening, shortly before closing time, Christine came into the shop alone.

She waited till Jenny was disengaged. "I just want a spray of mauve orchids," she said.

Jenny brought a tray for her to choose from. Christine bent over the flowers and said without raising her

voice or changing her expression, "You managed to get away with it this morning."

"I beg your pardon," said Jenny indignantly.

"You should. You didn't deceive me at all. I know quite well you've got my bracelet. Of course Toni believed you. Any woman can fool Toni! He was just born for that. He'd believe anything you'd like to tell him."

"I told him the truth," said Jenny.

Christine picked up a spray as if she were examining it, and went on in the same low even tones. "You know it would be better to give me back my bracelet than to make an enemy of me. I'm not a nice enemy."

"I haven't got your bracelet."

"All right. Have it your own way. The battle's joined, then." She handed the spray to Jenny. "Do that one up, please. Charge it to Mr. Gerrard."

Jenny silently laid the orchids in their blue and silver box and handed them back.

"I warn you I love a fight," said Christine, "and I nearly always win."

"Perhaps that's because you're not very particular in your choice of



"Oh!" She clutched the roses she was holding a little tighter. "You're going to get married?"

Illustrated by
WEP

weapons, Miss Beaumont," said Jenny in icy tones.

"Perhaps," Christine smiled untroubled at the thrust. "Or perhaps it's just a lot of practice. Good night." She walked out, her lovely head held very high, a pleased, excited smile curving her delicate mouth.

Jenny watched her go, trembling with impotent rage. She had been challenged. Very well, she would do battle even though it was foreign to her nature. "Any woman can fool Toni Gerrard," she muttered. For a moment she hated Christine blindly. Then she pulled herself together. She must be sensible. She had not suspected that she was capable of such violent feelings. Yet somehow she knew that the fight was on, that it was her job to

piece of young Duclos, who was making such a stir at the moment in the most expensive Parisian coteries. On the eve of his departure to America someone had persuaded Toni to put himself entirely in the hands of Pierre Duclos, assuring him that such an action would make it impossible for him to "go wrong."

"Artistically or morally?" Toni had asked lightly. On receiving solemn assurance that it only applied to the former, and being busy and preoccupied, he had carelessly consented. He had not yet recovered from Duclos' bill or Duclos' handwork.

Rather timidly Jenny laid down her blue and silver flower boxes. She blinked at the room's vivid red lacquer, at the ebony table, at the painted glass,

and I'm not sure that at the moment you haven't just cause." His voice had grown serious. "Honestly, Jenny," he went on, "I'm terribly sorry about what happened yesterday."

"It wasn't your fault."

"It was my fault. Damn silly idea cooly concealing the jewels in the flowers." He chuckled. "Christine thought I'd got mixed in my role. I was cast for Faust and there I was playing Siebel."

Jenny laughed. "Well, they both came to bad ends."

"That's what you prophesy for me, is it?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"You're quite wrong, Jenny. I'm going to settle down..."

"Yes."

"And become a married man."

"Oh." She clutched the roses she was holding a little tighter. "You're going to get married?"

"Well, it's a secret, Jenny, but I'm going to try. Don't you think I'm wise?"

She steadied her voice and bent over the flowers. "It's too big a question for me, Mr. Gerrard."

"Jenny, I want to ask you something."

"Yes?"

"You know my public. I mean just the nice ordinary boys and girls who spend their honest shillings to see me. Do you think it would keep them away to know that Benedict is a married man?" Will Walters, my Press agent, goes white about the gills at the thought. He's built up a wonderful legend of me—the Lothario of Leicester Square. Marriage would knock it sky high. I'm asking you, Jenny, because you're the only person I know with unprejudiced views. All the others have got axes to grind. It can't possibly matter to you one way or another." He smiled. "And it's important to me, because you see if I got married and everyone stayed away from my theatre I couldn't support my wife!"

Please turn to Page 45

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood pressure are as follow:—

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3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART



If you suffer in this way not quickly and at once because High Blood Pressure gradually grips you, and worse attacks, but and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries, so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately this is easily accomplished by taking one of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids occasionally after meals. Menthoids being a most powerful natural antispasmodic in comparison with other medicines, and expel the tension and pressure from the blood stream and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the blood pressure to normal.

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FREE DIET CHART

In every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just fill a postal note in this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to MENTHOLD LABORATORIES, Dept. A, Box 2017, G.P.O., Sydney; your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids in the green carton and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.



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Australia's "Misused" Cow

Spartacus Smith, in his recently published book of essays, deals with some characteristics of the Australian language, which are particularly interesting in view of the discussion at present being waged on our "So They Say" page.

DO Australians speak badly? That seems to be the crux of the problem. But as most of the people who say they do speak badly are English born, one is inclined to be sceptical about this condemnation.

It is not so much that Australians speak badly, some do and some don't, but that Australia is quickly developing a phraseology of its own.

America has already done this, and it is now almost as difficult for a person, unfamiliar with Yankee idioms, to understand American as it is to understand French. As time goes on, these idioms may grow more and more part of the American language, so that eventually one will have to be taught how to speak it.

Much the same thing is happening in Australia, though in a much lesser degree. Terms are already being used which completely baffle visitors from overseas.

Changed Meanings

AS Spartacus Smith says, "We are accustomed, at times, to have visitors

making remarks about our 'accent,' but my travels abroad, convinced me that the method of pronunciation of English in Australia is not so bad as it is in England itself, where there is a vast range of mispronunciation, extending from 'beah' and 'theah' of high society to the 'Wot abah' of the barrowman.

But we in this country have developed the habit of twisting the phraseology so that plain, simple words mean something different from what they actually say."

He quotes as a typical example, the reply "Not too bad" to the query "How are you?" "It means practically the opposite to what it reads, the spoken meaning being an extraordinary inversion," says Mr. Smith.

Other "Australianisms," the author analyses are such terms as "Over the odds," "Too right," "Good enough," "On me pal," and "I must be getting."

He also comments on the amazing fact that

"The mild, inoffensive cow contributes about £25,000,000 a year to our wealth, yet we have, through some extraordinary perversion of words, adopted it for one of our most offensive terms."

"I suspect," says the author, "it is largely onomatopoeic. 'Horse' or 'dog' could not fill the volcanic verbal gap that requires something 'real nasty.' It must be a word with the 'k' sound strong."

ONE very striking instance of an Australian inversion of the true meaning of a word is not mentioned by the author, who, of course, only deals lightly with the subject in one essay among 29 others.

"Gratt" is the word we are thinking of. In Australia it means to work, but in any other English-speaking country it means "fraud." Curiously enough, it is used in both senses here, and it frequently leads to confusion among visitors.

There was the case, for instance, of the Australian friend of Guy Bates Post, the actor, who told an English visitor that Post was a "great gratter." It created an entirely wrong impression, and led to some embarrassment until the visitor discovered that all it meant was that Post was a hard worker.

Spartacus Smith writes a good collection of essays, without undue attempts at cynicism, as seems to be the mode with essayists. His list of subjects is most attractive. A glance down the contents table is enough to make one want to read his book.

"Gay Philosophies," Spartacus Smith. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-)

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"Love and Let Love," George Woden. The hero of this story is Anthony Lapole, a curate who vacates his post in Glasgow to take over an English parish. Consternation reigned among the ladies of Glasgow at his departure. In England Anthony became equally popular with his flock among his admirers being the daughter of the patron of the parish, and a schoolmistress. Bearing that Anthony had accidentally met the schoolmistress on the Continent, his other admirer used her influence with her father to have the teacher dismissed from her post. An altogether incredible story of love and jealousy. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

"City of the Rose," Anthony Richardson. The plot is built round the visit of Charles Rankin to the city of Carlstadt. Fond of adventure, Rankin found more of it in Carlstadt than he bargained for. His hairbreadth escapes from assassination, train accidents and duels end by his losing his heart to the daughter of a noble. The book is quite a thriller (John Lane. 7/6.)

"Strap Hangers," Norah C. James. This book deals with the daily routine of the lives of six passengers of a metropolitan railway service over a period of twelve months. The passengers chosen as characters are a guard, an artist, a traveller, two girl clerks, and a charwoman. It is an interesting character study, and very readable because of its unorthodoxy. (Duckworth. 7/6.)

"By Misadventure," Alan Brock. A cynical story of married life which will provide the reader with much amusement. It deals with the career of a hen-pecked husband, who, like the proverbial worm, turned in the end. A series of accidents followed, ending in the death by misadventure of the nagging wife. The story is far-fetched, but bright and humorous. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7/6.)

"High Nile," A story of Egypt, from the days of Kitchener up till a decade ago, by an unknown author. The work deals with the changes that have come over the country in that period, as viewed by a Britisher, and touches on the work in that country of historic figures such as Kitchener, Colvin, Cromer, and others. (Grant Richards. 7/6.)

"The One Sane Man," Francis Beeding. This story deals with the years to come. A crazy old Swiss professor discovers a scientific method of controlling the vagaries of the weather. The One Sane Man employed the professor, in conjunction with six criminals, to kidnap a number of financiers. They then submit a plan to the League of Nations, and they threaten if it is not adopted they will inflict on all the capital cities of the world a month of fog or storm. The scheme fails, however, when the professor turns his attention to the less serious matter of falling in love with the daughter of the One Sane Man. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

HIGST HOLBROOKE says: For pickling or table use Holbrooke's Pure Malt Vinegar. It is a brew of excellent quality.***

"WHY NOT?"

An Indiscreet Book

The publication of Viola Hall's book, "Why Not?" has, fortunately for her, gained so much publicity that it is sure of a large circulation. The authoress is the wife of Dr. Norman Hall, the well-known Australian specialist. She is also the mother of two very beautiful little girls.

THE reason for all the discussion about the book is that it gives away "State secrets" about society and tells all sorts of little incidents about important personalities such as King Edward and many others which Australians will know or enjoy reading about.

We all have a peculiar interest in the private lives of well-known people which is hard to describe, and although we are quite frank and unashamed in our greed for "human interest" these days, it is not so long ago that such tit-bits of private life were considered "vulgar, below-stairs gossip." Viola Hall's book is certainly indiscreet enough to be amusing with a wit and humor to excuse the telling of the secrets which her mother, Mrs. Ralph Bankes, was so eager to preserve that she even tried to stop the publication of her daughter's "indiscretions" by law.

However, the book was published, and if you ask the authoress why she wrote it she will answer "Why Not?" which is the title of her book.

Rayner Hoff Book

NOW in course of preparation is a comprehensive production embracing the works of Rayner Hoff, the eminent sculptor. The edition is printed by hand on an Albion hand-press, dated 1874, in Sydney, by E. H. Shea, and is limited to one hundred and fifty numbered copies, each signed by the sculptor, printer, and authors.

It is embellished by a frontispiece in color, and by forty-five rich plates on goat skin paper-parchment, depicting works chosen as representative. The text is by The Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp, K.G., Howard Ashton, C.E., Temple Smith, and William Bede Dalley, who also annotates each plate.

The subscribers' edition is rapidly filling. It is anticipated that the edition will be published during March, and in it a list of subscribers will be printed. The price will be three guineas. Any remaining copies will be sold at five guineas. Intending subscribers are advised that the list will be shortly closed.



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A Complete Short Story

Illustrated
by
BoothroydTHIS WOMAN
Business

A story of a very young man
who thought he had no use
at all for girls



AT King's Cross station, Edward Charles Lathom, better known to intimates as Lanky, fortified himself for the journey of some forty miles that lay between him and his ancestral home. It was a hot day at the end of July, and a couple of lemon squashes in the refreshment room seemed a scheme. Then he bought the "Motor Car," the "Light Car," the "Motor Cycle." These to be taken neat. Thirdly, a tin of toffee, lest by any mishap a strong man might faint by the way. Lastly—"and please wrap them up well, so that they don't show"—a big bunch of roses for his mother.

For that, as Edward Charles Lathom's eighteen years' experience had taught him, was the idiotic way that women were made. It wasn't that, at "Hollins Court," the mater hadn't more flowers than she could possibly make use of. They wanted their sweetness on the desert air, like the what d'you call it in Gray's "Elegy." But a gift of flowers never failed to rouse her to pleasurable excitement.

"My dear Eddie," she would say. (Yes, that was what they called him at home.) "My dear Eddie, how perfectly charming of you!" While all the time, under her very nose, roses twice the size of these poor blooms, the product of the Almighty and her own head gardener, would be calling to her for favorable attention.

Edward Charles Lathom avoided the carriages with pretty girls in them as carefully as he avoided the babies. He'd no use at all for girls. His only sister was married now, and lived in Devonshire. But he bitterly remembered how, in other holidays, she had disturbed his peace by bringing along school friends even more disgustingly girlish than herself. They had wanted to play tennis instead of cricket, and to be rowed on the lake instead of ratted with a couple of terriers in a barn. They had made him tired. According to E. C. Lathom, the woman business was simply fooling.

The train started. Edward turned the leaves of his papers. Gosh! but he meant to make use of every single minute of the eight weeks that the scholastic authorities of Frensham's considered necessary for the recuperation of the earnest young students in their charge. Perhaps Tony, his brother, would lend him Mary, his motor bike. Now that his people had given him a two-seater for his twenty-

first birthday, it was the least that the blighter could do.

Edward planned what he would do with Mary once he had pulled her to bits and put her together again—70 m.p.h. the old geyser would do without a murmur. Better than a car any day! If you had a car, there was always a sweet young thing hinting that you might take her out in it!

Edward's eyelids dropped. The warm afternoon, and the lemon squashes were getting in their good work. He was drowsily content. School was a damned good place, of course, especially when one was in the Sixth and the First Eleven, and therefore a blood. But there was something to be said for the activities of home even though his mother would call him Eddie, and his father didn't pay him the respect to which he was accustomed. And there would be no Greek for another two months, and if only Tony would lend him his motor bike—his motor bike—

Edward Charles Lathom slept.

HE woke up with a start. The other people who had been in the carriage had departed. The sun had a mid-afternoon look to it. With an uncomfortable premonition that was to prove all too well founded, he pulled out his watch. It was a quarter to four. The train had been due at Hollins station at 3.29, which meant that he was now well on his way beyond it. Monkton St. Abbots—that would be the next stop. It was four miles from "Hollins Court," and, of course, the car would still be at the station the train had just passed.

Edward Charles Lathom said a few things with a certain pungent intensity. There would be nothing for it but legging the four miles in this mid-summer heat. Monkton St. Abbots hadn't even a telephone. Why there was a station there at all, was a problem that nobody had ever been able to solve. The population consisted of a dog, a woman with a baby, two old men, and another dog. The local industry was milk, and again milk.

THE train ambled on. From the configuration of the country Edward saw that his fears were realised. Actually, he could discern in the distance the chimneys of his home. He grinned ruefully. He wondered what the other fellows, homeward bound as he was, would have said. They would have ragged him unmercifully. And here, at last, was Monkton St. Abbots.

As he swung the door open he saw that most of the population seemed to be on the platform, which gave it quite a festive appearance. He left his luggage in the parcels office, and, roses in hand, prepared to walk. He was philosophically inclined. The long winding road between the pine woods was shady at any rate. A breeze had sprung up. He pulled his cap more firmly on his head, and started.

But country roads in mid-July are not the best places in the world for walking along. Four miles isn't far for a motor bike. It's quite a long way on one's feet. Opulent cars passed him and enveloped him in dust. Gangs of cyclists came straight at him, and expected him to dodge out of their way.

Edward was dusty, dishevelled and disillusioned, the roses had shed their tissue paper, and some of their petals, when quite suddenly, round a bend in the road, he came on a tea-house.

The tea-house hadn't been there before. That he knew. It must have been recently erected to cope with the holiday rush. It was one of those bungalow things with a wide verandah, and sunblinds and flowering plants. Under a big elm table had been set, and blue and white cloths fluttered in the breeze. There was a sign which Edward rather liked because there was no nonsense about it: "Phoebe Macpherson's Tea-house."

Edward stopped. This place might have been put here just for him. A pessimist might have argued that the tea would be cold, the milk sour, and the cakes stale. Edward was no pessimist. The elm, he thought, would afford shade to the weary, and a chair, rest to the wayfarer. He turned in at the gate, and rang the bell.

He little knew as he did so, that he was invoking Fate. A moment later, a girl—the Girl—appeared.

Yes, that's what one would call her. She wasn't an ordinary girl. Not one

"Looks a nice girl," said Sir Ronald. "And she's certainly very pretty. Funny the sort of jobs ladies take up nowadays."

and missed it somehow. I went on to Monkton St. Abbots.

"Oh! Then you must be Eddie Lathom."

THIS time Edward didn't mind the Eddie. From her lips it sounded simply topping. He opened his mouth in surprise.

"How did you know that?"

For some reason or other, the girl blushed.

"Oh, everybody said that you were coming home," she said vaguely. "And, then, I recognised the cap. My brother was at Frensham's, R. E. Macpherson, you know."

"The Macpherson?" repeated Edward in an awed whisper. "Why, I used to tag for him."

"Did you? How extraordinary! That makes me feel as if we ought to be friends," said the girl, holding out her hand.

Edward took it in an ecstasy. No longer was he a woman-hater. He was

blessing that train for taking him, a station too far. He was blessing this girl. She certainly was the Sweetest, the Loveliest, the Kindest, the Nicest

"I shan't give you tea after all," said Phoebe Macpherson, speaking rather quickly. "I shall give you lemonade with a fat lump of ice in it. Yes, and cucumber sandwiches, and strawberries and cream to follow. How does that sound to you?"

"Like Heaven," said Edward. And he meant it.

By PHYLLIS HAMBLETON

of the tennis-playing, rat-funking mob his sister had been so keen about. She was wonderful—like that Aphrodite creature who had risen from the foam. She was the loveliest thing that ever happened.

Nor was this all such an exaggeration as one might think. Certainly Phoebe Macpherson was very pretty. She was more than common tall, with deep blue eyes and sun-kissed hair with a crinkle to it. She wore a green overall that left bare her round white arms. Her feet were slender, and her ankles encased in silk.

"Good afternoon. Did you want tea?" she said, and her voice to the dazed Edward was as sweet as the sound of "Played!" from the pavilion when one has scored a boundary.

"Er—yes, please," he answered idiotically.

"There's a table under the elm-tree," she suggested to him. Dumbly he walked towards it. The girl in green followed him. Then she said, in that slow, delicious voice of hers:

"You look most awfully hot."

"Been walking," mumbled Edward. "I meant to get out at Hollins station

IT was quite late when Edward was received with acclamation into the bosom of his loving family. Unfortunately there were no roses for Lady Lathom. They were adorning Phoebe Macpherson's tea-house instead. None the less they were all delighted to see him. It wasn't till dinner that Eddie—as E. C. Lathom, at home, may surely be called—perceived that there were two or three crumpled roseleaves in the family bliss.

Tony first of all. Tony's twenty-first birthday seemed to have added at least six years on his age. He was gloomy and superior. When Eddie made tentative suggestions concerning Mary, the motor bike, he only said brutally:

"Lend her? Not half. I remember you mislaid half her guts last time you pulled her to pieces." He ate nothing very ostentatiously, crumbled his bread, and emitted heavy sighs. Even Sir Ronald noticed it.

"What the devil's the matter with you, Tony?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing."

"He rather looks as if he might have fallen in love," said Eddie, who was

still smarting for Tony's lack of brotherliness about Mary.

To his intense surprise, Tony suddenly blushed scarlet. He swallowed a glass of burgundy, and choked over it. Eddie grinned beatifically. Then he remembered he was in the same parlous condition. He, too, heaved a sigh, and refused the charlotte russe.

"Look here," said their infuriated father: "if you are both going to make noises like the choked-up exhaust of a beastly cheap American car, you can make them somewhere else!"

"Eddie, dear, I ordered charlotte russe on purpose for you. It used to be your favorite sweet," interpolated his mother.

"I don't feel like it somehow, mather," said Eddie.

Lady Lathom had also refused the charlotte russe.

"I must admit I'm very worried myself," she said plaintively. "Your father laughs at me, of course. That's only to be expected. Miss Hanwell, the most excellent secretary of the Aid to Aircraft Society, has just resigned. She's going to be married in September, and I can't find another secretary anywhere."

"So much the better," said her husband brutally. "Perhaps the beastly society will fade away."

"That's just like you, Ronald. You have no sympathy at all. As president of our local branch, let me tell you

She did tell them—at length. It was some time before her jaded family found it possible to escape. When they did so, Tony was heard hooting furiously down the drive in his two-seater; Lady Lathom was telephoning as furiously to people who might be misguided enough to take upon themselves the onerous duties of secretary to the Aid to Aircraft Society.

Eddie retired to the terrace to smoke a cigarette. He felt most poetic. He'd never noticed before how rippling the stars were—just like Phoebe's eyes. This was the real thing—the love that only comes once in a lifetime. Next term he would be leaving school. He wondered if she'd wait for him. After all, she couldn't be more than twenty-one or two, and everybody said that he was old for his age, and he had to shave at least twice a week. Yes, and she'd been awfully sweet to him. She'd said that he could come any time he liked to see her, as long as it wasn't after six o'clock.

"I suppose you're busy getting supper and things in the evenings?" he had asked.

She had blushed faintly.

"Oh, no," she had answered. "We close at seven."

So she must have other chores then. It was perfectly wicked to think that a lovely girl like this had to work. Eddie yearned to do something to help her, if it was only scrubbing floors or carrying trays. There wasn't anything in the world he wouldn't have done for her. By Jove, there wasn't!

He smoked his cigarette—not to the usual tune of bating averages and petrol, but to the memory of a girl with crinkly hair who wore a green overall.

Please turn to Page 8

*To the woman who is Not
Satisfied with her figure,
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POST THIS

THIS Woman BUSINESS

Continued from Page 7

"**E**DDIE, dear, I really don't think you ought to come and see me any more."

"Oh, I say; why not, Phoebe?"

From these words it will be seen that the acquaintance of these two had progressed with strides. At the moment Eddie was sitting on a fence at the back of the bungalow, watching Phoebe shell peas. She wore a blue overall this morning, and she looked even prettier than usual.

"There are a dozen people coming through to lunch," said Phoebe, ignoring the last question. "Roast duck, orange salad, new potatoes, Creme de menthe jelly, Cream cheese, biscuits and coffee. What were you saying, Eddie?"

"It's not what I was saying. You were telling me—"

"Oh, yes, so I was. Well, you see, I don't know your people at all."

"Does that make any difference?" Eddie asked uncomfortably.

"Of course it does. Your mother might be awfully annoyed if she knew you came to see a strange young female who keeps a tea-shop for her living."

Eddie was embarrassed. He knew that Phoebe's surmises were only too well justified.

"Perhaps I could get her to call on you," he suggested none too hopefully.

"I hardly think so," said Phoebe quietly.

Eddie, to be strictly truthful, didn't think so either.

"No, my dear boy," said Phoebe, turning her attention from the peas to the washing of salad. "No, your people are the big noise hereabouts. It would be quite impossible to expect them to call on a young woman whom they have never seen, and of whom they know absolutely nothing."

"If they had only met you, they would fall for you at once," said the infuriated Eddie.

"Perhaps," sighed Phoebe; "but, you see, they haven't."

"The Governor would go down at the first shot," said Eddie, pursuing the theme. "He simply loves pretty girls."

"I've long wanted to know him," said Phoebe. "I think he looks perfectly sweet."

Suddenly Eddie slid down from his perch—so suddenly that the bowl of

shining baby peas was saved with the utmost difficulty.

"I say, Phoebe!" he said excitedly. "Doesn't something strike you?"

"Absolutely nothing," said Phoebe, lifting innocent eyes to his. "What should strike me?"

"Only that now is the time to be Machi—well, whatever it is you call it. I'll arrange for them to meet you accidentally, so to speak."

"Oh, Eddie, do you really think you could?"

"Of course I can. We'll try the Governor first. I'll bring him along here and— By Jove! What was it you said you were giving those blighters for lunch?"

"Roast duck, orange salad, creme de

"But that's exactly what father adores! Roast duck! Mother won't let him have it. She says it gives him indigestion. He'd run a mile for roast duck! Look here! Arrange a lunch just like you have to-day, and I'll guarantee to bring the old buffer to eat it. The rest will be as easy as falling off a log. After that we can cope with the matter. She's a good sort really."

"I know she is. Eddie, if you do this for me, I'll owe you an unending debt of gratitude," said Phoebe earnestly.

Eddie gulped. Then he turned crimson.

"I'll remind you of that remark some day," he said with emphasis.

"Well, Edward, my boy," said Sir Ronald grimly, "you are even more of a fool than you look!"

Father and son were standing by a car that had peacefully gone to sleep by the roadside. It had taken Eddie endless abstruse calculations to decide the quantity of petrol necessary for the breakdown to occur at an appropriate spot. He had managed it more successfully than a somewhat cynical maths master would have considered possible.

It was raining—as it only can rain in August. A steady deluge, with heavy, drunken foliage overhead exuding drops that ran down inside one's coat collar.

Sir Ronald got one just at that moment. He emitted a word which, as Justice of the Peace, should have been beneath his dignity.

"Why you couldn't have seen that there was enough juice to the infernal bus before you started, I can't imagine. And it's just lunch time, and I don't expect there's a garage within the next three miles."

"Perhaps another car will come along," suggested Eddie, well aware that this contingency was more than improbable.

"Along this lane! Are you mad, Edward? You're the only fool who'd risk tearing his tyres to ribbons as you've done this morning! And the high road lies another half-mile farther on. And even there—"

Eddie interrupted him.

"By Jove, Pater," he said; "that reminds me. There's a new tea-place along there. They keep petrol, too. Let's leg it along there, and get some."

"You can," said Sir Ronald. "I'll stay with the car."

For a moment it looked as if once more the plans of mice and men were to gang aghy. But Eddie recovered himself.

"There might be a chance of a bit of lunch there, too," he said diffidently.

"Lunch! Do you think I'd trust a roadside tea-shop to give me lunch?"

"Oh, come, sir! I've heard it's quite a decent place."

Sir Ronald hesitated. While he did so, his son's fate hung on a thread. But the thought of spending the next half-hour under the dripping hood of the car, watching the windscreen becoming more and more blurred, caused him to shudder. He was one of the old school who think anything better than inaction. Moreover, he was growing hungry. He turned up his coat-collar and pulled his cap over his forehead.

"Come on, then," he said gruffly. Eddie, resisting an inclination to



Miss 1934

HISTORY REPEATS itself, with the exception of your own private history, which the neighbors repeat.

dance a hornpipe, came on. They walked down the lane in silence. In ten minutes they reached the high road, and there, sure enough, directly facing them, was the tea-house.

"It doesn't look quite as bad as it might be," said Sir Ronald, still, however, thoroughly disgruntled. "But there will be nothing but ham and eggs you can depend on it. Particularly to-day, when it's raining cats and dogs. And the kitchen fire will be out, and we'll have to wait an hour for the kettle to boil. And the ham will be American and the eggs Danish."

"Oh, I say, pater, it mayn't be as bad as all that," said Eddie.

"Too mark my words, it will be," said his father.

Certainly the tea-house didn't look its best in the rain. There were no blue and white tablecloths fluttering in the breeze. But when they rang the bell, Phoebe answering it, looked as lovely as ever.

Sir Ronald softened a little as he saw her.

"Good morning," he said in a slightly mollified tone. "Could you—ah, I suppose you couldn't give us lunch?"

"Oh, yes," said Phoebe brightly. "Immediately. Please come in."

They went in. The tea-room was looking its most attractive. In the fireplace burnt just the size of fire that is most acceptable on a wet, cold day in August.

"I'm afraid we haven't much choice," began Phoebe.

"I never expected you would have," said Sir Ronald, casting a glance at his son.

"But we can give you roast duck—"

Please turn to Page 38

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DON'T CRY OVER THE ONIONS!

Lower's Fresh Egg Machine and Potato Peeler

Illustrated
by
WEP.

By L. W. LOWER,

Australia's Foremost Humorist

I SAID to Marconi only the other day, we inventors don't get any kudos for our inventions. And I love kudos. With a dash of tomato sauce they are delicious.

Who invented the catapult for putting the cat out at night? I did. Has anybody ever come up and patted me on the back for it? No!

Then there was the machine I patented for beating up the hen in order to get positively fresh egg drinks. There was another machine which cried for you while you peeled the onions. Then there was Beckin's Ponderous and Perfectly Fertile Potato Peeler. The potatoes were simply inserted one at a time and the peef went one way, the eyes went another way, pieces of your finger-nails went another way and all you had to do was to find the potato.

I got the idea for one of my best inventions while hunting grizzly bears in the Rockies far away. The grizzly bear is so called because it is very sinewy. It has a habit of sinew before you see him. (Oh Mr. Lower!) Its nostrils are placed so far apart that it is bandy-legged and has to back up to anything it wants to smell. Get on with your work.

Yes. I invented a robot for taking the blame for cigarette burns in carpets. And do you know what I did?
I INVENTED A GUN TO SHELL PEAS WITH! Good graziers!

HERE among my test tubes and re-torts—a test tube is a thing used by international cricketers and a re-tort is

a back answer, I won't be so technical in future—I carry out experiments which stagger the imagination. And if you've ever had an imagination with the staggers, you can sympathise with me.

And what about the rubber rubbish tin—the dustman's bane? They can kick it until they're black in the face and it still resembles a rubbish tin.

I'd have made a fortune out of that if it wasn't for the objections raised by the Sports Committee of the Rubbish Carters' Union.

Did I ever tell you about the luminous sun-dial which could be lit up at night? Wasn't it me who invented (Just a minute. That "me" should be "I". Who's writing this stuff, anyhow? All right! All right!) ... who invented that priceless boon to the proletariat, the alarm clock that won't go off? Need you ask. And the indestructible conversation lolly. And the rubber jubbe. And water wings for teetotalers.

Bah! What have I got out of it? Nothing but obloquy. (What!) I said obloquy, and if there's a woman here who wants to deny it, let her stand forth!

In collaboration with Mr. Edison some years ago, I produced a keyhole that would follow the key about and pounce on it. We sold thousands of them.

I WAS responsible for the installation of the hundreds and thousands counter in one of our wealthy Clubs. Elastic blankets for boarding houses was another of my triumphs. My laboratory assistant has recently perfected an electric rat catcher. It rings a bell

and wakes the wife who rushes into the kitchen. While wife is in kitchen wondering why no rat in trap, husband who has rung bell from front gate has gone to bed and is so asleep that he has been there for hours to great astonishment of wife of the first part, heretofore mentioned.

I was the first man to prove that perpetual commotion was not only possible, but almost unavoidable.

Why I haven't been knighted has got me beat. That's the worst of these governments. Class biased, that's what they are. Although I was class biased myself at school. Always stuck at the bottom of the class. In the circumstances, one can't complain.

For the past eleven years I have been working on an apparatus to shut the wife up when I come home late. I think I have over-estimated my inventive powers. There are some things which are beyond human ingenuity.

Excuse me for a week, I think my mortar and pestle is boiling over.



Lower's invention for cutting tops off eggs (patent applied for).

DISCARDING Your Losing CARDS

Ely Culbertson's Contract Lessons

Card players will find this new contract bridge series by Ely Culbertson, world's champion player, very easy to follow. Every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed.

Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's foremost authority on contract bridge, gives explanatory notes each week.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

IN this article the question of the elimination of losers is further discussed and before leading trumps it often becomes necessary to take a finesse, so that a losing card or cards from either hand may be discarded on a winner. The further necessity for discarding the trump lead also arises when a first round finesse of trumps has to be taken, and to do this the trump lead

may be postponed until dummy can be entered in order to lead trumps.

Generally speaking, declarer can stop leading trumps when he has extracted all the trumps except one, which is the master trump. He should then concentrate on establishing his own side suits, and need not worry about this commanding trump, which will take a trick in any event.

By ELY CULBERTSON: Article IX

Trump Management

THERE is one other important case where the declarer cannot afford to draw trumps, and this occurs when the immediate lead of trumps is bound to put his opponents in the lead and enable them to cash other tricks. If some of these losing tricks can be discarded immediately on winning cards in Dummy, they should be discarded before the opponents are given the lead. The following is a simple example:

S: J 8 7 3
H: 9 8 7
D: K Q J 3
C: A 5

S: 6 5 3
H: K Q J 5
D: 10 8 6 4
C: 7 8

S: A
H: 10 6 2
D: 9 7 5
C: Q 10 9 7 6 2

S: K Q 10 9 4
H: A 4 3
D: A 2
C: K 4 3

Here the Declarer is playing the hand in a spade contract, and the opening lead is the King of hearts. Declarer, of course, wins with the Ace, and he should now lead the Ace of diamonds.

It is apparent that if he leads the King of spades, the opponents will win the trick with the Ace and take two heart tricks immediately. It is possible that one or both of the losing hearts can be discarded on the long diamond suit in Dummy before the opponents can get in the lead.

Therefore, Declarer takes three rounds of diamonds, discarding one of his hearts. He knows that the fourth diamond cannot be played without one of the opponents ruffing, as they hold but one more card in that suit. However, since his heart is a loser in any event,

he might as well lead the last diamond and discard the heart. As a matter of fact, the play gains him an additional trick, as West is forced to follow suit and East's only trump is the Ace. Whether or not East ruffs, the only trick he can get is his high trump, so the Declarer succeeds in making a Small Slam in spades.

SOMETIMES it is necessary to take a finesse in order to get rid of a loser. Even though this finesse may cost an additional trick, if it offers the only hope of making the contract it should be taken.

S: A Q 2
H: 7 6 5 4
D: 9 7 6
C: 9 6 3

S: K 10 9 3
H: A
D: A K Q 2
C: Q 10 8 4

S: 5
H: K Q J 10 9 8 2
D: 8 5 3
C: A 2

S: J 8 7 6 4
H: 3
D: J 10 4
C: K J 7 5

Here South is playing a contract of three hearts, and the first tricks are won by West's Ace-King-Queen of diamonds. Now a club is led and South wins the trick with the Ace. He sees that a heart lead will put the opponents in the lead immediately and that they will be able to cash a club for the setting trick.

His only hope lies in the spade suit. He should lead the five of spades and finesse the Queen, and if it succeeds, lead the Ace of spades and discard his losing club. Of course, if the finesse loses, he will be down two tricks, but the difference between making the contract and going down one is greater than the difference between going down one and going down two.

(Copyright)

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Let her powder her nose ten times a day... if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that when she laughs or talks, everybody looks at her teeth.

Now—if you want to be good looking when you smile, do something about your teeth and gums. If your gums are flabby and tender even the soundest teeth may be in danger. Gums need work. To-day, foods are soft. They

fail to give your gums any stimulation. That's why you get "pink tooth brush".

To-day—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. It's first of all a modern tooth paste that really cleans the teeth. Then—each time—put a little more Ipana on your finger-tip or brush, and rub it right into your gums. Ipana with the massage stimulates circulation and firms the gum walls. Within a few days

your teeth will look whiter and brighter. Within a month your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush". And you'll never be afraid to smile.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

*"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, having a time of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender... that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.



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An Editorial

MARCH 24, 1934.

IN THE STREETS OF POVERTY

IN the forefront of the things for which this paper stands, as the voice of Australian women, is decent housing.

We will never cease to arraign governments and city councils while slums disfigure the landscape, and slum houses warp the bodies and minds of the families who live in them.

Who are these families? They are fellow-Australian citizens. A few ne'er-do-wells maybe. But mostly genuine victims of hard times and depressed trade conditions.

Every country town has its hovels. Every capital city has its blighted districts. The coalfields of New South Wales reveal stark poverty on a tragical scale.

These slum dwellings are not due to any great housing shortage. They are due to the fact that there are thousands of families in Australia who are living on a standard far below even the basic wage standard. They have been forced to make squalid permanent homes out of the "temporary" unemployed camps and hovels in which they took refuge during the depression.

In many cases poverty has resulted in perfectly good dwellings going to rack and ruin; so that one-time pleasant suburban streets have become almost slums.

Australians can never hope to recapture the carefree spirit of past days of prosperity until the slums of Depressionville have been swept away, and until the spectre of squalid poverty has been banished from the poorer suburban streets.

It is our boast to the rest of the world that Australia is the best country of all to live in. Other people make the same boast. But we want to go further, and be able to say that our claim is true of every individual Australian home.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE—

ASH

Burn on, thou barren log.
Is this the end, the futile end
Of all your towering strength?
And is it so that we shall fall
Burnt by our youth's fire to the grey of ash?

I am no supplicant for years of fame,
I only ask
For time and strength to work.

You but grew, unconscious of the things
That builded you and shaped you
To a thing of beauty.
And now you burn, impotent, to give us warmth.

So be it. We end in ash
But for the little while we live
Let us but laugh and dream
Clean as your forests grew
Before the flames were fed
Or age and rot took hold of you.

—P.D.B.

POINTS OF VIEW

"England Needs Brains," Says Shaw

BERNARD SHAW is now holidaying in New Zealand with Mrs. Shaw, and everybody is hoping he will soon come to Australia.

However, in the meanwhile, some crumbs of Shavian wit have been wafted across the Tasman to whet our mental appetites.

Perhaps the most typical of Shaw's remarks on landing at Auckland was when he commented on the small number of Pressmen who were there to interview him.

"Have you only two newspapers?" he asked. "On the contrary," someone explained, "we have more newspapers in proportion to the population than any other country."

"But you have no population," said Shaw.

He scolded the Dominion for trying to be the world's dairymaid, and told them not to try to stuff their butter down other people's throats. Perhaps when he comes to Australia he will tell us not to wrap our wool round other people's backs. His idea is that we should export brains, not dairy produce and farm goods and so forth. He adds that England is badly in need of brains. And there is something in what he says.

Shark Baiters

NEWCASTLE City Council's campaign against "shark baiters" is one which every Australian beach council should follow, for there is hardly a portion of the Australian coast which is not liable to attack from sharks. The "shark baiter" is the swimmer who goes out too far. Every beach has them. They swim and float a hundred yards beyond the surf, and must necessarily attract cruising sharks. Girls are frequently as daring as men in this respect.

A beach innovation which should also be subject to regulation is the rubber air-float.

Small children and people who are not good swimmers will venture out too far with these floats, and when a wave sweeps it out of their grasp they are in danger of drowning.

Bradman Goes South

BRADMAN has now gone south, and Adelaide has become his home. He has wound-up his affairs in New South Wales, he has said good-bye to his friends, and has set up in business in South Australia.

Don says he is looking forward to life in his new home, both from a cricket and a business point of view.

Adelaide is no doubt proud of its new citizen and will do everything to make him comfortable. The City Fathers might even rename the city Bradelaide.

New Children

ON this page is an article on the "New Children of Europe." It is of great interest in view of the changes which are taking place in educational systems everywhere.

While one need not agree with the principles of Naziism or Communism, one cannot help admiring some of their ideas on the subject of child education.

Discipline is necessary for young people. They should be encouraged to train the mind and the body, so that when they are grown up they will continue to do this of their own free will.

In Australia this is fully recognised, but our system of education does not yet permit the popularising of these ideals.

The authorities who control our education system have not struck the happy medium between forcing children to do a thing, and thus making them hate it, and allowing them too much freedom.

His Excellency... The Gardener

IT is rather beautiful to hear Sir Philip Game, Governor of New South Wales, say that he wants to be mistaken for a gardener.

It is his simple and charming ambition to work among the flowers and to kneel on the green grass with his hands in the soil.

To ordinary people the life of a Governor must sometimes appear as the criterion of worldly success and happiness, but apparently there is one Governor who would rather be a gardener—and we can all be gardeners.

Japan's Secret

WHAT is the secret of Japanese trade supremacy? Sir Herbert Austin, writing to "The Times" (29/11/33), quotes a letter from a friend to the effect that the idea that Japanese workers live at a low standard is without foundation.

A Lancashire delegation recently visited Japan. They expected to find sweating and slavery, but instead found the textile workers engaged often no longer than eight hours.

There is an idea that the depreciated ex-



A RECENT PICTURE from Germany of some typical German boys setting out on a route march from their camp. Every boy and girl is exhorted to discipline the body and become physically hard. See Gladys Owen's article on the new children of Europe, next column.

change explains Japan's trade superiority.

But the real secret of Japan's commercial success was openly proclaimed by Viscount Ishii at the World Economic Conference.

It is free credit in the form of subsidy, but differs from subsidies as we know them in Australia in that no one is taxed to pay it. It is charged against the national account.—I. A. GREENWOOD.

Slaves to Fashion

WHO are the slaves of fashion, men or women? Women have the reputation, but it is men who are really the slaves.

Consider the recent heat-wave. Millions of men have been walking around in thick suits, weighing anything up to 7 lb., while women's clothes weigh less than 2 lb.

Why is it that Australian men wear the same clothes in winter as they do in summer? Why is there such a strong prejudice against tropical suits? The answer to these questions is that Australian men are slaves of fashion. So much so that they are afraid to change one little thing in their sartorial make-up for fear of being thought silly.—"Impatient."

New Children of Europe Nazi and Russian Influence

By GLADYS S. OWEN

Who was the learned educator of children who said he was content if he might have their training in his hands until the age of seven? After these vital years, he did not care how their education was directed for the ground was prepared and the seeds were sown!

Both the Russian rulers and the new regime in Germany have laid this counsel to heart according to recent accounts which have reached us.

IN Russia the community ideals are all-powerful in education. Children must live together, work together, play together. Team work in games is honored and the individual prowess is ignored, study groups are encouraged, and the desire for individual possessions and private worship is sternly discouraged. It is hoped that the young communist peasant and citizen will then grow up to respect and care for community and government prosperity in his country as eagerly as his father and grandfather clung to individual and personal possessions.

There is much to be praised in this community spirit, but it may be carried to extremes. The complete absence of privacy, of liberty for individual pursuits, studies and games, may have its reactions. A recent questionnaire circulated through Moscow schools, asked the pupils their ideal plans for holidays, and the answers were revealing: "To sit at home quietly," "to sit by myself in a corner." In the holiday camps where all recreation is organised in large groups, a heartfelt cry is raised, "I am delighted when it rains because then we can have a bit of freedom!"

ANOTHER interesting development is that the authorities, quick to see where they have made a mistake, have restored to the school and nursery shelves all the fairy stories and fabulous tales which were sternly banished until a year ago. Like the little Gracindes, the Russian children had been forbidden Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty because of the unduly flattering light in which Royalty was shown, and the regrettable desire of beautiful youths and maidens to marry into Princely Circles! Robinson Crusoe was also banned as encouraging the undesirable British idea of conquest and colonisation. Now, however, a change has come and new translations of Grimm, Hans Andersen and childhood's classics are being commissioned eagerly.

THE bookshelf in the German nursery, however, received this Christmas the most interesting propaganda fairy tale which I have yet seen. "Children, what do you know of the Leader?" turns Nazi ideals into the bed-time story for every Brown Shirt Home. It begins with the history of their land, seen through Nazi eyes, and goes on to tell Hitler's own life, his struggles, his imprisonment, and the gradual rise of his followers.

FINALLY the tale ends upon a note of exhortation. How the children, too, can help their country. "The Hitler Youth march and train. He who wishes to be a good storm trooper must be, as a boy, keen, tough, and hard. The Hitler Youth make excursions together, and learn to know and love their Fatherland. On these journeys they help each other as good comrades, and thus bring honor to the brown shirt, which they are allowed to wear like grown-ups." Girls also can help, declare the authors. "And what do the girls do? Well, the Hitler Girls also train and march so that they will be strong. Like the Hitler Lads they, too, learn the vigorous songs and marches, which remind Germans at all times that they are united. On excursions they help each other, and learn much that will be of use to them later on when they are housewives. Later on they will wish to keep their houses clean, to cook well, and to sew! But, above all, they learn to be submissive and yielding. And that, as you know, children, is very important."

People in Courtrooms

ONE cannot help pondering over a rather extraordinary court case which took place at Texas Police Court, Queensland, the other week.

A boy, aged nine, who was called as a witness, was told to stand down by Mr. P. G. Knyvett, P.M., because he said he never went to church.

The boy, when questioned, said that he had never been to Sunday School either, and knew nothing about God. He added that he did not know the Bible.

Mr. Knyvett said it was a very sad state of affairs, and concluding that the boy could not be relied upon to tell the truth, dismissed him.

Mr. Knyvett is to be congratulated for starting a campaign for more truthful witnesses. One can only hope that it will be extended to adults.

VISITING IN THE COUNTRY
THOUGHT I'D MAKE A
SLASH IN THE VILLAGE
WITH MY NEW
SHOES



MY NEW COAT AND
HAT



BUT I HAD FORGOTTEN
THE STATE OF COUNTRY
ROADS AND IT
WAS NOT I



WHO MADE
THE SPLASH



FRONT Page STUFF



MADELINE HALSE, who was little, lissome, and de luxe, did not like to look round, but she could see behind her by glancing in shop windows, and she spoke to Arthur now with bated breath.

"If we are going to be followed again, I'm going to leave you!"

Arthur limped grimly on. If it had not been that he liked to be with Madeline he would have been at home now resting his sprained ankle, but lovers lean towards heroics.

"When I am wearing a new frock," said Madeline, "I expect to be stared at. I don't mind attracting attention, but I am not going to walk with any man who is afraid to pass a policeman."

"A little womanly sympathy for the man would not be out of place," said Arthur.

"Well, please don't come to Victoria," said Madeline, "to see me off to-night. They'll only think you are trying to escape again."

She took another quick look in a window.

"They're closing in. That settles it."

Arthur watched dumbly whilst she hailed a bus. He saw the driver stop with that devotion to duty shown only by one who suddenly beholds a pleasure in his duty. As Madeline swung on he glimpsed a sliver of her face, a tailor-made costume, she was assisted by an over-enthusiastic conductor who practically dusted the seat before she sat down, and now that she had definitely deserted him he turned about, and leaned upon his stick, glaring with venom and pugnacity upon the people at his heels who were responsible.

"Yes," he said fiercely, "You all think I'm Julius Mostyn. And that's where you're one and all DEAD WRONG!"

THAT evening Arthur suddenly made up his mind to follow to Worplegate, where she had gone to spend the week-end with her family. He was not yet engaged to Madeline, but hoped to be, and the reason he wanted to be with her now was that at home Madeline had too many young men to wait upon her

By a Girl of 16

So Strange—

A rush of pity flooding through the heart,
A storm of blinding tears within the eyes,
A slow neglect that shivers through the soul;
So strange how swiftly love falls low.

And dies!

—Yvonne Webb.

with that canine devotion which sits so evilly upon our rivals for a lady's hand. He hastily looked up a train, and, finding that he could by the skin of his teeth catch the only other train that day, he flung a few things into a bag and limped into the road, waving and calling for a taxi; from this vehicle he was disgorged at a main line station and made a bee-line for the booking office; turning away with his ticket he then drew a bead upon the barrier and in a minute more was in a moving train striving to get disordered respiration back to normal.

Directly this had been achieved he took up his bag and crept into the corridor, for in addition to the decision to go after Madeline he had evolved another scheme.

He locked himself in that small apartment wherein the railway company supply a towel on a chain and a mirror on the wall. Stealthily he took from his bag his shaving kit, and in a little while a really super-excellent moustache which he had worn

By ...
HYLTON
CLEAVER

for several years, cavalry in style, jet black in hue, had been mercilessly torn from his face. They could now no longer say he was like Julius Mostyn, and, to make doubly sure of this, he next removed the eyeglass he affected, slipped the thin black cord from his neck, and donned instead a pair of tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles which he generally used when working under artificial light. Now the only resemblance was his limp, and that he couldn't help. He looked in the mirror, nevertheless, with little satisfaction.

An eyeglass and a cavalry moustache are not worn by the humble. And for the first time Arthur looked upon the likeness of a really uninteresting person; he not only looked different, but he felt different. Hitherto he had declared that as an innocent citizen he was entitled to go about as he liked, and that he could not be blamed if the police were hunting for a man exactly like him. He had given in now only because Madeline would not walk any longer with him as he was.

Arthur self-consciously went into the corridor again, but not to the same compartment. Taking a seat elsewhere, he put a cigarette to his lips and was aware immediately of the undressed and chilly feeling of his upper lip. It made him feel as if he were in a fancy dress that didn't suit him.

He opened his paper. As usual there was here a striking portrait of the wanted man.

The real Mostyn had dealt madly in millions and had defrauded the public on a gigantic scale. Now he had vanished and a net had been spread to catch him; every part was watched; the league of lodging-house keepers of England were on the job, and a replica of the wanted face was published far and wide; the public could not escape it, and Arthur could not escape the public. Here he was not so smart as the real Mostyn, who was probably lying in bed somewhere, smiling as he read of all these efforts to locate him.

THE first thing that happened to Arthur, however, in his new disguise, was that a girl on the other side of the carriage sat very still and stared him out of countenance.

In a twinkling he recognised her as one who had rushed up to the booking office in as great a hurry as his own, and with her eyes had appealed to him to let her squeeze in front. Arthur, devoted though he was to Madeline, was not immune to the lure of any damsel in distress, and as he had made way with the appropriate gallantry, he had heard her book, like himself, to Worplegate, and when young men and women allow their eyes to meet once in a crowd, they never afterwards forget.

Poor fool! Instead of ridding himself of suspicion, he had now attracted an overdose.

This girl had seen him both with a moustache and without. In fact, he had conspicuously done what everyone was saying Mostyn would have done. Arthur was cornered. When he looked like Mostyn he was stalked, and now that he didn't, he had aroused deeper suspicion still.

He felt her gaze, cold, reasoning and penetrating. He gave her one look, as if to say, "Yes, I remember you, too, and it looks damning, but I've a simple explanation. Must I give it in front of all these people?"

But before he could act at all the matter was taken out of his hands. The train stopped at a junction and the girl got out! He badly wanted to go to the window and see what she was going to do. Would she, for example, warn the guard? Would she



Illustrated
by
Wynne W.
Davies

"I don't mind attracting attention, but I am not going to walk with a man who is afraid to pass a policeman."

phone Scotland Yard? Or was she merely frightened of him.

At any rate, although she had certainly booked to Worplegate, the train went on without her coming back to the carriage.

Arthur sat back and sighed.

It is permissible to wonder why he did not save the situation by getting out of this train at the next station and running for it.

The answer is that he had no real reason to run except to save himself the temporary annoyance of having to explain his actions, and that his whole object was to get to Worplegate to be near Madeline. And so he risked it and remained in the train until he reached the terminus; there he descended with the best air possible. Naturally he glanced from side to side as he went, and at the barrier he took a searching look about him, but the surprising truth was that there were no police here to stop him after all. He gave up his ticket and walked out at liberty still.

With a feeling of relief he turned along the main road, chose an inn, and, after a wash and a further critical look at himself, he decided to walk to

"Dreadful," said Madeline.

"Oh," said Arthur depressedly, "I'm sorry."

"Why are you wearing those appalling glasses?"

"To do away with the monocle. I must wear something. I must see where I'm going."

"When I saw you walk in," said Madeline, "I thought you must be somebody who had come to sell a vacuum cleaner."

"Well, it won't be for long."

"For long? Have you considered what you will look like when you are trying to grow the thing again? Can you imagine the first few days... all bristly and uneven? Then the untidy, drooping stage, with one side longer than the other... for all I know," she added, raising her voice a little, "it may even come out next time a different color... patchy, with a trace of ginger."

"And egg stains, I suppose," said Arthur angrily. "I tell you I did it for you. I knew I mustn't follow you here if I was going to embarrass you, and I thought you would be relieved."

Complete Short Story

the home of Madeline's people and present himself.

Madeline was alone; she had come into this room on purpose to receive him, leaving the family elsewhere, and in order to get him into a better light, she now came forward, took his elbow, and led him a yard or two to one side, her expression was a study. It portrayed nothing; no shock, no anger, no amusement; she seemed stunned; she looked and looked.

Then in a weird tone she asked:

"Are you Arthur?"

"Yes, nobody can mistake me now."

"Without a moustache," said Madeline, "you look like a sailor with one."

"Incongruous? Unusual?"

Madeline turned away.

"I can't imagine myself being seen with you in daylight."

"Well, it's dark now. Come for a stroll along the front. If I could only have you for a short while to myself, I could convince you that I've acted for the best. In fact, I called for the express purpose of taking you for a walk. I have something to say to you that won't wait any longer."

"And are you going to say it in that... fancy dress?"

"I will take off the glasses if you like."

She shrugged.

"Well, I'll walk with you as far as the post. Then you had better go to

bed, and to-morrow please go back to town."

He could not tell whether she was teasing him or not. She was certainly giving him very bitter looks, but perhaps she was putting them on. He didn't believe he could look as villainous as that. True, he had been robbed of his personality, but Madeline would surely see deeper than that. Could it be that she had liked him only for his moustache and eyeglasses?

He waited whilst she went to get a wrap, then picked up his hat and they left the house together.

They were, in fact, at the gate when Arthur gave a spasmodic start. Across the way a girl was standing under a lamp-post; she was posed there quite calmly, and she looked competent; there was no doubt who she was. It was the girl who had spotted him in the train, and somehow or other she had picked up the trail and caught him on the post... or rather on the way to it.

Now what was he going to do? If he confided in Madeline all would be up; she would certainly not allow him to be followed with suspicion in her own home town. And how could he take Madeline for a walk and plead with her for her hand if he was to be shadowed by a girl who evidently did not mean to spring out and accuse him, but simply to watch and then tell other people?

However, he pulled himself together, held open the gate, and in a crushed way hurried after Madeline, who had set off with that particularly healthy gait which girls slip into when they are by the sea; the slight breeze lifted her hair a little and played upon her smooth, wide brow; her wrap was furled about her pretty figure as she walked; but in the rear came Arthur, giving infuriated looks behind him.

"Well," said Madeline, cheerfully, after some minutes had gone by, "you haven't told me much. You said there was something on your mind?"

She gave him a cursory smile and waited. They were at the pillar-box, and she had turned. He came round with her and tried to detain her with a touch upon the arm. His voice was pleading.

Please turn to Page 40

WAYS

New AUTUMN WEAVES



36" Novelty Woollens 5/4 2/11 1/2

A new weave in distinctly new shades—All-Wool from lovely shades of Blue, Lilac Green, Choccy, Cherry, Reddish, Orange Green, Brick, Blue, wide, Regular 5/11 value. AT WAY'S NOW

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An All-Wool weave of substantial weight, soft, woolly finish, with the new wind-swept effect. Colors: Lilac Green, Mustard, Burnt Orange, Cherry, Hunter's Green, Grey, White, Brown, Navy, Royal-Fawn, Black-White, Green. SPECIAL VALUE

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These are very "doggy." The smartest skirts and coats of the season will be in these stylish Dog-tooth Checks. Colors: Navy-White, Green-Fawn, Royal-Fawn, Black-White, Green-Fawn, Navy-White, Navy-White, or Brown. SPECIAL VALUE

Write for New Autumn Catalogue.

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36" Ring Velvets 9/4 7/11

Fashion says Velvets for day and evening wear. Ring Velvets with rich, close silk pile, will be first choice. Colors: White, Fawn, Navy, Signal, Burgundy, Green, Olympic Blue, Glass Green, Navy, or Black. Regular 5/11 value. AT WAY'S NOW

36" French Moroccan 6/4 2/11 1/2

A delightful weave for all occasion frocks. French quality and value. Colors: Black, Royal, Lilac, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy. AT WAY'S NOW

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From the Silk Department comes this exceptional, silky smart new material. Matelasse with heavy tree-bark design—different, heavy, and dependable. Colors: Navy, Royal, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy, Navy. SPECIAL VALUE

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A big surprise in value—almost unbelievable. Sportslike, a British product that rivals silk silk for appearance and wear. For frocks, princess slips, and a host of new, twenty new and popular shades to select from. Regular 5/11 value. AT WAY'S NOW

E-WAY & COMPANY LTD
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The Summer HOUSE

A story which tells how big a part memories can play in the life of a man or a woman.

— By —
URSULA BLOOM

HE had built the summer-house himself with his own hands. He had built it when they had come home that week after their marriage, just because he had proposed to Nancy in a summer-house, in her father's garden.

"We'll want one here, in our own garden, in memory of that one," he said. He remembered saying it.

Now he was sitting here smoking his pipe. Nancy didn't like smoking indoors; it was nothing but a bundle said, made a mess, too. So he came out and smoked here. The timbers were grey with time; there was a gap in the corner where the wind had done damage. It needed repairing.

Well, their marriage needed repairing, too.

The summer-house had gone a little far, almost too far, for mending, he thought; it was nothing but a bundle of old worm-eaten timbers. The rose and the honeysuckle and the strong young clematis held it together. That was all. He hated to think that his marriage had gone beyond repair, too, and that there was no rose or honeysuckle or strong young clematis to hold that together.

He heard Nancy's voice calling from the house.

"Ernie, where are you?" Her voice was strident and a little harsh. She had had one of her scenes to-night; he supposed she was a good deal upset, only he wished that she wouldn't call like that. The harsh sound hurt him.

"I'm here, Nancy."

"I see," and he heard her go back into the house and slam the door after her. Marriage needing repairs like the old summer-house that he had built with such loving devotion twenty-seven years ago.

Twenty-seven years is a long time.

He sucked at his pipe, and his thoughts took him back into the past. Perhaps it was the memories that lived on in the summer-house, just as they live on in some old ship long after it has rusted itself to redness in the ship-breaker's yard. Perhaps it was the strong young suckers of the clematis, holding the boards together, or the scent of honeysuckle and Dorothy Perkins roses. He could not tell.

They had been very young when they had married.

His job was not very flourishing; there had been no money to spare, and Nancy had got involved with her housekeeping. There were nights, the two nights before pay-day, when quite often they had had to have bread and cheese for supper.

"I don't know where it goes," Nancy said despairingly. "I seem so flush at the beginning of the week, and I take such care, and then suddenly it all slips away. How I don't know."

He had been sorry for her.

"Darling, you'll do better next week."

She hadn't done better next week. He remembered how he had to sell his overcoat one year to cover the difficulties they were faced with, and how ashamed she was.

"Ernie, I'm horrid. I ought to be able to do better."

"You'll learn in time."

How she had clung to him! Then she had been little, and lovable, and shy. He was dreaming again of when she had known she was going to have a baby. Her pitiful little cry, the cry of all little new mothers-to-be, "I'm frightened."

Together they had fought that fear.

They had fought and won, but there had come the moment when he had known that though he had walked with her to the very gates, he could walk no farther.

The nurse had let him run up to see her.

"It won't be for another few hours," said the nurse.

To her it was just a case, one of the dozens that made up her working year. To them it was a miracle. He had a glimpse of her lying there, not in pain for the time being. Lying there, white and distressed, her eyes grown very large, her heart strangely brave.

"Nurse says it won't be much longer."

"Darling, if only I could bear it for you!"

Only he couldn't.

They turned him out, and he came here, just as he was here now. He sat here in the young summer-house, for its timbers had not had time to become weathered, and it was bright with new paint.

He sat there, and he saw growing up around him the rose, and the honeysuckle, and the clematis; those three climbers that towards the end would hold the old boards together. On and on he sat, frightened to go back to the house. "I'll tell you when it is over," the nurse had said.

Surely she would come if it were over?

Silver wash of moon, and as he sat there he felt youth slipping away from him. Later, much, much later, he crept towards the house; surely it must be over now.

The nurse was in the sitting-room; she was drinking tea. She turned.

"Why, wherever have you been?" she asked.

"Waiting."

"Waiting? Why, your son is hours old."

She had said she would call him and had forgotten where he had said he would be. But it did not matter

the echo of their laughter, the joy of possession.

That day when Ronnie slipped from the summer-house roof.

Ernie was working in the garden, trying to do something about the vegetables, which were growing a little out of hand. Everything wanted doing at once in June; it was difficult to know where to begin.

He was supposed to be "minding" the children, while Nancy got the sewing machine out and was running up extra cotton overalls, for they were going away to the seaside. He supposed he was so busy with his own work that he never noticed Ronnie climbing on to the roof and swinging by the honeysuckle. He never noticed until suddenly he heard the quick, sharp scream.

He turned, but not in time. Ronnie had climbed on to the roof to amuse his little sisters, he had slipped, and in pulling at the honeysuckle the branch had broken in his hand.

He was lying there on the gravel path below, very white and very still, with a cluster of the fragrant flowers in his fingers.

He remembered how he had run to the spot, Nancy coming out of the house, her cry, and then finding her kneeling the other side of the child, her face white as her apron.

"He isn't dead, Ernie?"

"He can't be dead."

Lifting him tenderly, lifting him and feeding for the heart. Nancy's voice, "I thought you were minding him. Oh, Ernie, why didn't you?" and his own pang, not needing her to remind him of his negligence.

Yet it had not been intentional negligence; it had happened lots of times before, the children playing while he worked and there had not been an accident.

He had gone off for the doctor, and had come back with him. Ronnie was lying just the same on his little bed, with Nancy beside him, bathing his head with water. It was concussion.

All night long the two watched there.

Now, remembering it, it seemed that he was seeing down into the soul of Nancy, a tortured, tormented thing, something that could not bear the terror of that night; the child with the scent of honeysuckle still clinging to him. Yet that night, for all its terror, for all its wretchedness, had done more towards building up their marriage than anything else.

At dawn the child stirred. There had been a wonderful sympathy in Nancy's eyes as she bent over him. "It's all right, Ronnie. It's all right, my darling," and the dawn coming in at the window, the end of their long vigil with the knowledge that the child would be all right.

He felt his eyes growing misty as he remembered it. Scent of honeysuckle. Something that had tied them closer together, something intangible and yet real.

For Old Times' Sake

MARRIAGE is made up of such a mixture, such a glorious and strange mixture of happiness and emotions. It is full of a wild and delirious joy, yet it has also a deep and terrible misery.

His illness! Just as he had got a good position, and it seemed with the children growing up that everything was going to be splendid. They would be able to rest on their laurels a little, and have some peace, and then his illness, quick and dynamic in its force.

That night before the operation. Nancy lying there beside him on the bed. Nancy older, rounder, firmer, buoying him up as once he had buoyed her up. Nancy telling him that he need not be afraid as she would be with him. She would stand between him and death if needs be. She simply would not let him die.

Nancy with her face lined with anxiety, yet looking at him bravely; Nancy holding fast to his hand.

She had driven in the ambulance with him, gone into the hospital with him, been the last person he had thought of when he went under the anaesthetic.

Later, such a long, long while later, he had come round, to find her there beside him, keeper of the door of death; he knew that her love and infinite faith had done more for him than anything else. Nancy sitting there holding the sweet-scented clematis sprays. It had flowered for him, she said.

Please turn to Page 41



MABEL: I wish I knew the best way to take my husband's mind off his work after he comes home from the office!
CYNTHIA: Have you tried showing him the unpaid bills?

now. He had a son. The great and overwhelming joy came over him.

"Can I see him?" he asked.

He hardly dare remember the joy of those exquisite moments. Nancy, seeming to have shrunk to something little and small and very lovable. The baby, a downy head nestling in the crook of her arm. A certain sense of relief, a certain wonder at the miracle of the trinity of life.

Next year it had been a girl, and the year after another girl. They had had but the one boy.

Children growing up about them in the garden. Children playing here, and strewing the place with their toys;

WOMEN in World AIR RACE

Flight Needs Preparation And Lots Of Experience: Cost Deters Women



MRS. H. BONNEY, the only Australian woman with world-flight experience.

"MRS. BONNEY is familiar with the flight, and there are several airwomen in Australia of conspicuous ability who would be formidable competitors," said one leading airman. "They should be equal to a number of men who will take part in the race."

"I haven't read the conditions of entry," said Mrs. Bonney, "but I think the machine will be the winner—the right type for speed—for any pilot who enters will have proved endurance and judgment. I feel that I have the physical fitness. I can put up with all manner of discomforts and I am not afraid, but without finance for the specially-built machine it would be sheer madness to make the attempt."

"I do not think one needs to be the great ace to win, though, naturally, a practical knowledge of the route will be a great factor."

There is no question about Mrs. Bonney's pluck. She is only a handful, dainty at that, and two years before she made her epic flight she was studying racehorses and fashion journals, not maps and charts. But she is not a lone example.

It is highly improbable that any N.S.W. women will enter in the London-Melbourne Centenary air race to be held in October next. While there are several women pilots in N.S.W. with undoubted skill and experience in the handling of aircraft, such as Jean Gardiner, Peggy McKillop, Mrs. Lee Brown, Miss Pollett, and Nancy Bird, they recognise that it



MRS. AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM will probably represent America in the world's air race.

would be foolhardy for any woman not thoroughly experienced in cross-country flights and proficient in navigation to undertake such a strenuous test as the big air race will provide.

The conditions of the race will make it the greatest test of skill and endurance ever propounded in the form of a contest.

Most of the original women pilots in New South Wales have given up flying as a hobby owing to the heavy cost of the sport, but one or two, such as Peggy McKillop and Nancy Bird, still use their planes occasionally.

Miss Freda Thompson, the Melbourne girl who holds a "B" license, has also informed The Australian Women's Weekly that she does not propose to compete.

Australian women fliers stand in a different category to Mrs. Mollison (Amy Johnson), who has already proved by her solo flights to Australia and South Africa that she is possessed of outstanding skill, stamina, and courage, and her experience should be of the greatest assistance to her in this contest.

The conditions of the Centenary Handicap, which is to be held at the

Although Britain and America will probably have women entrants in the world air race to Australia, which will form part of the Melbourne Centenary celebrations, there seems little possibility of Australia being represented by a woman flier.

It is not because our girl aviators would not like to be competing, but the cost of such a world flight runs into a big sum.

Apart from this, there is no reason why Australian women should not enter and have a chance of winning, in the opinion of well-known flying men.

But it is a flight which only those with the necessary experience and stamina should tackle.

same time, are more in favor of women competitors, as the race provides for stops for checking over every 500 miles of the distance, and it is not unlikely that one or more Australian airwomen may compete in this event.

BRITAIN and America will be represented by women. Amy Johnson and her husband, Mr. Jim Mollison, have announced their intention of doing their best for Great Britain, and so has Miss Marcendale Nelson. It is probable, also, that the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce will be another English competitor, while Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam may be a woman representative for the United States of America.

ACCORDING to a recent cable from London, Pauline Gower and Dorothy Spicer will also be starters for the race if their aeroplane can be equipped with

extra petrol tanks for the flight. They have no hope of winning the outright race, but think they would have a good chance for the handicap.

Like the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, Miss Helena Cato seems to have machinery "in her blood." But while the former holds world's motoring records, Miss Cato spends a good deal of her time in her father's motor garage, at Clare, so that she knows the inner workings of motor engines, and understands points in machinery that remain mysteries to many an excellent motorist.

Mrs. Mollison should know the route well, and has plenty of grit and stamina, as well as her share of good luck, and a knowledge of aeroplanes. Mrs. Putnam is a noted solo flier.

It seems that the men will have to put up a good fight to beat such a worthy group of women!

The Centenary air race really includes

two races, the speed race and the handicap race. Both are open to any individual of any nationality.

The prize for the first plane to land will be £10,000 and a gold cup. The second plane will carry off the £1500 prize, and the third £500. Because of the inequality of machines the race will also be regarded as a handicap, lower-powered machines competing for prizes of £2000 and £1000.

The race is singularly free from rules, and competitors must make their own fuelling arrangements.

That Miss Cato has had the race in mind for some time is obvious, because, before she left on her trip to Noumen, she had announced her intention to her



MISS FREDA THOMPSON, one of Victoria's outstanding airwomen.

family of being at Essendon when the first plane in the big race arrived there! In March, 1933, T. W. White, Victorian Minister for Customs, said: "The project is a magnificent one, Elizabethan in its spaciousness of conception."

Elizabethan! Reminiscent of England's greatest days, the days when her ruler was a woman!

Women entrants so far are Mrs. A. J. Mollison (with her husband) and Miss Marcendale, from Great Britain, and Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam, U.S.A.

YOU GET THEM FREE?

"Of course—don't say you've not heard of the Sunlight Soap free offer!"

"Well I never! Just feel this pillowcase—the sheet, too. I must get some. But—how?"

"Just save Sunlight wrappers. I got this sheet and pillowcase in next to no time."

"H'm, I've always liked Sunlight, anyway."

"So have I, and nowadays I like it better than ever."

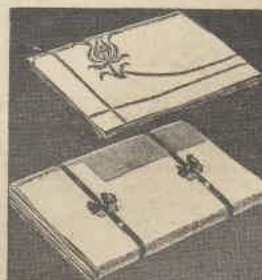
YOU BET I DO!

Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap," (3 in each carton), and take them to Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

Or post them attached to a sheet of paper stating: 1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. The number of wrappers sent. 3. The gift required, to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4100WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to put correct postage on your envelope.

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PILLOWCASE—hard-wearing cotton with linen finish. Attractively embroidered and hemstitched. 30 x 20 ins. Free for 24 Sunlight wrappers.

SHEET—Hercules's superfine sheet strong and serviceable. Single—Free for 75 Sunlight wrappers. Double—Free for 100 Sunlight wrappers.

lightens work... whitens clothes—£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY

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Autumn
Fashion
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LIVING MODELSCommencing FRIDAY, MARCH 23, and
Continuing until THURS. MARCH 29

From 3.30 to 4.30 each Afternoon

You are cordially invited to view an interesting Exposition of the Autumn Mode, when Grace Bros. will present, on Living Models, the authentic styles in Frocks, Gowns, Coats and Millinery for the New Season.



Commencing on Friday next, the Fashion Parade will be held each afternoon for one week, revealing to Sydney all the charm and infinite variety of the New Mode. Variety, in fact, is the keynote of the New Season's Fashions, and there is such a host of new ideas that every woman this year will be able to assert her own individuality in dress, and yet retain all the smart elegance of the Mode.

During the Parade, which will be held in the Broadway Restaurant, a Special Fashion Tea will be served at the small charge of 6d.—Tables may be reserved by phoning M6506 —Grace Bros. Restaurant.



SPECIAL FASHION TEA 6d.

MENU:

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Chicken Yock Ham Anchovy Tomato
Toasted Chelsea Buns and Butter
Gaufrices Neapolitan Ices
Tea or Coffee
Friendlies Viennese Fingers

MISS HILDA GRACE, Soprano,
will sing selected items during the
Parade.

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Hurry! BOOK for
KOSCIUSKO TOUR

The Party Starts Next Thursday

Only a week more now before The Australian Women's Weekly-2UW Easter tour is due to start. Next Thursday evening, by the 8.40 from Central, those wise and lucky people who have booked for this wonderful holiday tour will glide out of Sydney to Kosciusko on a special train.

ONCE aboard the train, there will be nothing to worry about and nothing to pay for. The trip will be conducted from the moment it leaves Central by Miss Kay Russell, an expert at this sort of thing. She will look after every detail, and see that everyone has a good time.

The trip includes three and a quarter days' accommodation at Hotel Kosciusko, and a special rail carriage for the trip and back. Meals are provided on the journey. You will not need a penny. All those little extras which usually make such holidays expensive are absolutely free, even morning and afternoon tea at the hotel.

Station 2UW is going to look after the amusement side for the party. On Saturday there will be a broadcast of the party from Kosciusko.

Immediately on arrival at the hotel Miss Russell will convene a meeting and elect sporting committees to look after various activities.

All sporting accessories will be absolutely free. You will be able to play

golf, tennis, croquet, or go riding without the usual hire charges. Prizes valued at more than £10 have been donated by Sydney firms. These will be allotted for sports events and competitions when the party arrives at the hotel.

Uncle Max, golf specialist, has donated a boudoir doll, valued at £2.7.7. Mabel McQuirk, shoe specialist, £1.4.9 pair of shoes; Rogers, George St., chemist, a beauty basket, valued at £1.1.1. Travel Doods, 238 Pitt St., a travel bag, £1.1.1. Gears have offered a special rare palm in a fancy pot, valued at £1.1.1. Mutual Foods have donated a special box of assorted fruits. The Forrester Fur Store have given a 30/- squirrel choker, to be offered as a bridge prize. The Regal Hat Store, a unique hand bag, valued at £1.1.1, and Talma Studios have offered to photograph the oldest person in the party.

On Saturday or Sunday motor cars will convey the party on a magnificent trip to the Chalet, Charlotte Pass, and the summit of Mt. Kosciusko. This trip alone usually costs £1 per head return. Picnic lunches will be provided, and served by attendants from the hotel.

And all this for only 66/6/- Book at once, at the Government Tourist Bureau, and make sure of a seat. For further details listen to Miss Kay Russell each morning from 2UW, at 10 o'clock.

2UW Highlights for Readers

FRIDAY, MARCH 23

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly recipe competition, £1 prize each week. Listen to Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell on our Special Easter Trip to Kosciusko.

At 11 a.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn will describe various scenes in Brussels. The recent death of King Albert of Belgium, and the still more recent utterances of the Prime Minister on Belgium's new attitude to Germany, have focused much attention on the cockpit of Europe.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier. News. The Verse of Edith Sitwell, "So They Say" topics. Book Reviews, and "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Enid Lorimer. Little Theatre Talk.

From 10 p.m.—Dance Music.

SUNDAY, MARCH 25

At 10 a.m.—Music of the Masters.

At 11.30 a.m.—Idle Hour Melodies.

At 3 p.m.—2UW Popular Sunday Concert. Concerto in B Flat Minor, Op. 23 (Tchaikovsky), for Piano and Orchestra, played by Rubinstein and the London Symphony Orchestra.

At 7.45 p.m.—Foreign Affairs. J. M. Prentice.

At 8 p.m.—Radio play, "The Curse of Pharaoh's Tomb."

At 9.15 p.m.—Flirting With Death. Capt. Frank Hurley.

At 9.45 p.m.—Celebrity Recordings. From 10 p.m.—While-A-Way Music.

MONDAY, MARCH 26

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly "Clever Ideas" Session. Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell, who will conduct The Australian Women's Weekly-2UW tour to Kosciusko, gives a short talk.

At 12.30 p.m.—"Life of Victor Herbert"—Part 6.

At 1 p.m.—Light Orchestral Session.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier.

News, Interesting People. A microphone interview with Miss Ruby Morris—the only woman to be brought to Australia by J.C.W. to produce a show. "So They Say" topics. "Peeps at the World," with special sound recording, by arrangement with the State Theatre, Peter Speight, and "Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn will give a talk on "Some Belgian Cities."

At 8 p.m.—A Miniature Musicale. Amy Oslings, Vernon Sellers, Clifford Arnold.

From 10 p.m.—Dance Music.

TUESDAY, MARCH 27

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly homecraft and needlework notions. Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell. The Kosciusko Easter tour.

At 11.15 a.m.—Joan Harvey talks on "Psychology."

At 1 p.m.—Light orchestral music.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier.

News. "Give It An Answer" Competition, prize, two best seats at the State Theatre. Musical Doings. Sir Thomas

Beecham and his music. Debate between Mrs. Albert Littlejohn and Mr. C. N. Baeyeritz, "That Wives Should Receive a Salary." To finish the session, "Don't Forget."

At 7.50 p.m.—Popular Psychology. J. M. Prentice.

At 8.45 p.m.—2UW's popular request dance night. Cec. Morrison's music.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28

At 9.30 a.m.—Motor talk.

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly home decorating.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell. An Australian travel talk, the Easter tour to Kosciusko.

At 1 p.m.—Light orchestral music.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier.

News. "So They Say" topics. Interesting People. Ned Kelly himself at the microphone—L. H. Simpson, male lead in "When the Kellys Rode." Careers For Women. Interior Decorating—Miss Yolande Proctor, of the Argosy Gallery.

"Don't Forget."

At 4 p.m.—Mrs. Littlejohn. The story of Dante's Divine Comedy.

At 7.45 p.m.—Great plays in half an hour. No. 6—"Monte Cristo"—Nancy Stewart, Mayne Lynton and Co.

From 10 p.m.—Dance music.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29

At 9.45 a.m.—The Australian Women's Weekly home section prize-winners. Myra Dempsey.

At 10 a.m.—Kay Russell's Australian travel talk, "The Joys of Kosciusko."

At 12.30 p.m.—"The Life of Victor Herbert," part 7.

At 1 p.m.—Light orchestral session.

At 2 p.m.—The Woman's Hour, by arrangement with The Australian Women's Weekly. Dorothea Vautier.

Highlights from The Australian Women's Weekly. Fashion Hints From Paris and Vienna. Mr. Sefton Cullen. Personal Memoirs of Life in the Far East.

At 9 p.m.—Foreign Affairs. J. M. Prentice.

At 9.15 p.m.—Yoshitomo San, a Japanese composer.

From 10 p.m.—Dance music.

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HAIR REMOVED

Ugly hairs from face and chest guaranteed permanently and painlessly removed by Sister Louise who is one of the very few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. She has had years of experience in this work and has the latest equipment to aid her.



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Course of 5 Treatments - - - 21/-

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OXFORD STREET - SYDNEY



SIR FREDERICK O'CONNOR is seen in the centre, here, with a group of India's most illustrious Princes. Each of them is wearing a headdress encrusted with jewels and strung with rubies as big as pigeons' eggs. The headpieces are said to be worth over six million altogether.

FABULOUS Splendour of INDIAN PRINCES

Priceless Jewels Are Worn Like Cheap Beads

— By —
Sir Frederick O'Connor

VISITING Australia, at present, is Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederick O'Connor, Irish-born member of the Anglo-Indian diplomatic service, whose picturesque career in the East has been packed with romantic adventures. He is a living Kipling character.

During the war he was a prisoner in Persia, and, later, was on special duty in Siberia. As British Envoy to Nepal, he negotiated a treaty between Great Britain and Nepal. During his thirty odd years in India, Sir Frederick has made a close study of life there. He is the author of a book on Tibetan folk tales.

In this article, Sir Frederick deals with the immense wealth of Indian princes. Every rajah's palace is a store of precious stones and metals, which could solve the financial problems of the Empire.

ORIENTAL potentates have always loved to amass and adorn themselves with gorgeous jewellery, and nowhere more so than in India, where many of the native rulers possess collections of gems of almost fabulous value.

The Nizam of Hyderabad, for instance, who rules over a country with a population of some 11 to 12 million inhabitants, is reputed to be the wealthiest man in the world, possessing vaults filled with gold and silver and jewels beyond the dreams of avarice; and most of the great Indian Princes deck themselves on ceremonial occasions with masses of huge diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc., and ropes of exquisitely matched pearls.

The pearls alone, belonging to one

Mohammedan Ruler of a comparatively small State in Northern India, are said to be valued at over two millions sterling.

Many of these single gems and collective jewels have attached to them stories of tense and often terrible human interest. I take one instance of which I have personal knowledge.

In the latter stages of the Indian Mutiny, when the British forces had advanced up country and were restoring order and meting out vengeance and justice to the mutineers, that infamous scoundrel and murderer, known as the Nana Sahib, who was responsible for the treacherous slaughter at the river bank at Cawnpore, and for the subsequent cold-blooded butchery of our captive women and children and the casting of their bodies (some still living) into that dreadful well—this miscreant,

with a small following and some members of his family, fled before our avenging troops, and took refuge across the border in the tiger-haunted jungles of the independent Kingdom of Nepal.

Paladin of History

NOW, the then Ruler of Nepal was the famous Prime Minister, Jung Bahadur, a paladin of contemporary history, and the founder of the existing dynasty of Prime Ministers; and he (as has been the case with each of his successors) was a firm and true friend to Great Britain. He volunteered his personal services during the Mutiny, and he placed the manhood and the resources of his small country at the disposal of our Government; and he himself commanded a force of his gallant little Gurkhas from his own army during the relief of Lucknow and in many other battles and operations.

By the etiquette and code of Oriental courtesy he could not refuse safe harbourage to the refugees, but he forbade the Nana Sahib to come to his capital at Katmandu, and gave orders that he was not to be allowed to leave the low-lying malarious forest country at the foot of the mountains on the borders of Nepal; and in return for this sanctuary and for financial and other help, he received in exchange certain of the Nana's jewels.

Some of these jewels now form a portion of the magnificent headdress worn by the Prime Minister of Nepal, and passed on as an hereditary heirloom to each occupant of this high office in turn. It is a truly splendid spectacle. The frontal portion consists of three oval plates literally covered with a blaze of cut diamonds and rubies, edged and interspersed with pearls, and below these, overhanging the forehead, hangs a fringe of large uncut oval emeralds.

Official Hat

OVER the right ear is suspended a cluster of immense uncut emeralds, resembling a bunch of grapes in size and appearance, all over one inch in length.

Above these, lying horizontally, is the largest emerald in the world—a square-cut finger over three inches in length, engraved as a seal at one end. These latter jewels and others in the headdress, were all acquired from the Nana Sahib.

This particular form of headdress has been adopted for the official wear of the high officers of State, who are members of the Prime Minister's family. The accompanying photograph shows a group of these officials, and it will be observed that the headdresses are all similar in appearance. That of the Prime Minister himself is, of course, the richest and most gorgeous, but the others are all plentifully adorned with fine jewels, and the splendour of the general effect of this glittering mass may easily be conceived, while its total value is almost inestimable.

Beyond the Himalayas in Tibet, jewels are but seldom worn, and the women adorn themselves chiefly with ornaments of gold, and rough matrix turquoise and seed pearls. But in greater monasteries are stored artistic treasures of immense riches—all coming from China—cloisonné, porcelain, jade, silks, etc., in endless variety. The Dalai Lama's palace at Lhasa, in Peking, especially has storehouses crammed with vast quantities of

ONE OF INDIA'S many potentates going on an official visit to the Governor at Delhi. He is driving in the Royal elephant carriage. Note the costly trappings of the enormous beasts. Their harness is studded with stones worth a king's ransom.

these beautiful wares, the offerings of the faithful and peasants to Lhasa from various Emperors of China for several centuries. All of these are especially selected objects of superb quality and workmanship, fit to be added to the treasures of any museum or collector. What their collective value must amount to, it is impossible to hazard even the wildest guess.

THE great square-cut emerald belonged originally to the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, who sacked Delhi in 1739, where it is estimated that over one million people were slaughtered. How it came into the possession of Nana Sahib history does not relate; but at any rate, like other fateful and historic gems, it must have shone and glittered on many strange and terrible scenes of splendour and bloodshed.

SIR FREDERICK O'CONNOR will deliver a series of lectures at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday, March 24, Monday, March 26, and Tuesday, March 27.



PRINCE BISHNU OF NEPAL, with Sandra Rambo, a U.S.A. dancer, whom he will marry. Sir Frederick O'Connor knows him well. He is worth £3,000,000.

CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rob Curlypet on Baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube, 3/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 3017 T., G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail.

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women need, my bust is nearly 30 inches. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen. It's marvellous. I am going on with it. I showed a beautiful bust of English blonde youth, at Miss A.L. (age 23), of Kilmara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 17 1/2 inches, and now, after four weeks, it is 20 inches. You can get large bottles of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. JAMES ROGERS LTD., DEPT. 3, 355 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY; C. F. LLOYD & CO., Dept. 3, 343 L. Collins St., Melbourne; D. MACLENNAN & CO., Dept. 3, Ferry Road, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped with full directions for use."

MARVELS OF SCIENCE

Restoring Natural Colour to Grey and White Hair Without Dyeing

Thousands of men and women to business to-day depend for their positions on their ability to keep a smart and youthful appearance. For grey-haired employees generally have to make way for the younger and more vigorous.

After years of research, a new and marvellous process has been perfected which restores the Natural Colour to any white or grey hair and it contains no messy, uncertain dyes, and cannot be detected. A well-known city business man astonished his friends recently by having his hair, which has been white for years, restored to its natural youthful colour by this new marvellous process known as Raydene. Some of our readers report marvellous results from this wonderful process. One woman of 60 who had been using dyes for years, showed us her hair, which was a lurid dark brown after only one bottle of Raydene. Another woman, whose hair had gone white from financial worry and sickness, showed a beautiful head of English blonde hair without a bleach after a few weeks' treatment, and yet another, a man this time, whose hair had turned white after a frightful accident, got back its natural colour also with one bottle of Raydene. This wonderful process can now be got from any leading chemist in Australia in concentrated form (price 5/6), and is made up yourself at home, and is simply brushed through your hair for a few minutes each day.

Raydene is an absolutely harmless antiseptic, and clears up dandruff almost overnight. It can be used on permanently waved hair, and even on hair that has been dyed. If you are tired from a evening, a postal note or stamp for 3/6 sent with your name and address to Raydene, Dept. 2, Box 3017 T., G.P.O., Sydney, will bring Raydene to you with full directions by return mail.

LOSES 98lb. UGLY FAT

With Youth-o-Form, Without Diet or Exercise

To prove how safe, effective, and permanent YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules are for reducing ugly surplus fat, read this lady's report:

"I was 19st. 3lb. before I began to take Youth-o-Form, and though I am past 50 I have reduced to 12st. 3lb. with Youth-o-Form."

"My doctors found my blood pressure was very high, and my head ached constantly, so they suggested that I reduce with Youth-o-Form. The result has pleased and astonished myself and my doctors, for I am 5ft. 9in. tall, and 12st. is about my normal weight."

"I feel 20 years younger and I never have a headache now, and my blood pressure is normal. Youth-o-Form is really wonderful, and I still take a capsule two or three times a week."

(This lady reduced in 1930 and we often see her now.)

This is only one of the many hundreds of wonderful reports received from grateful men and women who have lost their ugly, ageing fat with YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules.

It is no wonder that doctors regard YOUTH-O-FORM as the greatest effective medicine for reducing in the world to HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, RHEUMATISM, HEADACHES, CONSTIPATION, and INDIGESTION in a few short weeks.

Permanent, safe and easy to take, YOUTH-O-FORM reduces ugly fat from waist, hips, bust, chin without dieting or tedious exercise. If you are a little or much too fat, go to your chemist and get a full six weeks' treatment of YOUTH-O-FORM for 22/- or a 10-day carton for 5/6, and watch your youthful lines reappear and your tired feeling vanish. If you prefer, a postal note with your name and address to ROGERS LTD., Dept. 3, 355 George St., Sydney; D. Maclellan & Co., Dept. 3, Ferry Road, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; C. F. Lloyd & Co., Dept. 3, 343 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or Dunstan Agencies, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Bldg., Hindley St., Adelaide, will bring your YOUTH-O-FORM by return mail.

Compare Your Weight with this Medical Weight Chart—

Hgt.	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
ft.in.	st.lb.	st.lb.	st.lb.	st.lb.	st.lb.
4 11	7 12	8 1	8 4	8 7	8 10
5 0	8 0	8 3	8 6	8 9	8 12
5 1	8 2	8 5	8 8	8 11	9 0
5 2	8 5	8 8	8 10	8 13	9 3
5 3	8 8	8 11	8 13	8 16	9 6
5 4	8 11	9 0	9 3	9 6	9 10
5 5	9 0	9 3	9 6	9 10	10 0
5 6	9 4	9 7	9 10	10 0	10 4
5 7	9 8	9 11	10 0	10 4	10 8
5 8	9 12	10 1	10 4	10 8	10 12
5 9	10 1	10 5	10 8	10 12	11 2
5 10	10 5	10 9	10 12	11 1	11 5

Add 3lb. for every five years over forty.

No More Aching Feet

Hot, Perspiring, Inflamed or Aching Feet, Corns, Callouses or Hard Skin PERMANENTLY CURED



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(Registered)
ASBESTOS
HYGIENIC
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Endorsed by the public for 34 years as the greatest comfort for SORE FEET, also good for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Cold Feet. Recommended by Doctors, Chemists, Chiropodists, etc. in Australia and New Zealand. Concessions given to Hospital Nurses. (Beware of Imitations)

The only Importers of Dr. Stead's Insoles. Reduced price. L.A. 1/6, 2/9 per pair. 2 pairs, 5/3. Gent's 3/6 per pair, 2 pairs 6/6 post free. Postal Notes and Cheques to be addressed to

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THE CLYDE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.
CONSULTEE L.N.S.W.
PATENTED STYLISH
EASILY REPAIRABLE
2 YEARS GUARANTEE



"... But before we were married you would always call a taxi—now we have to walk."

"Yes—that's the reason we have to walk now."

When Married DAUGHTERS & SONS... Go Home to Live

Louise Mack Advises

"Is there a greater problem," writes Beatrice J., "than the problem of how two or even three families can live together happily?"

"My husband and I and our two girls have had to go back and live with Father and Mother in the old home, and lately a married sister and her husband and child have been forced to join us.

"Our lives are terribly difficult. Father hates wireless, and thinks we all ought to be in bed by nine and up at six. He quarrels at dinner with my husband.

Is the piano mother's?

Are the old folks at home fussy?

Is your father justified in telling your husband he does not know what he is talking about?

Can married sons and daughters live happily in the old home again?

Or is some special technique needed to bring about peace and harmony when married daughters have gone home again to live with their parents?

Mother complains that my girls leave the laundry untidy, always doing up their light frocks and frillies. Father complains that they go out at night. My sister's boy won't drink coffee, and there's only coffee for breakfast, and Father thinks he ought to be made to drink it.

"We all disagree over dozens of things—religion, politics, cooking, shopping, housekeeping, books, and films.

"My sister pulled the piano sideways into the room, and Mother was terribly upset and cried until we put it back against the wall.

"Mother often tells me to take off my best dress in the house, and Father regularly tells my husband that he doesn't know what he is talking about—and my man resents it.

"We feel strained and wretched by our contacts, we, who were once so happy and jolly all together."

Give In

THIS problem goes deep into the heart of humanity to-day. Thousands all over the world are being obliged to try and find out how to solve it.

Going back to the old home to live is such a very different proposition to going home on a visit.

Undoubtedly, those who go home ought to give in.

THE same social rules should apply to them as to other guests in other houses.

The essence of a guest is to be a good guest.

And they should and must realise that they are guests at the old home, where the Mother and Father will reign as host and hostess; still own the place; and are still conscious that the home is run by them, and their children, their dear children, maybe, have come to them as visitors blown thither by the adverse winds of Fate.

A PROBLEM like this seems colossal, and yet it can be easily overcome by tact and commonsense.

Remember, tact is nine parts sympathy and one part cunning. This is one of the cases when technique is needed badly.

You all need to think out a few formulas.

The argumentative husband's technique with the old father should be, "Very likely you are right!"

It's quite easy to say.

It's as true as anything is true, and it immediately cuts the ground from under the old gentleman's feet, leaving him nothing to stand upon, as it were. It is, in short, marvellously effective; one might almost say, it is never failing, that particular formula.

Mother's Little Ways

The young daughters' technique should be, "Do you mind if we use the laundry? We promise to leave it spick and span!"

"That's easy enough, is it not? But persuade them to focus on it seriously, and make them understand that it isn't sporting for girls to worry an old lady with their happy-go-lucky ways while they are living in her house.

An old lady loves her house, and her little "ways," with an intensity that no young flibberty-gibbets can possibly understand.

As for the piano and the artistic daughter who wants to move the furniture into more charming modern angles, we sympathise with her tremendously, and understand fully that itch of the fingers to push this sofa there, and that chair here; and to get the piano out of its impossible condition of the "Maiden's Prayer" period, when all self-respecting pianos were forced to stand rigid and melancholy with their backs to the wall, while the players presented their backs to the room with an equally melancholy effect.

But it's MOTHER'S PIANO!

It's MOTHER'S HOUSE!!

You must let the matter begin and end there, just as it would have to with anyone else's piano in anyone else's house.

HOT ROLLBOOK says: For the unpecked guest, a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Rollbooks.
Faste ***

MS

SYDNEY



Dulbloom Lingerie

With the delicate bloom of Rose Petals



LUSTRE DULBLOOM LINGERIE can be laundered and washed and cannot lose its soft dullness. Many dainty styles may be had from your favourite store created from LUSTRE DULBLOOM.

The Kimono illustrated at side is D1606 in Dulbloom Fabric. Smartly embroidered. Latest Tonings. All sizes ——— 42/-.

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From your favourite store

Lustre

D1519 — Dulbloom Pyjama. Tunic type in two-tone effect. Delightful shades. ——— SW. W. 23/11.

D1136 — Dulbloom Brassiere Knicker. A comfortable garment. Salmon, White, Black. SW. 11/11. W. 12/11.

D1306 — Dulbloom Opera Top Slip. Form-fitting garment. Colours same as D1154. All sizes ——— 9/6.

D1204 — Dulbloom Opera Top Vest. Tailored garment. Colours same as D1154. ——— SW. W. OS. 3/11.

D1154 — Dulbloom Bloomer. Correctly tailored. Apricot, Blue, Boige, Black, Lemon, Nile, Salmon, White, and Pearlglow. SW. W. OS. 3/11.

D1332 — Dulbloom Brassiere Slip. Well fitting slip. Nile, Salmon, Blue, White. ——— SW. 13/11.



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The Baby : Woman Explorer : Elephant Models



THE WORLD'S most popular baby, and isn't he every mother's darling? Look at that expression. Of course, you recognise Baby Leroy, the amazing infant film actor, who has delighted millions of people since he made his debut with Maurice Chevalier.



LADY MILBANKE who, before her marriage, was Sheila Chisholm, well known in Australian society circles, is seen here wearing an exquisite model by Jean Patou, the famous designer.



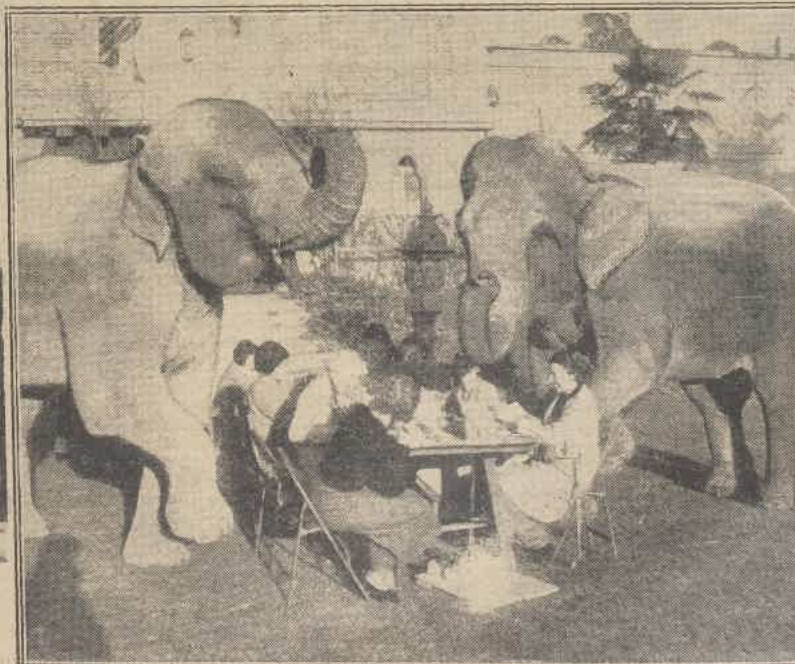
MISS BETSY MOLSBERRY, who is said to be the first girl in America to graduate as an engineer. In Australia there are a few women who have embarked upon this career so exclusively belonging to men.



THE LATEST picture of Marjorie La Varre, the pretty young American woman who, with her husband, is exploring hitherto untravelled parts of British Guiana in search of diamonds. Here she is seen up to her neck in water about to cross a ford. This kind of thing is all in the day's work of a woman explorer.



THE FAMOUS boxing kangaroo, which played a prominent part in the recent big circus at Olympia, London. The photo shows an off-stage snap of the Australian partaking of a little refreshment after his bout.



Left: Elephants to afternoon tea? No. Just a peep at the art class of the Southern California University where a couple of jumbos have been enlisted from the local zoo to pose for the students. The girls are modelling the elephants in clay.

Above: Charlotte Francis, the vivacious young English stage star, who plays the leading feminine role of Alma Lee in Cinesound's production of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." She is supported by Joy Howarth, Patricia Minchin, and other Australian girls.

Hollywood Sponsors Gorgeous EVENING GOWNS



Chalk White Severity and Exotic Drapery

• **IDA LUPINO** affects a deportment that is very demure, when she dons this chalk-white gown with the modest neckline and exquisite shoulder pose. But the hip-length jacket, flaring so prettily, and the decollete back belie her pose. The back view (in circle) does full justice to the quaint charm of the flared basque on the jacket.



• **CAROLE LOMBARD** (left) is very exotic in a gown of gold tonings with drapings of vivid tomato hue. A shirred frill at the shoulders simulates a cape and the shirred frill idea has also inspired the trimming of her skirt. Her sweeping train imparts an air of languid grace.



Crystal Beads Agleam... and A Taffeta Gown

• **CAROLE LOMBARD** assumes a very sophisticated mien when she dons a creation of silver lace, encrusted with crystal beads. Her tunic is cut on classical lines, but the clinging skirt, flaring at the knee, is extremely modern.

• **EVELYN VENABLE** (top left) suggests an aura of old-world charm in her rose-colored gown of gleaming taffeta. It is simply designed with the interest centred on a cleverly ruffled train.



For all Sports Wear

The fastidious woman relies upon the subtle touch of the Kestos Brassiere to accentuate and safeguard her natural beauty. Kestos gives comfort and allows her complete freedom of movement. Wisely she wears a Kestos Brassiere, knowing that only when feeling and looking her best is she able to play her best.

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SLIM, STRAIGHT LINES ... and SEVERE EFFECTS!

From **TRAVIS BANTON**, Paramount studios fashion expert.

THE most important factor in the new clothes will be the emphasis placed on the so-called "pencil silhouette." This season Hollywood gown-designers will make every effort to create fashions which will stress the slim, straight, and very severe effect in clothes. In fact we are going back to the fashions of 1914.

Fullness will be achieved by pleats, and tunics will be all the rage—tunics which range in length from the short flared pep-lum to the very long type reaching almost to the hem of the gown itself. Broad shoulders, too, will be featured. But this broadness will be done by wide box pleats on the shoulders, rather than by the enormous puffs of early spring.

The natural waistline will be decidedly emphasised. Even though there may be a line above or below the normal waist, the latter will be definitely outlined by cleverly placed darts or pin tucks.

Sleeves will make themselves

conspicuous by being very intricate. Loose, gracefully draped sleeves of chiffon or georgette will be featured in formal afternoon frocks and dinner gowns, while even the sleeves in street clothes will be large. Pleats, big tucks, and flares will be used to exaggerate the size of the actual sleeve.

The most popular neckline will be the square type. For street

Fascinating petticoats of georgette or crepe-de-chine to the knees with rustling taffeta ruffles at the hem are the newest notion for evening wear.

the neckline will be square and high in front and back, while for evening the gowns will boast a deep cut to the waist in the back. Mr. Banton particularly favors the formal evening dress, which has a high neckline both in front and in back, but which features a slit to the waistline. This gives just a mere suggestion of the former backless gown.

Another very important note

will be the use of more elaborate and costly materials for clothes. Even though the dress will be made along very simple lines, the cloth will be elegant. Evening gowns will be heavily beaded. Sequined tulle, too, will be much in evidence for the more ingenue type of evening frock.

Hats will simply go crazy this year. They will be heavy with trimmings—large flowers, birds' wings, and, for formal afternoon and evening, huge rhinestone clips and buckles. Hats will be shown in the extreme. They will be either very tiny or very large.

And here is something rather surprising—again going back to the fashions of 1914. Well, do you recall the heavy face veils the ladies wore? And do you remember that they pinned them back, tight against the face and under the chin? That's exactly what they're going to do again. It will take a lot of courage for the women to try it at first, but the fact remains that it will be the fashionable thing to do.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov

EVENING FASHIONS for Easter WEEK!

The Mermaid Silhouette is Modish for Festive Occasions

A DIRECT contrast to summer styles is shown in the new evening clothes. No more frills and fussiness; no bouffant shoulder lines; the keynote of the autumn and winter styles is simplicity of line, richness of material and color.

THE mermaid or pencil silhouette which outlines the figure as far down as the knees, breaks into fullness and then trails the ground, is the line of practically all the new models. The only point where drapery is allowed is around the bust.

Bodices are swathed, draped, and trimmed—seldom plain. The shoulder and neck line are as important as the hem. Decolletes are modest in front but daring at the back. They may be throat or almost chin level and then down to the waist at the back. The majority of evening gowns will cover the shoulders, but there are many that expose them.

The long-sleeved evening dress, so new abroad, should be very practical for winter evenings. Up till now sleeves for the evening have generally meant a mere excuse for trimming, consisting of loops, ruffles, ruches, and flares. Now the sleeves are long and fitted, except for a slight fullness at the top or a wide armhole to give a graceful tapering line to the arm. Transparent chiffon, net or organza sleeves and yokes top dense dark skirts.

A Favorite Neckline

A FAVORITE evening neckline consists of a high choker front and an extremely narrow waist-deep back opening. Mainbocher prefers low "V" backs. Augustabernard is showing high, square, pointed and boat decolletages. Peep-hole shoulders at the top of long and short sleeves are still favored by all the designers.

The new fitted skirts look impossibly tight around the knees, but are not so in reality, as they are cut cleverly on the bias, allowing plenty of freedom while walking or dancing. Materials are heavy and supple and so hang close to the figure. Trains, from six inches to two feet long, appear on almost every frock. While giving a great air of elegance and grace they are impossible for practical use. It is far better to have your frock just touching the floor than to have to hold up a train when dancing. This completely ruins the line of the frock besides looking clumsy and uncomfortable. I have seen one model which solved this difficulty. The back of the straight slim skirt was composed of two panels, and just before they reached the ankles they separated and hung a good twelve inches along the floor. When the wearer desired to dance the panels were hooked up. (A small hook was placed at the tip of both inside points, and an embroidered eye on either side seam about twelve inches from the ground.)

Evening Fabrics

AMONG the reasons that this new silhouette seems so sure of success are the beauty and richness of the new evening fabrics, which are so handsome in themselves that they do not need any trimming. Many of them are extraordinarily heavy—Lyons velvets, slipper satins, Ottomans in various widths, moire, faille, all-silk brocades, and lames. The lames are gold or silver or shot with color; rich patterned multi-colored brocades lames are not worn. The new fabrics have soft, subtle color shot through them in vague, shadowy patterns.

We like brilliance this winter, as is shown by shiny satins, panne velvets, and these metal materials. This is a marked reaction from the dull crepes and matt surfaces of the summer styles.

Rich Color Tones

COLORS are as luxurious as materials—deep, rich toulins enlivened, if you wish, by glittering lames.

Dark browns, mulberry, raspberry, deep blue, black, purple, dark reds, dark

green and the new olive green, grey in both pale and dark shades, white trimmed with brown fur, a very few pastels, and, of course, silver and gold.

The Evening Hat

A BROAD, one rarely goes bareheaded in the evening, a hat, a headress or a diadem being usually worn. It seems rather incongruous to wear a hat at the same time as you wear a train—but it isn't. Hats are worn with many dinner or informal evening ensembles.

Black chiffon velvet, jet, sequins, and beads on net, feathers, make tiny evening toques and halo hats.

Not only hats are being worn for evening, but twisted pieces of the same material as the dress are placed on the head in halo fashion.

Diadems, tiaras, or halos made of glittering stones, metal, glass, flowers, pearls, and colored jewelled ornaments decorate almost every head for formal evening wear.

- **TOP ROW:** Evening dress of white wind-swept satin (left), showing unusual trimming of pleats. A foot length train sweeps the floor behind. Pale grey and dark grey dull crepe are cleverly combined in the next gown, which shows the new high draped decollete and over-the-shoulder line.
- **LOWER ROW:** Silver lame makes an elegant frock and short-sleeved jacket (left). The edge of jacket is outlined with grey fox fur. Black velvet and glistening jet combine (centre) to make this evening frock outstandingly smart. Note the new cut-out pieces on the upper arms. A rich mulberry shade of sheer velvet is used for this long-sleeved evening gown (right), which could also be worn as a dinner frock. Beaded embroidery in gold trims neck and sleeves.

Practical Evening Gowns

ALTHOUGH the new evening frocks sound very expensive and luxurious they can be made to fit two or three occasions, and so lessen their initial cost. Time and careful thought must be expended in order to obtain the right effect with as little money as possible.

An evening frock can go to dances to dinner, bridge, cocktails, the cinema. The three-piece dress is necessary for this. For instance, a slim-fitting skirt of black velvet just reaching the ground is worn for the evening with a backless blouse of silver lame. When you want it for late afternoon or cinema wear you don a long-sleeved hip length tailored jacket and small black velvet hat. A pastel satin blouse with long sleeves could be worn for a change.

A dress and coat with a double skirt are more practical still. As a foundation there is a simple evening frock of mulberry crepe. Over the slim skirt there is a tunic effect reaching below the knees and edged with a tiny row of pleats. Upon close inspection it is found that this waist-length tunic is in one with the bodice and the underskirt separate, and can be left on or off as desired.

The waist-length jacket of the same material can be worn at both times. There is a long girdle with big gold tassels when it is worn as an evening gown.

The dinner suit of which I told you some weeks ago is ideal for this transformation—a long skirt to be added instead of the shorter one.

As blouses and the bodices of dresses

are so much more important than the skirts this season, it is far better to spend more on the top part of a dress and then to have two skirts, both plain and simply made, on straight, narrow lines.

An attractive model I saw was in a shade called magenta, which is an off-shade of fuchsia. The wide crepe girdle and hat were in a bright blue. The skirt of the dress was form-fitting, and flared slightly at the ankles. The bodice was high in front, over the shoulders, and low in back. The wide blue girdle tied in a bow with long streamers down the sides.

Then there was the little usher's jacket that would be left on for dinner or cocktail parties. This was just waist-length, and buttoned all the way down the front with loops and buttons of blue braid. The neck was high and tight, like an usher's coat, and the sleeves were long with no fullness.



OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

STIFF, heavy taffeta is used for many of the new evening frocks.

HANDLESS, elbow length, shaped cuffs, made of the same fabric as the dress, are replacing evening gloves in Paris.

THREE ribbons in three shades of the same color, wound or braided round the waist, add a new note to an old frock.

THE more becoming of the off-the-face hats have their brims turned up on one side, rather than in the centre front. The downward sweep of the other side of the brim gives an attractive outline.

WAISTLINES are all-important in the new winter coats. Belts, starting from the side and fastening very tightly in front over a rather full-fronted coat which is well fitted in the back, achieve the latest effect.

THE ears are exposed in the new evening coiffures, and jewels must decorate them. Large, brilliant ear-clips and earrings cover as much of the ear as possible.

THE new fur collars almost prevent you from seeing your toes! The new silhouette, although slender in outline, has a distinct "forward" line from chin to waist, to give the new "chubby" look.



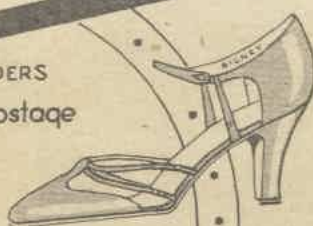
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tion of style, tailored fit, and out-and-out
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The heel is a baby Louis. In black
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For the thrill of wearing delightfully attrac-
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MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

Train Listeners as Well as Performers

THE official launching of the City of
Sydney Eisteddfod preparations at a
meeting last week at which the Lord
Mayor was chairman was a gratifying
event of national significance.

In setting the wheels in motion this
year the Organising Committee, led by
the indefatigable Roland Foerster, sur-
mounted a good many obstacles which
did not obstruct them in their work last
year.

It is good to find the civic heads con-
scious of their duty to culture, and lend-
ing their aid to make this year's Festi-
val of Song a success, especially when
the forthcoming Royal tour is monopolis-
ing attention.

Value of Eisteddfods

IT has been suggested by critics that
music in Australia lacks organiza-
tion. This may have been true in the
not distant past, but there are signs of
a wider effort to spread the gospel of
good music.

Eisteddfods, choral festivals, music
weeks, opera seasons—all of these things
help to arouse community interest in
music, and so should be encouraged.
After all, it is useless training musicians
to perform beautiful compositions with-
out simultaneously teaching people to
listen—intelligently.

Eisteddfods, therefore, become par-
ticularly useful since they provide
thousands with the opportunities for
participating in the making of music,
and so attaining a degree of discrimina-
tion between noise and music.

Catch 'Em Young

WHILE education authorities have
quite a benevolent attitude towards
music in this country, I think they
should sponsor the eisteddfod movement
more actively. Many teachers, espe-
cially in boys' schools, still regard music



JAN KIEPURA

as the Cinderella of the curriculum, un-
worthy of more than passing attention.
In other countries it is classed as a vital
subject, and the result is enthusiastic
audiences for good music in later years.

German Pianist Broadcasts

HELMUTH HOFFMAN, the German
pianist who made his Australian
debut by radio recently, is settling down
in Sydney to a life of professional play-
ing and teaching. He is to play pieces
by Ravel, Paderewski, Chopin, and
Bachmanoff in the national relay of
March 27.

Herr Hoffman tells of some amusing
experiences which befel him during his
tour of the Dutch East Indies, which
preceded his arrival in Australia. Such
was the heat that it was no unusual
thing to change his collar three times
during a performance. Especially in
Sumatra was the heat trying, and the
piano keys had to be wiped of their
heavy moisture before the opening of a
programme.

As a protection against mosquitoes he
found it necessary to wear two pairs of
socks at the concert hall. As a new-
comer he neglected to use the special
oil which artists rub behind their ears,
and was obliged to stop many times at
his first concert to sweat the pest.

At Cherbon, on the north coast of
Java, one of the hottest parts, where
concerts do not commence until 9.45 in
the evenings, the gauntlet failed, and
Herr Hoffman continued the recital with
bicycle lamps on the top of the piano.

Speaking to Turbi, the noted Spanish
pianist, after the latter's return from a
tour of the Dutch East Indies, Herr
Hoffmann asked him how he liked play-
ing in these hot places. Turbi replied
that so bad were the mosquitoes that he
kept a Tiliak lizard, six inches in
length, in his bed to prevent the mos-
quitoes from nipping.

De Cisneros Dead

AT the age of 53 Eleonora de Cisneros
has died in America. Opera and
concert goers of twenty years ago will
remember this famous contralto. Melba
is said to have heard her singing the
role of Delilah in Saint Saens' "Sam-
son," and to have burst into tears,
afterwards declaring, "You are the
greatest Delilah in the world."

At any rate De Cisneros first came to
Australia in what was the finest opera
company we have ever had. Melba
starred in the lyric coloratura roles,
while co-artists were John McCormack,
and another noted tenor called Zeni,
also that great Scarpia, the late Signor
Scandiani, who became manager of the
Scala, Milan. This was in 1912.

The following year De Cisneros re-
turned to Australia for a concert tour,
bringing as her co-artist Paul Dufault,
who in that season and later became an
absolute idol with our audiences.

De Cisneros actually was an Ameri-
can, born Eleanor Broadfoot in New
York. She appeared with great success
in every great opera house in the world,
and married the Cuban Count de Cis-
neros.

Kiepura Still Alive

THERE are rumors throughout Aus-
tralia that Jan Kiepura, the young
Polish tenor whose film "Tell Me To-
night" has been enjoying phenomenal
success, has died.

These rumors would seem to be un-
founded, for the singer has been making
new records in Germany lately. Two
or three months ago he sang in a new
film, "A Song for You," which is said
to be an even brighter entertainment
than "Tell Me To-night," but does not
seem yet to have been made in English.
News now comes that he is at work on
a further "single," and when it is fin-
ished is returning to America under
contract to one of the big film com-
panies.

Lionel Lawson Succeeds

WE predicted big things for the Syd-
ney violinist, Lionel Lawson, when
he went to England last year. Latest
news is that he is proving most popular
as supporting artist in an English tour
by the famous negro bass, Paul Rob-
eson. Lawson was undoubtedly one of
the best musicians in this country—a
fiddler with an immaculate technique, a
tone of silken sweetness, and an inter-
preter of unusual sensitiveness.

Fine "Faust" Performance

ONE could not have wished for a much
finer performance of "Faust" than
the A.B.C. Company gave last Thursday
night. Gounod's delightful music "came
over" with verve, sweetness, and vivac-
ity. I thought Molly de Gunst was
vocally at her best as Marguerite; Lion-
ello Cecil's singing was, as ever, grate-
ful to the ear.

Mephistopheles, on this occasion, was
sung by Raymond Beatty, who made a
rather more cultured Devil than tradi-
tion leads one to expect. Alfred Cun-
ningham was an outstanding figure in
the cast as the brother, being specially
impressive in the aria, "Even Bravest
Heart." Maestro Aldrovandi conducted
with his customary ability.

A Two-Piano Team

THE increasing vogue of two-piano
music in recent years has given
birth to several effective partnerships.
One of these comprises Rita Hope and
Kalle Liddle, who will be heard during a
relay from H.Q. Melbourne, on March
26. Listeners may recall the stylish
work of these pianists in the "Hour of
Brahms" last year.

Miss Hope, who was the teacher of
her partner, studied in Vienna with the
famous master, Theodore Leschetizsky,
and is one of the few pianists who can
boast of having had lessons from Pad-
erewski.

Started Early

A VETERAN of broadcasting is Violet
Semple, the Melbourne contralto,
who is one of the artists in support of
the Collingwood Citizens' Band during
its national programme on Good Friday
night. Miss Semple sang at an experi-
mental station in East Melbourne long
before the days of studios, and has been
on the air regularly ever since.

Another "Iris"

"IRIS" is to be repeated as the next
radio opera. The principals will be
Walter Kingsley (Cleco), Evelyn Lynch
(Iris), Lionello Cecil (Osaka), Franco
Isal (Kyoto), and Evelyn Hall (Duch).
The production will be by Maestro Al-
drovandi.

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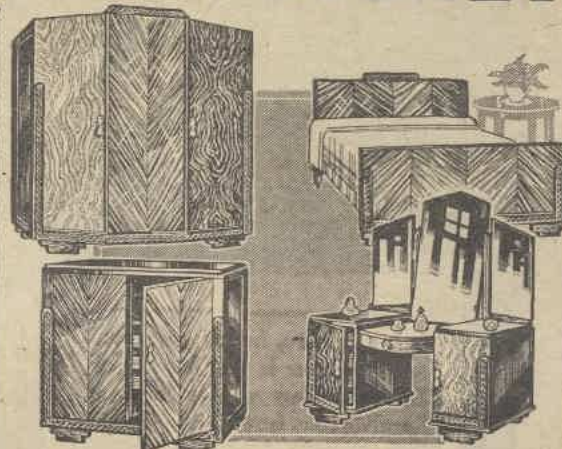
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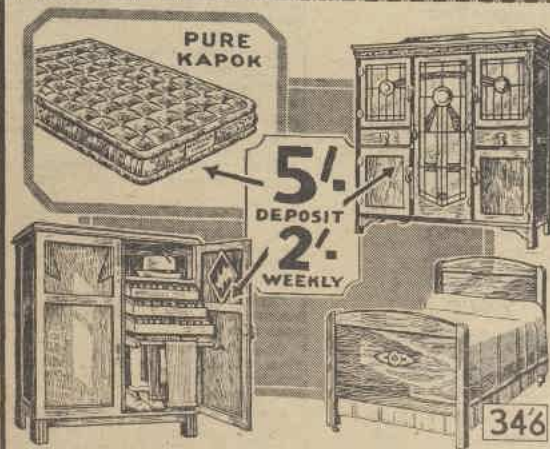
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upholstered in attractive English material and is splendid
value at the Introductory Cash Price, £17/17/-

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Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and useful
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The Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress.
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PROVING Efficacy Of PRAYERS

Unique Sydney Service Attracts World-Wide Interest

Among the most interesting and unique religious services in Australia are the weekly intercessory prayer meetings at the Sydney Town Hall.

To these weekly gatherings are addressed petitions from people all over the world, asking that prayers be offered for the easing of their mental, physical and spiritual burdens and afflictions.

PUTTING their faith in God, these supplicants have found relief, and in many cases, it is claimed, subsequent happenings have provided a solution to their life problems.

This prayer meeting, now known as the United Intercessory Service, had its beginning in 1921, with a weekly lunch hour meeting in Pitt Street, Sydney.

During the visit of Mr. Hickson to Australia in 1923 a deputation of represen-

tative churchmen asked Mr. William Bradley to conduct a daily meeting of prayer for sufferers.

Accordingly as many as 10,000 persons gathered in the town hall each day to intercede for their friends. Subsequently the meetings were held one day each week. That was nearly eleven years ago, but they are still being continued every Wednesday at midday. Canon Hammond and Mr. W. Bradley

100,000 PETITIONS

About 150 petitions are received every day at the intercessory services, 100,000 having been received since 1923. Of these it is claimed 20,000 have had direct results.

The meetings are world-famous, and prayer requests have been received from as far distant as Africa, South America, Russia, China, Japan, India, European countries, and from all parts of Australasia.

arrange each meeting, which consists of hymn singing, two short addresses, an occasional solo, thanksgiving and prayer requests.

Many famous overseas speakers such as Dr. J. Mott, Dr. F. B. Meyer, Rev. Lionel Fletcher, and Bishop Taylor Smith have addressed these gatherings.

THE procedure at the Town Hall basement is very simple, and the persons who attend are from various walks of life. Amongst them are spruce grey-haired business men, flappers in short-sleeved summer frocks, weary matrons with shopping baskets, young men in grey flannels and rolled shirt sleeves. Mothers with young children are frequently to be seen there, while a regular adherent is a dark-skinned young man who sits with hands clasped before him and an intense expression in his downcast eyes.

As they enter the building one of three women greets them and receives their written prayer requests. These are read and abbreviated and handed to the person in charge. Other requests also come by letter, telegram, and trunkline telephone calls. The requests are read aloud. The congregation then, with bowed heads, join with the leader in the required prayers.

Amongst the things asked are the cure for tuberculosis, invalids, drunkards, wayward husbands, employment, food and clothing, re-union of families, and so on.

Poignant Appeals

SOME of the letters received tell a poignant story.

"I want my son, who has been away for two years to come home to me. Would you please pray for this," asked a mother.

"Pray that my husband may give up drink and be led to the meetings and be converted," was the request of another.

Following are other extracts from letters:

"My daughter was seriously injured in a car accident. We fear that she may be permanently disabled and we devoutly ask that you intercede for her recovery."

"My grand-niece is suffering from a nervous breakdown. The doctors consider that it may turn into a complete mental case. On our behalf will you pray for her?"

In a childish scrawl was one saying:

"Dear God, will you please make my daddy give up drink and come home to us. Keep him away from bad company."

Some time ago a tubercular girl asked for prayers for herself and for reunion with her family. The thanksgiving note from the parents was worded thus:

"Praise God for the unspeakable joy we have in A's restoration to health, and also for answering our prayers so literally as to give us this time of reunion with one another."

A briefer one said:

"Please join in praise to God for the restoration of our daughter without an operation."

One who had received mental uplift from the service wrote: "Thanks for the joy of being in the same room as a real Christian."

Another: "Thank God for curing my husband of the terrible vice of drink."

Letters of praise are also frequently received from invalids, men who have found employment, others who have received unexpected gifts and clothing. Within the last fortnight four young men have suddenly found employment through this source. One, recently after attending the meeting, returned home to find a telegram from his old firm offering him work.

It is claimed that none of the members of the business men's Bible Class is out of work.

No record is kept of this unique work except as one of the attendants said, in Heaven.

WIN HOLIDAY PAY THE WHIDDON WAY WITH

£1000

Lottery shares Less than cost



Easter is here, holidays at hand, and everyone is needing money. Let Whiddon win it for you. Last Monday he won over £1000, including the third prize of £500 with ticket No. 45841 for five shareholders. The previous week he won the second prize of £1000 in the 188th Lottery with ticket 2540 for five others. Let him win for you.

Mr. Whiddon, first Director of the State Lottery, is now offering the greatest Lottery-Value in Australia with his "Whiddon Five Thousand Double." This gives the opportunity of winning PRIZES VALUED AT £5000 for 2/-, and issued in connection with the Golden Chest, of which Mr. Whiddon is Hon. Director.

Let Whiddon Win for You

To every reader who sends 2/- for a Whiddon Five Thousand Double, Whiddon will give a lucky fifth Lottery Share (similar to those that won the £1000 and £500), which can win a prize valued at £1000 in the State Lottery, and also a ticket in the Golden Chest, which can win a prize valued at £4000.

WHIDDON WINS AND WINS AND WINS. LET HIM WIN FOR YOU. Share in his luck and get cash for Easter by sending for your Whiddon Five Thousand Double to-day.

This is the most wonderful prize value obtainable to-day. All you need to do is to send the coupon below with a postal note for 2/- and stamped addressed envelope to get YOUR CHANCE TO WIN PRIZES VALUED AT £5000.

DONT DELAY-POST TO-DAY-WHIDDONS CASH MAY COME YOUR WAY

W. H. WHIDDON, Hon. Director, The Golden Chest,

Desk W.F.2, Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

I want to win prizes valued at £5000. Here is a postal note for 2/- and stamped addressed envelope. Please send me a Whiddon's Five Thousand Double—Fifth Lottery Share Ticket and Golden Chest Ticket.

Name

Street

Town

Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So They Say

From 2UW every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 2 to 3 p.m., Dorothea Vautier discusses "So They Say" topics.

AN APOLOGY

A YEAR ago I came to this north-western corner of N.S.W. The drought had been raging for months. Everywhere bare brown earth; not a blade of green in sight; sheep and cattle lying dead; flies and heat. I hated it—I thought it the cruellest place on earth!

But now! After inches of glorious rain, as if by magic a transformation scene has taken place. Thousands of yellow bells nodding on slender green stems; purple peas trailing among them; daisies, yellow buttercups, and some of the most beautiful grasses I have ever seen. It is all beautiful! Our old homestead is filled with bowls of flowers.

Somehow, I feel that I owe old Mother Earth an apology for my lack of faith, and so I am writing this letter to your paper, knowing it is the means whereby many Australian women give their views.

Mrs. A. Jensen, "Pikedale," Collarenebri, N.S.W.

NOT REAL LOVE

RE Mrs. S. Rowe's paragraph regarding loving more than one. I for one do not agree with her, as I think you can only love once. Some think they love, but it is only infatuation, and when the right one comes along you think how silly you have been. And then again some marry and find out when it is too late that it is not love, but they were infatuated, and either keep going or end in the Divorce Court. So my answer is, no, you can only love once, no matter what your nature is like.

Mrs. R. Tidy, 18 Sexton St., South Brisbane.

IDEAL OPPOSITES

MY opinion is that people of opposite tastes make ideal marriages. Very often dullness is the evil that upsets the most romantic marriage. Each person having opposite tastes gives the necessary spice of variety we crave. By going fifty-fifty in all things, this couple have a double share of happiness, because when one is love is happy, we are.

Mrs. E. Hunt, William St., Mordialloc, Vic.

GOOD-BYE, AND GO

YES, I quite agree with Lorna Abel. So often many visitors quite outstay their welcome by the good-byes in the drawing-room, hall, verandah, and, finally, at the gate. Women are the greatest offenders. Men are not so troublesome unless when love's young dream attacks them, and then, young and old, aren't we all? We should form a society, "Say good-bye, and go."

M. Bedford, 90 Beach Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

NEW SERIAL

MAY I be allowed a short space to congratulate the authors of our new serial, "A Prince of Good Fellows." I think it is quite the best serial we have had. It is so original and humanly tragic, and you feel as though you have read something worth reading.

Miss Thelma Roberts, "Iona," Guyra, N.S.W.

FLATTERY?

IS all praise flattery? Some people say it is, but I don't agree. Supposing Miss B. asked me if I liked her dress? I would certainly say "yes" if I did, but I could hardly say "no" if I didn't like it, so would find some feature in it that was praiseworthy and comment on it, but I wouldn't carry the matter to flattery. The best idea is to avoid asking another's opinion if one is not willing to accept the truth whether flattering or not. Home truths are not always acceptable, but I for one would prefer an honest opinion to pleasing flattery.

Miss J. H. Delpratt, Perch Creek, Duaringa, Qld.

Teachers' Treatment of Children Patience Used

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Lomas (The Australian Women's Weekly, 10/3/34) with regard to rough and impatient teachers. I know a number of young girl teachers, and all were very indignant on reading the letter in question. My own sister is a teacher in the infants' school, has taught now for some years, and I can truthfully say that I have never seen anyone lovelier with children—gentle and patient in her treatment of them.

Miss J. Anderson, 34 Patrick St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Ended in Tears

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Lomas regarding rough teachers. While a looker-on at a school treat at Christmas time, I noticed the kiddies marching along to receive a soft drink each. Some of the kiddies drank this quickly, but one little girl was rather timid and seemed to take more time. Up came the teacher, gave the child such a hit on the back, saying "Hurry up, can't you? Don't stand there all day." The poor child split her drink and ended in tears. How did that little girl enjoy her Christmas treat?

Mrs. M. Williams, 177 Tyler St., E. Preston, Melbourne.

Patience of Job

I WONDER if I may say a word in defence of the schoolteacher—that underpaid and overworked member of the Public Service. The teacher's lot would be a great deal easier if only parents taught children to respect him; and even though their opinion of him may not be high, they need not discuss his shortcomings in the presence of the children.

As to the impatient teachers—well, perhaps if parents changed places with a teacher of fifty pupils just for a day they might find their patience tried, too!

Miss J. Wright, Ogilvie St., Blayney, N.S.W.

In Minority

ROUGH teachers are in the minority, and should study child psychology, and I quite agree with "Proud Mother" that they should be reported. Nothing is ever gained by cowing a child or being rough, and every one responds to kindness and gentleness. There is the mother woman and the other woman even in teachers, so I'm afraid "Proud Mother" has no redress.

A. Walker, 23 Avoca St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Choosing a Name for the Baby Parents Differ!

IN regard to naming the baby I do not consider the choosing of a name should cause any quarrels between man and wife. I think the wife should decide on a name, and the husband should willingly submit to same. After all, "what's in a name?"

Mrs. M. Sparkes, Thorold St., Woollowin, Brisbane.

French Way

IN answer to Mrs. Overall as to who should name the baby (The Australian Women's Weekly, 10/3/34), our family has for at least three generations (and maybe longer) observed what we understand is a French custom, handed down from our forebears, and that is: That the father has the naming of the sons, and the mother of the daughters.

Mrs. Agnes M. Boyle, Inglewood, Vic.

Mother's Right

MY opinion is that as the mother has all the suffering in bringing children into the world, she should name the first child, and if a second name is given, the father could add his favorite, and then the father should name the second child if there is one. We have four children and never once had an argument over their names. I, as mother, named the first one and father the second and so on. I think if people would only consider the "Fairness in All Things" policy, there would not be nearly so much argument in married life.

Mrs. N. Bacon, Tarce, N.S.W.

Job for Two

AN amicable decision between husband and wife should be our ideal. But does any mother or father alone have the job?

Usually baby's grandmas, sisters, cousins and aunts are all willing to lend a hand!

And the names the poor child sometimes accumulates! Like the Chinese, a "milk-name" should be given when baby is born and then when he is of mature years he, and he alone, should be given the privilege of naming himself. But I suppose the world would be full of just plain Toms, Dicks, Harrys and Charlies.

Mrs. Trafford Edgeworth North, 8 Gurner St., St. Kilda, Vic.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



RUTH CHATTERTON
LIVED ON A FOOD ALLOWANCE OF 20¢ A DAY WHILE TRYING TO FIND WORK AS AN ACTRESS IN NEW YORK.



PAUL LUKAS WON HIS FIRST SCREEN RECOGNITION BY WALKING THROUGH A REAL BLIZZARD STRIPPED TO THE WAIST—A ROLE THAT NO ONE ELSE WOULD ACCEPT.

A NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN FILMED THE ENTIRE NOTRE DAME—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FOOTBALL GAME BEFORE HE DISCOVERED THE LENS WAS COVERED!

WHO'S WHOSE

ELEANOR BOARDMAN IS WED TO KING VIDOR
BARBARA STANWYCK IS WED TO FRANK FAY

Equal Pay for Equal Work Women v. Men

I AGREE with Mrs. Brownsey (The Australian Women's Weekly, 3/3/34) that women are more conscientious than men and naturally more self-sacrificing. Equal ability most certainly should be given an equal chance. Recently a lady refused to join a prominent woman's organisation because she considered girls were receiving too much attention, taking jobs away from the boys, and refusing to do their own work. She declared it was impossible to obtain a reliable maid because girls were educated above their station. Vainly I tried to point out that it was the system, not the girls, that was to blame. Had we equal pay for equal work matters would adjust themselves. There is much work suitable for both sexes.

Leonora Rudkin, Kensington, Adelaide.

One Condition

I AGREE with Mrs. Brownsey that equal pay should be given for equal work, with one reservation. Women are now acknowledged as "equals" of men (gracious favor!), both in their ability to do the same work, and in their right to independence. By all means let us fight for equal pay for single men and women, but I think the married man should be paid according to the number of his dependents as well as according to the work he does. Consequently, he should receive more than a single man or woman doing the same job. His important job of training the future generation cannot be done properly without sufficient means.

M. Adams, Samford Rd., Mitchelton, Brisbane.

Unfair Department

MEN and women should be given equal pay for equal work. In this respect women are most unjustly treated by the Victorian Education Department, where women get only four-fifths of the salary.

Silver Cups

A DISCUSSION arose at our tennis club on the question of presenting silver cups to the winners of our competitions. I have often wondered what the recipients' thoughts are when they are presented with these trophies for sport or music. Wouldn't it be better to give cash so that the enthusiasts may buy what appeals to them—tennis racquets, cricket bats, hockey sticks, golf clubs, etc., or use the money to further their studies, instead of having a collection of useless cups.

Miss M. Strahan, 33 Helen St., Merewether.

of men in similar positions. Also, some years ago, a woman, though senior applicant, was refused the position of senior inspector of secondary schools because of her sex.

Mrs. J. Allen, Yatpool P.O., Vic.

Try It and See

BEING a mere male and unemployed. I would like to express my opinion on the above subject. To my mind the usurpation of men's positions by women in recent years should be given pride of place in our modern evils. No matter which way you look at it, woman's ultimate place is in the home. I think I should be safe in saying that 99 per cent. of the women with regular vocations (who have trained hard for them) abandon their callings when they marry.

One correspondent advocates equal pay for women. I think this would go a long way towards solving the problem, as I am convinced enough to think that if this were the case it would not be long before a great many unemployed men were back in their rightful positions as the providers and protectors of their homes.

J. Sparks, 155 Rochford St., Erskineville.

"Y" FOR LOVE

MRS. A. BROCK objects to "hubby" as a reference to friend husband (The Australian Women's Weekly, 10/3/34) because it is not a word in the dictionary.

"Hubby" is a term of endearment expressing much more warmth of feeling than the term "husband." The "y" ending to names seems to be the regular thing with young children, for little Tom becomes "Tommy," and so on. And doesn't mother like that name for the little son? And he replies "Mummy," isn't there a depth in that extra syllable that can never be reached by the first half of the word? Mother never thinks it silly to be termed "Mummy," nor Father to be called "Daddy." It isn't silly, it is just a softness born of love.

R. L. C. Hill, Court House, North Sydney.

BE POPULAR

ARE you one of those people who are not popular, but would like to be? Follow these rules, and then take a look around and see the change.

Forget yourself. Don't talk of yourself to others; instead, ask them questions about themselves. Study people, and learn to know where their interests

ETIQUETTE



ARRIVE at the theatre early and be seated in time. Don't hurry in after the performance has commenced; other people may be annoyed and inconvenienced.

He, then you will know the better just how to talk to them. Read the papers; a little knowledge gives boundless confidence. Be natural.

Lastly, to quote "If a woman knows what colors suit her best, she can retain her charm for an indefinite time."

Miss K. G. Porter, "Karaweenah," Jimbour, Qld.

SMALL DUTIES

I WONDER how many business girls realise the deadly monotony of housework, the same routine day after day, year after year.

Children are essentially selfish. We forget as we grow into womanhood the thousand and one things we demanded as children. Whole days sacrificed, and even nights, yet to give in exchange a few hours of our precious half-holiday is the last thing we expect.

When we have a home of our own, and experience the difficulties and worries attached, we look back to the days when we were girls, and mother asked us to do this or that. Only then do we realise what a little was really expected.

Yes, business girls, you should help a little.

Mrs. J. E. Mitchell, Henry St., Werris Creek, N.S.W.

LONG TALKIE SHOWS

I WOULD like to voice an opinion on the talkie programmes as given us in the suburban theatres.

I suppose if we go to town to the "talkies" we expect a good big programme to make it seem worth while.

Quite often, however, when we go to our own local theatres, it is to see one special picture which we have rather looked forward to viewing.

We are then compelled to sit through either a very mediocre or even puerile supporting picture, or a number of shorts, half of which are quite uninteresting, then endure an interval, during which one becomes surrounded by discarded ice-cream and confectionary containers, before being permitted to enjoy the picture of the evening.

Why cannot the picture be put on before the interval and let us go home to bed if we do not care to watch the supporting programme.

Mrs. M. Harvey, 227 Ocean St., Narrabeen, N.S.W.

New Star Swims into the Ken of Hollywood!

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

DO critics and press agents make film stars? Margaret Sullivan has been elevated to stardom on the screen with her first picture, "Only Yesterday," now due for its Australian premiere.

But however much the loud plaudits of the critics and publicity men made her name resound, the final judgment would have to be with the public, which has already approved her work before the smaller audiences of the stage.



THOUGH Margaret Sullivan has no great liking for gorgeous raiment, she can set off an ermine wrap very well, as this picture shows.

THOUGH she is barely 23, Margaret Sullivan is already a Broadway favorite, and has had important roles in the stage productions of "Happy Landings," "If Love Were All," and, finally, "Dinner At Eight."

She is evidently one of those people predestined for an acting career. Nothing would keep her from it. Seven times in three years she ran away from home to New York to go on the stage. Then, when she reached 21, her father gave in.

He had promised that she should do as she liked when she attained her majority, and, without hesitation, she set off to share the scramble and hardships of life on the road with a touring company, as leading lady in "Strictly Dishonorable."

Stage Career

THIS was her first professional appearance, but she had already gained considerable experience in school amateur and Little Theatre productions. In 1930 she went to Boston, where she studied acting technique at the Copely Theatre under E. E. Clive, noted English director. Upon completion of that training she returned home to Norfolk, in Virginia, and, during the following winter, appeared with the Universal Players' Guild in several local productions.

After that came freedom to choose the professional stage, if she wished. And she lost no time.

Her opportunity to take a part in a Broadway production so early in her career came through a mere accident. She replaced Margaret Perry as the visiting artiste in a collegiate produc-

tion at Princeton of "Three Artists and a Lady." Among the audience was Elmer Harris, author of "A Modern Virgin," taking a busman's holiday by looking at somebody else's play.

He was so delighted with the young actress's performance that he secured for her the chance to play on Broadway, where she has shone with increasing brilliance, until she left New York recently to sample Hollywood.

It was no easy matter for the director of "Only Yesterday," John M. Stahl, to persuade Miss Sullivan to take a screen test.

She had no hankering after Hollywood and screen fame. Already she had turned down three offers from other Hollywood companies.

He, on the other hand, was determined to get her for the picture on which he had already spent a good deal of time, and had begun to despair of casting suitably.

Eventually she was sufficiently attracted by the role offered to her to agree. There was this proviso, however; she would go to Hollywood for this one picture only, unless she were content to stay on after it was made. It is most likely that she will stay on now. As a matter of fact, Universal have cast her for the feminine lead in "Little Man, What Now?" adapted from Hans Palada's well-known book, following up the theme of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Dislike of Publicity

A number of Hollywood gossips have put down Miss Sullivan's avoidance of publicity as a desire to pose as another Garbo. In a city where self-advertise-

ment is carried to such a pitch, it has seemed to them just a trick to cultivate a mystery atmosphere and get the public all agog. Such is certainly not the case with this young woman. She frankly detests being stared at in the street or attending first nights in gorgeous gowns, so as to be noted among the celebrities present. She prefers to stroll about in slacks and pongee shirt at home, and in the studio, when she is not acting. This gives her freedom to sit on the floor or to lie on the ground in the sunshine without making her clothes a crumpled bundle.

She enjoys swimming, too, but goes usually to the pool attached to her apartment house or to some other public place, because, paradoxically enough, it is at the private pools of the stars' luxurious houses that she would find the throngs of know-alls she is anxious to miss.

She likes fishing, too, and going down to the beach, and in every way shows herself a natural, healthy girl, who thinks it is heaps more fun to please herself in these free and easy ways than to go to smart parties and to the fashionable restaurants of the movie colony.

Natural Appearance

MISS SULLIVAN, whose name owes its variation in spelling from the more usual Sullivan to the fact that her grandfather came from the North of Ireland, is 5ft. 4in. in height. Her hair is brown and her eyes blue grey—typical Irish coloring. Her weight is just 8st. She is not married.

With her dislike of publicity, she owns to a distaste of being "beautified." All the grooming and polishing that some budding stars undergo seems to her—rightly so—to destroy their individuality. She is anxious to remain her natural self. And certainly there is no reason for her to bleach her hair and play tricks with her eyebrows.

Her appearance is quite attractive enough as it is. We hope that, unless some part she is to play in future requires that she should look different, she will trust to her natural charms.

A Contrast and Comparison

ANOTHER star of considerable magnitude, Katharine Hepburn, has lately appeared over the horizon. The latter dynamic, red-headed actress is very unlike Miss Sullivan in most ways. But the suddenness of their rise to fame, and the fact that they are nearly contemporary, inclines one to compare them.

Just as Miss Hepburn shows many characteristics of New England, so Miss Sullivan belongs to Virginia. They represent the more select and aristocratic element of these two long-settled districts. Their inclusion among the stars of Hollywood suggests that other qualities besides mere looks and acting ability are now found to be valuable.

They both have an air of freshness which is like a natural bloom against the exotic artificiality and extreme sophistication aimed at by others. And they both show an intense sincerity in their attitude toward their work.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ QUEEN CHRISTINA

Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Lewis Stone (M.-G.-M.).

IT is good to have Garbo back in a part more suited to her than, for instance, the dancer in "Grand Hotel." However well she might act, she could never express herself as a ballerina would. Again, if she has to be a light of love who falls victim to a "grande passion," it is well that she should be a royal wanton, for her aloof personality gives the impression on the screen that she is a woman who possesses her own soul. And she has a special claim to play this part of her famous countrywoman. Her tall, slim figure, long stride, and deep voice, fit in perfectly with a presentation of the queen whom her warrior sire, Gustavus Adolphus, wished, in default of a male heir, to be brought up as a boy.

The particular merits of this picture, apart from the haunting quality of Garbo's acting, are the careful reproduction of the period (Sweden in the 17th Century), and the lavish decoration of the settings. There are several scenes of spacious grandeur upon which the director, Mamoulian, has exercised his art. The child Queen, played by the little Cora Sue Collins, should not have been allowed to speak, and some of the other voices are not quite in key. But John Gilbert brings fire and romance to the part of the Spaniard, and Lewis Stone, C. Aubrey Smith, and Ian Keith are all good. The final sequence, with the Queen standing like a figurehead on the prow of a square-rigged vessel, has a rare beauty.—St. James.

★★ RED WAGGON

Charles Bickford, Raquel Torres, Greta Nissen (B.I.P.).

IN this film, adapted from Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, we get the life of circus caravans, perpetually striking camp and taking the road once more. Up and down through the lovely countryside of the British Isles they go, along deep lanes shadowed by glorious overhanging trees, over wide moors and into bosky dells, travelling sometimes by night and coming with the dawn to the open fields where the big tents are pitched. The scenic effects are remarkably fine, and the drama of the tale, which has been given a happy ending, is full of variety.

With the story of a lad, born to the circus and returning to it in spite of discouragement, there is interwoven the wayward romance of a gipsy (Raquel Torres), unstable and untrustworthy according to the standards of the gorgios, but faithful to her Romany code. The part of the circus rider, Joe Prince, is delightfully played by Jimmy Hanley in his teens. Charles Bickford represents him very satisfactorily as the grown man, who takes over the circus and engages the "Tiger Lady" (Greta Nissen) as the star attraction. This she certainly deserves to be, for the tiger scenes have a terrifying beauty. There is also a thrilling fight along a dark road at night between rival circuses.—Clive.

★★ ANN VICKERS

Irene Dunne, Walter Huston (R.E.O.).

SINCLAIR LEWIS is known all over the world for his scathing denunciations of his country's institutions and his countrymen's outlook. This film, freely adapted from his novel, has softened its grim story considerably, the part about various American prisons losing much of the harrowing force of the original tale. The picture has sordid elements, but is redeemed by the fine acting of Irene Dunne, who makes Ann Vickers a woman of notable courage and independence. It also features that admirable actress, Edna May Oliver, who is always worth watching. Bruce Cabot is well cast as the superficially attractive young captain whom the war hysteria of 1917 elevated to be Ann's hero, and whom she later discovered to be a sham.

Sam Hardy, as her faithful, but unacceptable, suitor, and Conrad Nagel, too cold-blooded for anything but success in his profession, also do well. Walter Huston makes of the judge who is Ann's true mate a very human figure. One of the merits of this piece is that political control of the judiciary is bad. Another is that judges, however free of reproach in their own persons, should not mix in indiscriminate friendship with bootleggers and racketeers and stock exchange wizards.

★ SATURDAY'S MILLIONS

Robert Young, Leila Hyams. (Universal).

THE complexities of the rather brutal variety of football played in the United States of America should certainly have become less obscure to us by now through films. We have also been made familiar with the commercialising of the game, with the way the Press features it, and with the adulation accorded to the principal players. In these respects, alas, it is not unlike other forms of sport and athletics everywhere, though the ex-

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

citement whipped up is perhaps more acute.

However, this film has several points of interest besides the game. Robert Young acts well in the part of the idolised young player who starts out with ideals of sport, but grows to feel that he is being made use of, then finally realises, partly through the sportsmanship of Leila Hyams, that his early ideals were true. And the game represented here has a most unusual ending. The home side does not win! Andy Devine is amusing as the faithful friend who acts as errand boy to the hero, and misses one appointment after another with his little girl from San Francisco.

★ THE GHOST CAMERA

Henry Kendall, Ida Lupino. (Real Art Prod.)

HENRY KENDALL here shows that he can do something different from a flippant man-about-town. He gives a consistent representation of an earnest young chemist, inclined to use long words, whose desire for a little variation from his ordinary routine existence is unexpectedly gratified by getting mixed up in crime detection. It is unfortunate perhaps that in this, as in some other British films, rather lively interchanges occur at a coroner's inquest or "Crowner's Quest," as Shakespeare called it.

Citizens of British countries hardly need to be told that an inquest, conducted in the form of a court, and usually with decorum, though it is frequently held in a room at the village inn nearest to the scene, is by its nature a preliminary and informal inquiry into the cause of a death not certified as due to natural causes. Its scope is to ascertain whether death was by misadventure, by suicide or by murder, and on the last finding to commit for trial any person against whom, as in this instance, presumption of guilt is strong. We realise, of course, the solemnity and dignity with which a trial, and especially a criminal one, is conducted in a British court of justice. But apparently in foreign countries, where procedure is different, an inquest in a film has been taken to represent an actual trial.—Supporting feature at Lyceum.

★ THE FURY OF THE JUNGLE

Donald Cook, Peggy Shannon, Dudley Digges (Columbia).

"KILL to eat" is the law of the jungle. Its corollary is "Live and let live." However, the title of this film is meant to signify that men, mostly fugitives from their own countries, who settle down in mythical districts of Malaya, are lawless or else tyrannised over by a ruthless bully. Here the local strong man ordains that thieving, whether of a tin of tobacco or a wallet of notes, is punishable without respect of persons by swimming a crocodile-infested river, no bets being taken on the victim's survival.

Another peculiarity of the place is that they make a habit of going jaguar hunting in the rainy season. But the real fun of the thing starts with the arrival of a white girl.

★ HOLD THAT GIRL

James Dunn, Claire Trevor. (Fox.)

THERE is something very likeable about James Dunn and Claire Trevor which makes their continual sparring-match quite a pleasant entertainment. But they are not so well suited by this story as by their material in "Jimmy and Sally," where one could very well accept Dunn as an exuberant but too experimental advertising man, and Miss Trevor as one of those highly efficient and at the same time highly attractive business girls to be met with nowadays. The fact that here he is a police detective and she is a police court reporter of a paper which pursues a kind of vendetta against the force gives occasion for much back-chat and for much scoring off one another, but the structure of the plot is flimsier than in the other film, where it was more securely based on character. The fun done at a cabaret which brings both the principals to the court in their different capacities, appears a graceful performance from the position of the audience.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME BEAUTIFUL

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

The Story of this new HOME... Section

So warm has been the welcome accorded to *The Australian Women's Weekly* since its inception that in thousands of homes in the Commonwealth, this paper is now regarded as a household necessity.

In its bright, attractive, and comprehensive presentation of news of special interest to women, its splendid fiction section, its fashion and pattern services, its knitting, needlework, health, beauty, cookery, home-craft, and other features, *The Australian Women's Weekly* has opened a new era in newspaper services to women.

With this issue, *The Australian Women's Weekly* is happy to present an important addition to these existing services. The section which commences here is devoted wholly to the service of the woman in the home. No increase has been made in the price of the paper.

The Australian Women's Weekly could already proudly claim to be the best woman's paper obtainable for twopence in the whole world. With the addition of this section it represents value and service which are nothing short of amazing.

The new home section was undertaken by *The Australian Women's Weekly* in direct response to the wishes of thousands of women readers, and because the story of its addition to the paper is a revelation of how *The Australian Women's Weekly* endeavors to give the utmost service to women, it is briefly outlined here.

The Australian Women's Weekly is a young paper. It was founded at a time when times were very hard indeed and many people prophesied that a new newspaper could not hope to succeed. Believing, however, that a newspaper which earnestly endeavored to present women with news, with bright, entertaining articles, good fiction, and special fashion, beauty, and other services of exclusive interest to women must meet with the cordial approval of women, the founders of *The Australian Women's Weekly* refused to be discouraged by pessimists, and the paper duly made its bow to the public of women readers.

The result was unprecedented in any newspaper's experience. Orders for the new paper poured in so copiously that the demand became almost overwhelming.

To-day *The Australian Women's Weekly* has the largest circulation of any weekly paper in the Commonwealth, and—it keeps on growing!

The next step, in the opinion of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, was to endeavor to find which features in the paper made the most powerful appeal to women. When the popularity of the various features was gauged it was felt the appeal of certain sections could be widened. So *The Australian Women's Weekly* set out on the difficult and expensive task of securing a representative survey of readers' opinions. This meant, among other things, sending forth a small army of canvassers armed with questionnaires. No other Australian newspaper for women has attempted such a referendum, but *The Australian Women's Weekly* feels that it has been well worth the trouble and expense involved to secure a candid survey of what its women readers value most in the paper, and what features they would like to see enlarged.

Briefly, the result of that referendum was that, while women were delighted with the existing news, fiction, and services of the paper, there was an overwhelming demand for an increase in the special home services.

This new section is the answer to these requests.

Its aim is to give readers authoritative information on the newest trends in modern furniture and furnishings, and



THE VERY SPIRIT of home is captured in this beautiful study of Miss Lela Forsayth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Forsayth, of "Vauluse Hall," Vauluse. One of the most beautiful of Sydney homes, "Vauluse Hall," a few years ago, was a landmark in the district. Many fine homes have since been built in the environs, making the facade less conspicuous, but the passing years have mellowed "Vauluse Hall" into a deeper beauty, and the carefully-kept garden, entered through frangipanni trees, takes on new loveliness with each passing season.

—*Australian Women's Weekly* photo.

practical, expert assistance with furnishing problems.

Modern home surroundings aid us materially to keep in tune with changing conditions, and provide a powerful stimulus to the retaining of a healthy and youth-preserving interest in modern life.

To-day, the whole trend of furniture and furnishings is towards grace and simplicity of design, beauty of coloring, good cheer—all of which add to the graciousness and charm of life. Definitely, too, to-day's furniture is planned with far greater regard to the comfort and convenience of the women in the home than the furniture of any other period.

The Australian Women's Weekly is confident women will like this new home section, and will welcome any helpful suggestions or criticisms from its readers.

Highlights of Modern Furniture!

MODERN furniture provides so many satisfying avenues for the expression of individuality that the modern woman is known by the furniture she keeps.

THE modern woman has discarded hooped dresses, a multiplicity of petticoats, and numberless other cumbersome frocking fashions of the past. How can she be expected to be content with old-fashioned furniture?

WHERE are the antimacassars of the past, and the counterpanes—back-breaking to launder, weighty, and without warmth? Where are the dust-col-

lecting hangings, the fringes, the mantelpiece drapings, the heavy curtains? Who mourns their loss? What woman wouldn't prefer similarly to consign to the dust-heap of oblivion much of the ugly, intricate, dust-collecting furniture of the same eras?

MODERN furniture likes sunshine and fresh air. It abhors dust. It knows that the average woman is not a glantess, so it takes to itself convenient height, simple lines, easily-cleaned surfaces. It is healthful and practical.

IT knows the wear and tear of compressed conditions of modern life, so it strives to be cheerful and labor-saving

in working hours, and luxurious and restful in lounging-time.

IT knows the modern feeling for color and the demand of modern scientists for happiness in the environment, so it specializes in lovely color harmonies and cheering contrasts. It takes the rainbow for its playmate and is enriched with some of the precious optimism and happy thoughts that lie in the crotch o' gold at the rainbow's end.

IT is streamlined for beauty. And, at its best, it is a most helpful hand-maiden towards the setting of modern life into gracious and harmonious living.

Combining BEAUTY With UTILITY...

Woven Cane Furniture... for Your Breakfast Room

The modern feeling for brightness has had a happy effect on the breakfast-room, which may now be made one of the most colorful and charming in the home.

LOOK at the picture at the right. Doesn't it arouse the immediate desire to acquire a breakfast-room so cheerily and conveniently furnished?

This woven cane furniture, though light, is remarkably solid in construction, durable in wear, pleasing to the eye, and, what is important, reasonable in price.

Consider, too, such fascinating furniture adorning a sun room where, in addition to breakfast, luncheon can be served amid happy, colorful surroundings.

If your home is not provided with a sun room, remember that a most delightful room can be made on an unused back verandah.

And here is a suggestion for the furnishing of this room that has definite possibilities, with little expense entailed.

It is of utmost importance to have

a gay color scheme, more especially as the present trend is to have the other rooms of the house colored in pastel or neutral shades. Make the breakfast room different—make it a place of reflected sunshine in every corner.

Take, for example, the attractive combination of bright green and vivid orange. First enclose as large a section of the verandah as possible. Then wire-gauze the rest—that is a very important part in our remodelling of the verandah. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this, for all the pleasures of a room are gone if flies are about worrying us not only with their presence, but with the potential danger they represent.

Stain the boards with a dark brown color, and put down a large Oriental mat in an orange and green design. This mat is light and can be easily taken up for cleaning.

Four woven cane chairs, as illustrated, brightened by their orange and green

edges and legs, will be ideal, and a delightful table of the same type will complete the necessary furniture.



This table may be glass-topped or lacquered in a vivid green. If you prefer the glass top, a good idea is to have a pretty tablecloth toning with the furniture underneath.

If a carpenter is handy, get him to put a shelf outside about 4ft from the ground round the flyproof gauze. On this shelf you can place window boxes.

Lacquer the boxes a deep orange shade, and plant masses of flowers that tone with the rest of the color scheme.

These window boxes greatly enhance the beauty of the breakfast-room, and if you wish to venture further into the flower world, why not have some big baskets of different ferns arranged artistically outside the gauze?

Now visualise this verandah with the one now lying idle and empty. Think

MAKE BREAKFAST one of the most delightful meals of the day by furnishing a breakfast-room with the very latest woven cane furniture. In this picture you glimpse a charming example carried out in orange and green tonings, which harmonises wonderfully with the natural color of the cane.

Photo: By courtesy of Mark Poy's.

of its comfortable, woven cane chairs, its colorful mat, its lacquered window boxes... and then think how inexpensively this transformation can be achieved, and you will surely feel the urge to try your hand at making a new breakfast-room—a real sun room full of color, sunshine, and fresh air.



NEARLY EVERYBODY COOKS with GAS

Almost every home in the Sydney metropolitan area uses gas for cooking, and practically every new home that is built is equipped with an up-to-date gas stove. People prefer gas because it is so simple and straightforward, does all kinds of cooking perfectly, costs far less than any other kind of heat, and never lets them down.

New kinds of stoves come and go, but gas stoves come and stay, as shown by the fact that 96 out of every 100 homes in the metropolitan area cook with gas.

Our system of new appliances for old enables you to trade in your old gas stove as part payment for one of the very latest models—one fitted with all the latest improvements and finished in the new indestructible mottled enamel. Use this "easy-purchase" plan to modernise your kitchen.

Look for the "Seal of Efficiency" before you buy a gas stove. This Seal denotes that the appliance complies with the standards laid down by the Testing Laboratory of The N.S.W. Commercial Gas Association. It is a guarantee of faithful service and economical results.



At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Show and Demonstration Rooms:
Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

GAS COSTS LESS THAN 1/2d. A UNIT

CLEVER IDEAS

TO REMOVE a ring too tight for the finger, take a needle threaded with strong thread, and wind tightly about the finger, beginning at the finger tip and progressing upwards. When you reach the ring, slip the head of the needle under it and draw the thread through. Now unwind the thread and the ring will slip down the compressed finger, coming off quite easily.—Mrs. G.E.J., "Eureka," 23 Grove Street, Newcastle.

NEVER THROW away orange and lemon peel. There are many uses to which it can be put. A piece of lemon peel boiled with towels or tea cloths makes them very white. Into a well-stoppered jar put lumps of sugar and fresh lemon peel. Leave for a few days, then crush the sugar. This will be found delicately flavored with lemon, and will be useful for sprinkling over puddings and pancakes. The rinds may also be dried slowly in the oven, and used for cooking with apples. Fresh orange peel is good for restoring black shoes that do not look very smart. Rub well with the inside of the rind, and polish with a soft cloth. Dry some pieces of orange peel well, and put them into the tea caddy, renewing them every ten days. These will very much improve the flavor of the tea.—Mrs. L.O., West End, Brisbane, Qld.

WHEN MAKING pies or biscuits, I always roll my dough out on a large sheet of waxed paper placed upon my work-table. Then all the mess of baking can be cleared away by simply rolling up this paper and burning it, and there is no sticky board, covered with dough, to scrape and wash.—"Aloha," Darling Pt. Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

THERE ARE times when thorns and prickles are run into some part of the body, and generally just at that time, the tweezers are nowhere to be found. Well, in the future, if you have a new pen-nib handy, use that, and it will be found most invaluable. Place the nib between two fingers and thumb, and press open, then place it over the thorn and allow it to revert into its natural position, and you will find that the thorn has been completely removed.—Miss B. Thornburn, 25 Massey Street, Gladsville.

BEFORE WASHING new cotton materials, allow them to soak for several hours in cold water in which a little Epsom salts have been dissolved. Then wash them in a warm soapy lather made of "Lux" or mild shredded soap. Rinse well in tepid water. To the last rinsing water add a little borax or sugar to stiffen the material. When washing children's cotton frocks turn them inside out to dry in the sun, or hang in the shade to prevent fading. When washing garments with patent fasteners, close the fasteners before putting through the wringer. This will save the fasteners and prevent holes in the material.—"Carol," Port Pirie, S.A.

WHEN SEWING on snap-fasteners sew all one side first, then rub some white chalk over it and press against the other side of the material. This not only marks the correct place for the other half of the fastener, but ensures a perfect fit.—A.A.

PATENT TEA SAVER SILO

Attach to Wall

Inexpensive, yet a wonderful saver.

Fill the Silo with fresh Tea.

Each movement of trigger gives 1 teaspoonful of tea.

If more is required for stronger tea repeat action.

No tea is wasted.

Tea cost is less.

Even quantity every brew.

Get one now and start to save.



Obtainable at All Leading Department Stores

FINISHED IN DARK BLUE, LIGHT BLUE, CREAM, VIOLET ROSE, GREEN, & ORANGE.

PLANNING a Cosy Autumn VERANDAH

EASTERN crafts-manship inspires gay Dhurries that are very cosy and cheerful!

Evenings are cooler; so let us make the verandah cosy for autumn. Later, when winter comes, warmth can be added by the cheery, glowing electric radiator. For the present, sunshine during daytime hours will warm the verandah sufficiently.

WHEN planning to make the verandah cooler, the first help at hand is the rug. Rugs laid over flooring give, in addition to foot warmth, the cheerfulness of bright coloring. A delightful rug for the verandah is the beautiful, closely woven Indian Dhurrie, manufactured in India of strong cotton. It is reversible, washable, light, and easy to move. And it has a romance.

Once it played a part as one of India's handicrafts, born of Indian artistic genius; a craft practised by father and son for generations. In those days Dhurries were rare; they were works of art woven on hand looms by Indian villagers in the immemorial Indian village. In and around Cawnpore, a cotton growing district, looms were piled and exquisite colorings planned.

The East India Company established an important frontier station of its activities at Cawnpore, and the craft of the Indian Dhurrie flourished under its aegis. Gradually came the machine age, usurping the place of the handicraft. The manufacturer superseded the weaver with his loom.

The Dhurrie has, in consequence, passed from its native land to trade



A COSY CORNER of the ideal Autumn verandah. The artistic modern treatment of the lounge enhances both its comfort and charm, and the gay dhurries which adorn the floor are important notes in the decorative scheme. The coloring of the dhurries is matched in the attractive cretonne upholstery of the lounge.

—Photo by courtesy of Anthony Horderns.

parts of the world; and now lovely designs of Eastern craftsmen brighten homes all the world over.

The gay colors of the Dhurries can be matched, now, in the canvas of sun-blinds and deck chairs. These, in turn, can be planned to harmonise with beautifully made Australian mottled split cane furniture, decorated with lacquered lacings.

A wire spring divan in mottled cane is cosy with cretonne cushion and pil-

low, and makes the verandah a rest room. For those little intimate tea parties in which women delight, the cosily-furnished verandah is a happy background, carried out in orange and jade laced mottled split cane. The table on which a dainty tea may be laid is in

Queen Anne design, oval shaped, with jade green top, handwoven cane sides and cabriole legs.

Thus beauty comes to the autumn verandah, inspired by craftsmanship of ancient India, united with skill of modern Australia.

Fragrant POT POURRI

How to Make It!

In answer to a number of requests from readers, we give here a simple recipe for potpourri.

Of the first importance is to have all the ingredients for potpourri perfectly dry. The flowers should be gathered on a fine day when the dew is off them, but before the sun is too powerful. It is advisable not to use flowers which contain too much moisture.

The larger proportion of your collection will most probably be rose petals, and this is as it should be, for the perfume from these is exquisitely fragrant. Of course, the petals of all the flowers should be picked clear of the green, and should be thoroughly dried by being laid on trays—newspapers bent up to form trays will do—and taken



out into the sun and turned over and over until perfectly dry. If more convenient, the trays of petals can be put near the glass on a sunny window sill; however, do not leave them out in the night air to become limp again.

Then, to every pound of petals allow half an ounce of crushed sandalwood, half an ounce of orris root, and a quarter of an ounce each of dried lavender, cinnamon bark, and powdered cloves.

Mix all well together with the petals, then put in a jar, tie securely, and leave for two or three weeks.

HOME IDEAS at the ROYAL SHOW

A Miniature World, Created Largely for Women... by Women

In the annual pageant of industry and commerce, of manufacture and produce, the excited, noisy, bustling, miniature world that is the Royal Show, women play a most important part.

"WITHOUT the women there just wouldn't be a Show," says Mr. Rafferty, assistant secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society. "It is the women who create the audience, stimulate the interest, and, above all, contribute to the exhibits in such a way as to make them completely illustrative of Australian products."

To capture the interest of women the largest city houses will strive to out-rival each other in their displays of household wares, which range from luxurious modern furnishings to everyday household commodities.

Women from the country districts will make the usual splendid display of jams and preserves, of home-made butter and cheese, potted meats and succulent hams—to the envy of the city woman, who receives all these commodities through a series of "middle" men, and feels, when she looks at these luscious wares, how much she is losing in being herself unable to "create" them!

THE district exhibits, under whose banner these delectable goods will be arranged, include two from Queensland and five from N.S.W. This year, for the first time, the Hunter River and Liverpool Plains district will have an exhibit, and one can expect something very outstanding from such a fertile country.

In addition to the foodstuffs, district exhibits will include a multiplicity of articles made by the women who live on the farms. For twelve months residents of the respective districts have been striving to contribute to their exhibit. Sewing and weaving, home carpentry, and knitting, every pursuit at which country women attain such prowess, will be represented.

GARDEN lovers will find many exhibits to fascinate them from the domain of the loveliest and most delicate of blooms to the sturdy, colorful shrubs and homely vegetables.

A COMPLETE cottage will be constructed by a building firm to show just how attractively and inexpensively fibro-cement can be used by the prospective home-builder.

Music firms will display the newest models in pianos and in radios; furniture firms will demonstrate just how artistic and effective the most modern ideas of furnishings can be, while the plumbing that evolves the most amazing bathrooms and the ingenuity that devises extraordinarily versatile appliances to simplify housework, can all be examined at leisure.

Household commodities, too, both in the matter of foods and preparations for cleaning and polishing will be represented, and the inevitable "samples" sold with the laudable object of demonstrating the qualifications of each.

SEWING machines are another feature that every homemaker will be looking for, and every variety of cooking appliances, from the most modern gas and electric cookers to the more commonplace pots and pans.

Among the more recent appliances for alleviating the stress of housework, one finds washing and washing-up machines. A contrivance into which one thrusts a collection of soiled garments, sets the machinery in motion, and stands by to watch the garments emerge snow white, is something too good to be missed!

The washing-up machine will also challenge attention, and appeal to every member of the family who is liable to be confronted with this all-too-common task. That piles of greasy dishes can be competently dealt with by a machine, is a notion that will surely cheer the heart of the housewife. So many and so varied are the Royal Show's offerings that every woman should leave it benefited by the acquisition of much fresh, interesting knowledge of immense practical use to her.

"TRUTH IN ADVERTISING." The Foundation of Confidence!

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PITT, GOULBURN AND GEORGE STREETS, SYDNEY

clearing balance of Furnishing Stock from the Sydney Warehouse of

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HALF PRICE AND LESS!

2/6 Shadow Tissue at 1/3
For curtains and draperies! Shadow Tissue, Fawn ground, with semi-Art. Moderne design. 30 inches wide. Price, yd. 2/6. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 1/3

10/6 Shadow Tissue at 5/9
Beautiful Art. Silk Shadow Tissue in tones of Blue, Rose, or Autumn shadings, is 50 inches wide. Suitable for luxurious Hangings, Cushions, Bedspreads, etc. Price, yd. 10/6. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 5/9

15/6 Twill Satins now 7/9
Heavy Twill Satin, in Blue, Wine, Fawn, or Gold. A beautiful fabric... used extensively for Curtains and Draperies. 50 inches wide. Price, yd. 15/6. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 7/9

12/6 Faint Damask at 5/11
Below Half Price! Satin Damask in tasteful tonings of Blue, Gold, Henna, Orange, or Rose. 50 inches wide. Price, yd. 12/6. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 5/11

8/11 Oriental Satin 4/11
Attractive for Bedspreads, Cushions, or Draperies. Heavyweight Oriental Satin, in Blue, Gold, Rose, Orange, Black, or Henna. 50ins. wide. Price, yd. 8/11. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 4/11

2/6 Fadeless Cretonne 1/3
Brighten up old Cushions, Draperies, Covers, etc. Fadeless Cretonnes in White or Fawn grounds, with all-over designs in Rose, Blue, Green, 31in. wide. Price, yd. 2/6. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 1/3

2/3 "Sundour" Fadeless ART. SILK NETS 1/6
"Sundour" Fadeless Art. Silk Nets, in Beige, Champagne, and Tuscan shades. Small conventional designs... plain mesh and bordered. Yd. 2/3 2/9 3/6 3/11 4/11 7/11. Special Prices, yd.—1/6 2/- 2/3 2/6 3/3 5/6

2/9 Fadeless Poplin 2/3
This Poplin is 40 inches wide, and is obtainable in fadeless colours of Beige, Blue, Green, Rose or Gold. Price, yd. 2/9. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 2/3. 50ins. wide. Yd. 3/6. Special Price, yd. 2/3.

Cottaline Damask 4/6
Courtland's Fadeless Cottaline Damask, in Grey, Rose, Black, Wine, Drab Gold, Champagne and Sage. Suitable for Curtains, Bedspreads, etc. Price, yd. 4/6. Anthony Horderns' Special Price, yd. 4/6

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MODERN FURNISHINGS

119 BATHURST STREET
Between Pitt & George Streets



In introducing ourselves to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly new Home Section, we wish to stress Pulsford's trading policy of **GUARANTEED QUALITY AT NEAREST POSSIBLE PRICES**. Every article in our store carries this guarantee! We insist on every customer receiving absolute satisfaction. Only the best of materials and workmanship are used in our manufacturing—nothing skimmed or of doubtful quality is considered. And because we mark these high quality goods at very keen prices, you are assured of the best possible bargain when buying at Pulsford's. Come in and see us when next in town.

Here's Value!... In a
Modern Bedroom
£31'17'6

The "Goring" Bedroom is in modern style with nicely figured timber, full polished in walnut colour, and very reasonably priced. Wardrobe is 4ft. 6ins. wide, and has two-thirds hanging space. Dressing table has three reflex mirrors, and is 2ft. 6ins. wide. Loughboy is 3ft. wide, 4ft. high, nicely fitted. Bed is 4ft. 6ins. wide, low, and comfortable. Cash Price, complete, £31'17'6. (Terms arranged.)

How Smart For
Your Flat!
Lounge Suite
£18'19'6

The "Lisbon" Suite is designed for comfort in the minimum of space—not skimped in the making. Covering is beautiful quality tapestry in gold and green, and tango tones; full-polished shoe-wood arms and sides, with cane panels. All seats are very well sprung. Cash Price, Complete, £18'19'6. Terms arranged. Separate Chairs may be bought at £4'12'6.



A Modern
Coffee Table
Just the right height for its place near the lounge, and a smart addition to any room: top 20ins. square; height 15ins. beautiful veneered top, full polished **25'.**

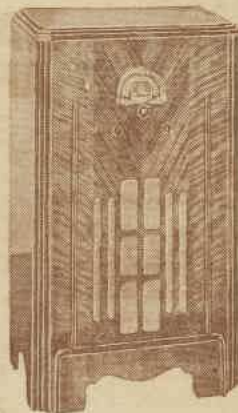


Is Your Home
Without A Bureau?

This useful item combines Writing Bureau and Bookcase in one—something that nearly every home needs. 4ft. wide, and 4ft. high, with lead-light doors; polished walnut tone. **£6'15'.**

PULSFORDS
119 BATHURST STREET
(Between Pitt and George Streets).

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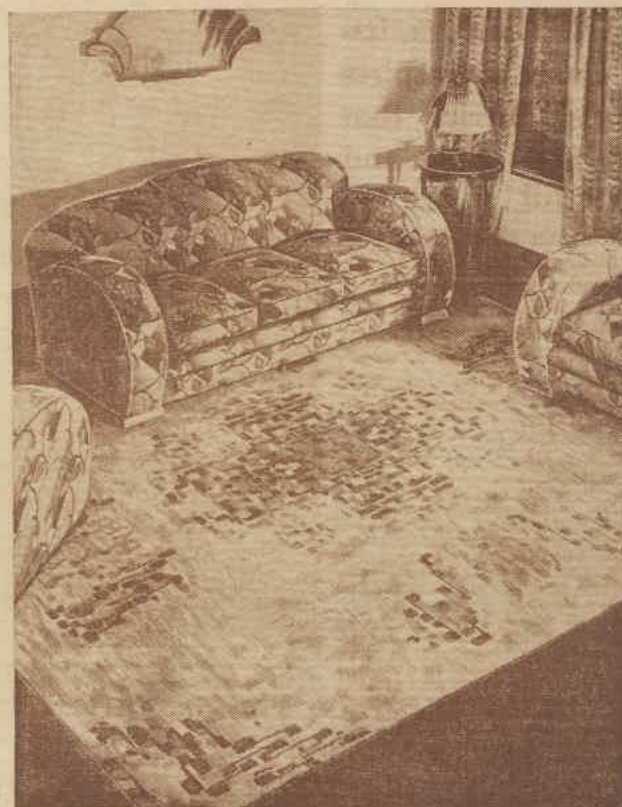


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'Bathurst' Superhet
With Six-Pin Valves

Nothing like the new six-pin Valves for beautiful tone, and selectivity! Pulsford's own "Bathurst" Superhet, as illustrated, has 5 valves, and we guarantee interstate reception. The cabinet is richly grained Queensland maple, and is a fine piece of furniture for any room.

30/-
Deposit
£15'19'6
5/-
Weekly



Pulsfords Show Them First!

Axminster Carpets

New 1934 Designs and Tonings

You must see these new Carpets before deciding! Not only are the designs and colourings new to Sydney, but Pulsford's prices are marked very keenly for quick sale. We guarantee the quality, and Pulsford's easy terms make easy buying if you desire. All are of the smartest, including Art Moderne, greens and tanges. Shown in the photograph are:

The "GWENITH" Axminster has an unusual water-wave background, in tones of fawn and grey, with centre piece and corners in brown tones. Size 10ft. 6in. x 9ft. **£12'15'.**

12ft. x 9ft. **£14'12'6**

The "GWENITH" Lounge Suite is upholstered in good tapestry of pleasing soft pattern, and has inner spring loose cushions. **£19'17'6**

CASH PRICE
Art Moderne frameless Mirror, £4'12'6. Occasional Table, full-polished, 22'6.
Art Moderne Table Lamp, chromium plated, with parchment shade **£7'6**



Now Is the Time
to Think Of
Down Quilts

We have a wide range of the new season's Down Quilts, covered in smart satins and sateens, and filled with feathers and kapok. Make a lay-by now for winter use. All colours are showing. The one illustrated is **37'6**
Others 32'6, 35'6, 38'6, 41'6, 44'6, 47'6, 50'6, 53'6, 56'6, 59'6, 62'6, 65'6, 68'6, 71'6, 74'6, 77'6, 80'6, 83'6, 86'6, 89'6, 92'6, 95'6, 98'6, 101'6, 104'6, 107'6, 110'6, 113'6, 116'6, 119'6, 122'6, 125'6, 128'6, 131'6, 134'6, 137'6, 140'6, 143'6, 146'6, 149'6, 152'6, 155'6, 158'6, 161'6, 164'6, 167'6, 170'6, 173'6, 176'6, 179'6, 182'6, 185'6, 188'6, 191'6, 194'6, 197'6, 200'6.

—and Blankets

We were fortunate in buying before the recent rise in the price of wool, so you are assured of excellent values. We stock only superior quality, which we can guarantee. Prices from pair **21'.** (Single Bed)

This Glory Box is exclusive
to us!

Our Own Design

Every girl knows how pleasant it is to have her own special Glory Box to keep all those nice new things from coming to harm. We are featuring a handsome chest, 3ft. 2in. long, 18ins. wide, 21ins. high, very nicely finished inside and out, and fitted with useful sliding tray; it is finished in full-polished walnut colour, beautifully grained **£4'19'6**
Others from **50'.** (Terms arranged.)



We Pack Free For Country Clients. Pulsford's Easy Terms Can Be Arranged On Any Purchase!

Modern FURNITURE ... Graceful in LINE!

Symmetrical & Flattering to any Room

Many are the benefits conferred on the modern home by the march of progress. Interior decorating has become an art attracting the attention of highly-gifted men and women and the cleverest brains concern themselves with problems of furnishing. And by far the greater amount of all this studying, designing and creating is directed towards the needs, not of the wealthy home-owners, but of the homes lived in by people of average income.

EVEN the apparently unimportant subject of dust in furniture has been dealt with effectively. Vacuum cleaners look after the floor, but much of the furniture looks after itself and does it well, too.

The latest furniture is made almost entirely without creases and crevices. Straight lines solve the problem. All those intricacies featured in old-fashioned furniture have disappeared.

In their place are graceful lines—symmetrical and flattering to any room.

Another noticeable feature of the new furniture is the absence of mirrors in sideboards and wardrobes. This does not mean that wardrobes are unattractive to those who want to see their reflections frequently; the mirrors as often as not are neatly tucked away on some inside section.

What is more, the inside of furniture nowadays is as beautiful as the outside. Polished and lacquered, the woodwork is a veritable tribute to masterly workmanship. No rough edges, no warping of wood.

In writing as an advocate of modern furniture, one by no means wishes to decry the old, or to refuse the acknowledgement due to past masters in design and craftsmanship. Every craft and industry has, however, always had to adapt itself to the conditions of the age in which it functions, and it is the business of the artist to express some aspect of the spirit of his time.

An outstanding thing about this modern furniture is that it looks so fresh and clean—and joyous.

Besides the question of style, which to-day tends very much to square lines, flat surfaces, simple moldings, and the use of an increasing variety of beautiful woods in their natural state, there are certain considerations, such as the desire for compactness, comfort and labor-saving in modern homes, which are bound to make practical people turn to the modern designer for a solution of some of their pressing domestic problems.



YOUNG MODERNS in a modern setting which reveals some of the most interesting trends in modern lounge room settings. The chair, gracefully shaped, is tailored in an artistic tapestry which agrees happily with the color tonings of the carpet. Note the pillar design of the occasional table. This is definitely "new," but it owes its inspiration to the architectural genius of Ancient Rome! Of convenient height, it reflects, in its mirror-polished veneers, the glow of a lamp of a clever, new design and richly-colored shade. The charm of modernity at its best is also captured by the fascinating cabinet from which the hostess is hospitably dispensing a fruit cocktail as a pick-me-up for her guest.

—Photo by courtesy of Puttards Furniture Showrooms.

The old-fashioned pieces are not what most people really want. They would prefer to have things especially made for them to the required sizes, the right number of drawers, the right feeling for their modern rooms . . . tables that fold up and tuck away, for small homes; low dressing-tables with tall mirrors, properly fitted cupboards for bedrooms—everything compact and economical.

Then, again, consider the utter comfort of the low, deep-seated chairs (note, for example, the one showing in the picture), a joy to sink into, wherein one can relax—and let the world go by. This type of chair, with its luxurious lines, gives a room that happy "lived-in" look as well as "welcome to our home" kind of feeling.

It will be naturally asked by many to whom the idea of modern furniture of the better type appeals. "But can we afford it?"

The answer is "yes" for those who aim at simplicity and are willing to cut

out all that is pretentious and superfluous.

The home of 1934 can be furnished quite reasonably with the best class of 1934 design.

Has it ever struck you that this class

of furniture seems to unconsciously interpret some of the better characteristics of our time. It is a style which is neither fussy nor affected, but purposive, displaying the virtues of frankness and straightforwardness.

Save Time and Money with this clever little invention

Housewives everywhere will be particularly interested in the attractive, clever and inexpensive little invention shown here.

This is a tea-saver silo, which can be screwed to the wall in any convenient spot in your kitchen. When you buy a packet of tea you simply remove the lid and pour the contents into the airtight silo. No reaching up to a shelf for the tea caddy when you want to make tea. No taking a handful of tea, throwing it into the teapot, and hoping

NO WASTE, no guesswork here. Every action of the trigger, left or right, on this airtight Tea Saver Silo measures out an even teaspoon of tea into your pot and it costs only 2/-.



for the best. No laborious measuring out of "one spoonful each and one for the pot."

Instead, you place the pot under the spout and one action of the trigger, left or right, gives you an even spoon. If stronger tea is required, you simply repeat the action.

Splendid, isn't it? Waste is eliminated, which means that a pound of tea goes further—representing a saving of good hard cash in the aggregate.

Further particulars concerning this splendid little convenience, so attractively finished in a creamy white ducol, will be gladly supplied.

FURNITURE ON TERMS FREE OF INTEREST

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BON MARCHE LTD.

Cnr. Harris St. & Broadway, Sydney

BEDROOM SUITE IN MODERN DESIGN

WALNUT VENEER

Comprising 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe Fitted 1-3 Tray, 2-3 Hanging Space, and Hat Shelf.
3ft. 6in. Toilet Table, Cheval Rimless Mirror, Loughboy Fitted with Trays, Ample Hanging Space.
4ft. 6in. Bedstead to Match.

£29'17'6

Terms:

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30/- Deposit.

7/6 Weekly.



AN ATTRACTIVE 3-PIECE LOUNGE SUITE

Built for ease and comfort. Extra deep, well-sprung seats and back. In Art Genoa Velvet and Fabrex Cloth.

PRICE . . . £17'17'6



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5/6 Week.

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neat and durable.

The famous "Silver Star"

EASTER SPECIALS:

9 x 9 9 x 10ft. 6 9 x 12

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FELT BASE, by the yard, 6ft. wide 3/3 per yard



SILVER STAR CONGO, 6ft. wide, quaint and attractive.

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HALL LINOS to match in all widths and shades.

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18/9

Brown Suede
and kid combination instep. Tie; smart Cuban heel; 2 to 7 and 1/2 sizes. Also in black suede and kid .. 18/9



35/-

Sleek Black
Patent with just a "whisper" of grey cobragoya lizard in a high cut instep tie. Also black or brown kid. 2 to 7 and 1/2 sizes; C. and D. fittings 35/-



35/-

"High-Cut"
vogue in a tailored Derby of brown suede and kid, or black suede and kid; note the imported heel. C. and D. fittings, 2 to 7, 1/2 sizes, 35/-

All the GOOD Fur Collars



Striped Rabbit
is one of the sensations of the Fur Trimming Section! In 3 good shades of mink or musquash, stripes... Large crush collars. Each, 7/6

Wallaroo will fascinate you! It belongs to the long-haired family... a nice cosy crush collar in slate, black, beige, light brown and dark brown. At keen value, 21/-

Best Value in town for Australian pulled Coney Crush Collars. Large size, high-grade skins; cut-outs of brown, black, mole, beaver, at one outstanding price, each 9/11

GENUINE LEATHERS!



25/-

Crocodile
Real Crocodile
Handbag. In tailored shape, smart chromium frame, divided centre pocket and mirror 25/-

22/6

Morocco

A new Thumb-strap with chromium mountings and clasp. Sile lined; large mirror. Brown, and black; genuine morocco, 22/6



Ground Floor

Let's FRAME Our Own PICTURES

with *passe-partout* binding... it's both easy & inexpensive.

SOME of the smartest pictures I have seen decorating charming little homes were those framed with *passe-partout* binding. This can be purchased by the roll ever so cheaply from most stationers and the bigger stores in a fine range of colors. Dark grey or black, however, are best for the amateur.

THE framing of pictures costs money. That is why so many attractive prints, etc., lie around the home, are eventually relegated to a box or cupboard, and, finally, find their frayed and soiled way to the dustbin.

Recently I had given me a few etchings and several clever reproductions of a world-famed artist. Upon inquiry I was told that the cost of framing would be in the vicinity of £2.

So I set to work and had glass cut to size in each instance, purchased a roll of *passe-partout* binding, a box of tiny metal hangers, cardboard for mounting purposes, and a jar of "clag." (You can make your own paste by mixing flour with cold water and then hot water, as you would starch.)

One roll of the binding was sufficient for six pictures, and the cost was less than one-third the price quoted for framing.

A safety-razor blade was used for cutting the cardboard, which was cut exactly the same size as the glass. The



ALL the materials required for framing. Note the back of picture showing the way in which the fasteners are inserted.

next step was to insert the metal clip-hangers in the cardboard mount. These were inserted 1 1/2 in. from the top and 1 in. from each side.

Incidentally, if you use hangers that are just pasted on they can be left until the picture is framed. It is always advisable, too, to place a piece of thick paper between the picture and the mount if clip-hangers are used.

The picture is now placed on top of the mount. Around each edge draw a fine line—about 1 in. from the edge. This is the guiding line for the pasting on of the binding.

Put the glass on top of the picture and the mount, taking care that the edges are even all round.

Now measure the longest side of the picture and cut a strip from the roll of binding 1 in. longer than this. Press this the reverse way of the curl, using the back of a penknife so that it will lie flat. Apply paste to the length (one half only), and lay this carefully on the glass side of the picture following the drawn guiding line. Press with cloth firmly until it is firmly glued.

Turn the picture over, paste and press

Sunny Colors for Sunny Homes

HAS it ever occurred to you how beautiful orange can be for sunny rooms?

Use it for figured hangings with short glass curtains in yellow net. The effect is stimulating.

Try red-orange and orange-yellow striped fabric for verandah or porch chairs and cushions.

Orange with turquoise, sea blue, or any other blue you fancy, makes an enchanting contrast. Rugs, small lacquered tables, flower bowls, lamp bases carried out in blue will create an atmosphere of coolness and charm on the hottest day, while an illusion of warmth and sunshine will be given the room on the coldest day because of the color and beauty of the orange employed.



By
Our Home
Decorator

FRAMING with *passe-partout* binding is so effective and so simple that it is surprising that it is not used more in preference to the many unsightly and costly frames one sees.

down the other side of binding. Bind the other long side of frame in the same way. Then cut off binding, leaving about 1 in. Fold this over and paste neatly.

For the shorter side, cut a piece of binding the exact length, and cut the

ends to form a mitred corner. Paste this side firmly, then turn picture over and paste the back, cutting the corners off if necessary. Repeat for the other edge, and the picture is ready for hanging.—E.E.G.

Do the Handsome
Thing by Your
Sun Verandah...

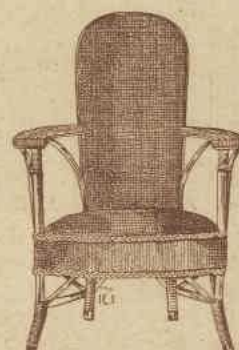
fit it out at

MARK FOY'S



Particularly suitable for the Sun Parlour is this Seagrass setting, which can be used for breakfast or cards. The plain lacquered top table is finished with lacings of coloured cane. These pieces may be purchased separately—the table at £2/19/6

and the Chairs for only, each 34/-



The graceful high-back Chair is of entirely new design, and is constructed of cane and a new plaited fabric, finished in smart two-colour effects such as Blue and Orange, Green and Orange, etc.
At Foy's Low Price 59/6



Roomy and comfortable Tub Chairs, strongly constructed of cane, are made with matching or contrasting cushions to tone with the lacquered finish. A handsome piece of Furniture at 64/-

LIVERPOOL STREET
SYDNEY

Mark Foy's Ltd.



LIVING WITH beauty. A well-appointed dinner table has a charm all its own. Here, in this picture, you visualise the soft beauty of the new Swedish glass—now specially featured at McCathies, Ltd.—allied with richly decorative china and gleaming silver.

MIRRORING Light ... and Diffusing CHARM

... The ... Wondrous Beauty of the New Glassware...

GLASS has mystery and remote magic—a fragile power to mirror many lights and multiply color. And to-day you have the scintillating loveliness of iridescent crystal, the richness of the gold-encrusted ware, or the simplicity of the Swedish, neutral-colored ware from which to choose.

FINE glassware, in colors, is much favored by the present fashions in table settings.

Goblets, cocktail glasses, candy-jars and candlesticks, footed tumblers, slender-stem ware of every sort—dozens and dozens of things with the fascination of fine glassware—constitute beautiful utility ornaments.

The magnificent Orrefors glass, illustrated on this page, is an importation from Sweden, which has many of the finest glass artists in the world.

Delicacy, coupled with durability, is embodied in all samples of this smoke-colored ware, the very color of which is one of its greatest recommendations. What dinner service could possibly look "unmatched" beside this conveniently neutral shade? None!

Smoke-color glassware not only sets off its companions on a table, but takes unto itself the misty charm of the surrounding lights—quite different to that cheap sparkle associated with soda fountains.

This exquisite glassware has an added attraction: On each piece of glass is

SWEDISH Orrefors glass. —Note the exquisite designs of these misty, smoke-colored pieces. —Photo by courtesy of McCathies Ltd.

printed the designer's name—truly a tribute to this new form of home decoration.

Women will soon be asking, "And who designed your goblets, my dear? Mine are by ..."

The beauty of the new glassware cannot be exaggerated. The only thing that can do it full justice is the eye, which, as you probably know, can take in more beauty at a glance than any words can possibly convey.

A candlestick in the smoked glass particularly took the writer's eye when viewing a recent exhibition. This, showing a snake wound about the holder in graceful coils, would give a unique note, as well as lustre, to any table.

There were also on show jade green lemonade sets, invitingly refreshing, and

just the thing for tennis parties and for afternoon gatherings.

White crystal embellished with a band of gold and etched in a lotus leaf design fashions delightful bowls and glasses. The black glass from Holland is ultra smart, and will please home-lovers who are after the unusual.

Gold iridescent bowls, jugs, glasses, and ornamental pieces are very beautiful and have quite a pearly look about them.

Your parties will gain added chic from the use of the new black-stemmed crystal glasses, and the decanters, which have novel black stoppers.

And the cost? This all-important question need worry no one. The prices are remarkably low, considering the quality and workmanship given in every piece of this new glassware.

YOUR STOVE ... Liability or Asset?

The kitchen is essentially the workshop of the home, and with the increased appreciation of labor-saving devices it tends to become a more scientific workshop every day.

THE tendency nowadays is to combine kitchen and scullery in one well-planned apartment with up-to-date fittings. Building contractors also see no reason why the model kitchen should

having the oven at eye-level. The space can be arranged by the architect or builder to accommodate the saucepans.

Newer gas stoves and ranges are mostly enamelled inside and out. The work of keeping them clean, consequently, is reduced to the mere act of wiping them with a damp cloth. The latest improvement is a regulator which enables the heat of the oven to be kept at the required temperature, that temperature being maintained as long as may be desired.

The modern gas cooker has eliminated the unclean grease-begrimed oven shelf, supports and grid. Shelves are now carried directly from the smooth enamelled slides.

The Australian Gas Light Company supplies the following heat-chart, which may be used by those who work with a thermometer:—

Very hot oven, 450deg. F.

Hot oven, 400deg. F.

Moderate oven, 350deg. F.

Very moderate or slow oven, 250deg. F.

Manufacturers of modern stoves are endeavoring to do away with rule of thumb methods. In the past most housewives have gauged the temperature of the oven by guesswork or from their experience. Many a one has made mistakes through miscalculating the precise heat.

The latest stoves, however, are being fitted with thermostats which regulate the temperature of the oven to any degree required. In some cases the heat of the stove is regulated in degrees on the Fahrenheit thermometer. In others the temperature is not indicated in degrees but the thermostat can be placed in any of twelve positions, varying the heat accordingly.

A chart shows the cook just which position to use, although in actual practice most women quickly learn to use the thermostatically-controlled stove without reference to the chart.



LITTLE time and little gas are needed to bring water to boil in the light, bright utensils which grace the modern gas stove, and the application of any patent cleaner keeps them always bright.

not rejoice in a color scheme as effective as its equipment is efficient.

The modern gas stove is clean in every respect. Thus the era of lighter and more attractive pots and pans has come to stay.

Clean and economical gas stoves have relieved women largely from the slavery of the kitchen. The modern stove stands well above the floor to facilitate cleaning and to obviate stooping. Thus the busy housewife enjoys the comfort of

McCATHIES "COLOUR and CHARM"

Sydney's most fascinating China and Glass Department

SPECIAL EASTER DISPLAY

Refurnish the Dinner Table with the new DINNERWARE and COLOURED GLASS



GREEN SPRIG

A Delightful Combination in 2-tone Green, on a ground of old ivory.

32-Piece Set 75/-



MINTON POWDER BAND

The Broad Band, in Powder Green or Orange, with black lines, is strikingly effective.

33-Piece Set £9/9/-



THE RED BASKET

An Old World Design in the famous Minton China. Colours are in rich Orange Reds, Yellow, Brown and Blue.

33-Piece Set £11/10/-



HAIR LINE

An Ultra Modern Pattern of fine lines in Yellow and Black, with a sketchy centre motif. The glaze is of deep ivory.

33-Piece Set £5/10/-



THE OLD MILL

A Red Roofed Mill stands beside a tranquil stream, and gaily coloured flowers spread themselves on a rich cream ground.

32-Piece Set £6/6/-



THE DAISY

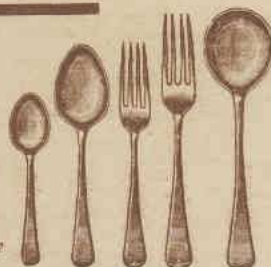
A Hand-Painted Centre is surrounded by a band of Apple Green. Made by Minton, on deep amber glaze.

33-Piece Set £7/7/-

REDUCTIONS IN STERLING SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS

	A1	A B
Tea Spoons ..	13/6	12/6 11/6
Dessert Forks	22/6 21/-	19/6
Dessert Spoons	22/6 21/-	19/6
Table Spoons ..	30/-	27/6 25/-
Table Forks ..	30/-	27/6 25/-
Soup Spoons ..	26/6	25/- 23/6

HALF DOZ.



W. JNO. BAKER SHEFFIELD PLATE Old English Pattern

W. JNO. BAKER LTD. 3 HUNTER ST. SYDNEY

Just Arrived!
The New Plain Glazes
PRIMROSE and
LAWN GREEN

McCATHIES LTD.
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"SURE TO GET IT AT GRACE BROS."

Grace Brosfor **CROCKERY**
and **GLASSWARE**

"Utility Sets"
for every occasion—
at any hour!

47-Piece UTILITY SETS, of Best English make, in a large selection of designs and shapes. Everything needed for six persons for any meal.

Prices range from, full set,
50/- to £4/10/-

QUALITY TEAWARE KEENLY PRICED!

Special Factory Purchase of "CROWN DERBY" Decorated TEA SETS. Fine quality English China, in the latest shapes and designs. Similar to illustration. Regular Value, £3/3/-, 5/6, 55/-.

ALL ONE PRICE, 21-Piece Set 42/6



"PARAGON" CHINA STOCK PATTERN TEAWARE. Neat Black Fiestoon on Pure White finest quality English China, with Gold edge.

Price, 21-Piece Tea Set 48/6

Cups and Saucers, 3/- each; Tea Plates, 2/5 each.



Lemon Squeezer and Small Jug combined. Price, 2/-.

LATEST Covered JUGS
Dust-proof and fly-proof! Ideal for babies' food. Also makes a splendid Lemonade Jug, having strainer attached. Keenly Priced at, ea.,
3/6

NEW Flower Bowls

FLOWER BOWLS
Black outside and coloured inside. With Pink, Green, Blue, or Orange. Blocks to match.



BOWLS. Prices Large, 11/-; Small, 8/-
BLOCKS. Prices Large, 4/6; Small, 3/3

SPECIAL OFFER!

English Crystal Heavy Brilliant Cutting

A large Factory Purchase makes these remarkably low prices possible!



Rose Bowls with centres. 7in. **19/6**
Price, ea.,
9in. Price, ea., **32/-**

Water Sets (7 pcs.: Jug and 6 Tumblers) **34/6**

Lager Glasses. 5/-
15-oz. Each,
10-oz. Price, ea., **3/2**

Wine Glasses.
Price, **19/-**
4-dozen **29/-**

Whisky Nobblers.
Price, **18/9**
4-dozen **29/-**

Decanter. Price, ea., **29/-**

(CHINA AND GLASSWARE—GROUND FLOOR, FURNITURE BUILDING.)

'PHONE
M 6506**—GRACE BROS. LTD.—****BROADWAY
SYDNEY**

FOR THE woman who entertains—no matter whether simply or elaborately—there is an almost bewildering maze of china to choose from at Grace Bros. It seems as if never before have we been tempted with so many exquisite designs and colors. Here, on this charmingly arranged table, you glimpse the beauty of ivory "Woods ware" English china, with its conventional border and flower motif.

—Grace Bros. photo.

**You are Known by
The China You Keep**

EVERY woman, no matter her station in life, loves fine china. The simplest meal takes on charm if the food is accompanied with attractive china. And there is no getting away from the fact that tea tastes infinitely nicer, in fact becomes a happy ceremony, served in a "good" cup—no matter how plain the design.

TO walk through the china department of one of the big shops is an exciting adventure in color—like exploring the sweet pea section of a flower show... harmonies of pleasing, soft tints, intermingled with bold colorful designs that render more fascinating the whole display.

You pause here at a table displaying a cream and green luncheon or dinner set. Your instinct tells you it possesses that rare combination of smartness, charm, and restful simplicity.

How much lasting pleasure could be derived from the ownership of that set!

Also, if she is far-seeing, she first makes sure that the service she selects is of what is called a "stock pattern," thus insuring herself against future disappointment when "repeat" items are needed, for breakages unfortunately occur, no matter how carefully we guard against them.

A word or two may be added here about lovely coffee sets which the various manufacturers are producing now, with their quaint shapes and delightful colors.

The illustration on this page shows an exquisite set in palest apple-green paragon china. Note the attractive shape, and size of the cups.

By the way, have you noticed that



A LOVELY coffee set of Paragon china, in pale apple green with gilt bands, from Grace Bros. The tray is of carved rosewood.

With care, a lifetime of happy service, besides the satisfaction of arousing the admiration of your friends.

During the past few years there has been a decided revival in home entertaining. Where previously one called up a restaurant and ordered dinner for 6 or 8, and then promptly forgot about it, knowing the management would capably look after all the details, the hostess of to-day spends many pleasurable hours planning her dinners. And, as home-lovers know full well, nothing can supplant the charm and intimate note of a candle-lit and perfectly appointed table set within the precincts of your own home.

The wise woman, when choosing her dinner set, selects a one-color service that harmonises with her color scheme. This shows to equal advantage with the gay, colorful linen so much in vogue for luncheons and the formal, snowy napery allied to gleaming crystal and silver of the dinner table.

after-dinner coffee is more frequently served in larger cups than of yore? This is due apparently to two things: Our growing fondness for coffee, and mainly prejudice against the miniature, fragile type of cup.

**For New Exclusive
Patterns in
WALLPAPERS**

Visit our modern, naturally lit
Wallpaper Showroom at 417-421
George Street, Sydney (near
Market Street). Our experts
will suggest pleasing schemes
for any room.

NOCK & KIRBY'S
417-421 GEORGE STREET.

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By Jane Anne Seymour



MISS DOROTHY SMITH, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Smith, of Gordon, in the charming frock which she plans to wear at the Governors' Ball, when she will represent a lady of the early colonial period.

MRS. ALECK JOSKE is expecting her son, Major Clive Joske, from Fiji. His stay in Sydney will be very short. Mrs. Joske thinks he will stay about a week with her at "The Green Cottage," Vaucluse.

THEIR many friends are saying good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, who leave shortly for an extended tour of the Continent and America.

IN spite of the fact that it was so very hot, the United Service Institution's dance last Saturday, in honor of General O. P. Phillips, now A.D.C. to the King, was entirely successful, being a very friendly affair.

Owing to the fact that dances usually do not start at the institution until April, and many of the officers were in camp, only 80 instead of any number closer to 1000 were present, and the Air Force was altogether missing. On the other hand, the 80 made especial friends in Jolly Millers and such, seated themselves around the servery (not bar) to chat, and wandered in parties through the Museum.

The books that line the institution's walls have always before, on these occasions, been hidden by draped flags, but on Saturday they were finally disclosed to the public gaze, so authority must have considered the 80 guests entirely trustworthy!

Those present included the guest of honor, General Phillips, who spent much of his time unconventionally leaning or sitting upon tables chatting, and Mrs. Phillips, who was charming in blue; Major H. W. McBride, in full artillery dress complete with red fannel waistcoat (he told us it was borrowed); Major J. S. Wilson, who, in spite of being related to a Duchess, had thought of the red fannel waistcoat, and then of the heat, and succumbed to temptation, and came in civilian clothes, and Miss Nina Bourne, in oyster satin, the only dancer with one of the new trains, which she managed with great aplomb.

MRS. D. E. A. BUCHANAN, a visitor from Rockhampton, will be in Sydney for Easter.

FROM the "Monterey" deck: "Life on the Tasman waves has given me new slants on several men known well to most women in Sydney. Travel on this luxurious liner, 'Monterey,' has worked wonders. . . . Earl Beauchamp, cocktail host to so many of Sydney's brightest young things, sits all day in a lounge corner, in flannels and brown sports coat, supremely content with cigar and novel, and aloof from the brightness about him.

"I didn't realise Mick Polson, America-bound to see his beloved Winooka, was on board until to-day. Scene: The Big Sweep at the 'model' horse races, spurred by dice. Mickey bid for No. 5, which cantered in to reap £16/5. What does a man do with such a win? The cocktail-shaker became as busy as a bee, and the brass rail bent under the strain.

"BUT for blowing dull clouds right away I vote Sir Charles Kingsford Smith and his Lady Mary. This eagle-faced, lithe Australian more than lives up to all the stories we foreigners hear about him. He is training for his flight back to Sydney in the Southern Cross—no smoking, and just the softest of drinks through straws.

"At the sports yesterday he easily won a race which depended on his ability to suck through a straw. And speaking of sucking! Another race brought blushing by the mere mention of its name—Regaining your lost Youth."

"Girls chose partners and then clutched babies' bottles overflowing with milk. The males had to suck the milk through the rubber, the winner being he who could consume the most in a given time.

"Lady Mary, after months of rearing her tubby Charles Junior, rested her 'Chilla's' head on her shoulder and gave him his head. He sucked his way to victory by many ounces.

"In my wanderings, every time that I think of Australia's greatest 'unofficial' ambassador of goodwill I will think of his flushed face and bulging middle and that ridiculous race.

"After all, men are just babies!"

MARY MEREWETHER is spending a holiday in the country at present, before the weather breaks into winter. She is dividing her time between visiting Joan White, at Muswellbrook, and relatives at Dubbo.

MRS. HUBERT FAIRFAX spent the week-end at Moss Vale, and would have liked to stay longer. The private screening of "The Red Wagon," however, drew her to the city.

Too H is to benefit from the proceeds of the first screening, as it did in London when the Prince of Wales was among the distinguished audience present.

MRS. HARRY OSMOND has gone to Edinburgh to rejoin her husband, who is in his last year's medicine at Edinburgh University. Before her departure many entertainments were given in her honor. The last was a bridge party given by her sister, Mrs. James Lowe, at the Carlton. Mrs. M. J. Graham helped her daughter (Mrs. Lowe), receive the guests.

AMONG those joining the "Cathay" on her cruise around Australia are Dr. and Mrs. Reginald Maffey, of Singleton. Dr. Maffey's son, Dr. Errol Maffey, who, with his young wife, has just returned from cruising to Tasmania, will be his father's representative during his absence.

MRS. A. CUDMORE, of Adelaide, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Stanley Stogdale.

"THE Silent Majesty of the Everlasting Hills" is perhaps the most outstanding work among the many lovely representations of the Australian countryside which are at present on view at Anthony Hordern's Fine Art Gallery. The pictures, a new exhibition of Mr. Lister Lister's water colors, were much praised by Mr. Hould in his opening speech on Wednesday.

THE GIRLS' PROGRESSIVE CLUB is vacating its former premises in Denyer House, and will meet in future every Monday night at the Women's Country Club, 399 George St.



MISS MARIAN HILL, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Noel Hill, of "Terlings," Moree. Miss Hill's marriage to Mr. Geoffrey Manchee will be celebrated at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, on the evening of April 3. The reception will be held at the Queen's Club.

—Montie Luke.

COUNTRY girls down for Easter include Jessie Harris, of Goulburn, who is staying at Vaucluse with Marjorie Abbott, and Ellie Nathan, daughter of Dr. A. C. Nathan, who is down from Wagga.

The Misses Muralt, of Wagga, on the other hand, are returning home this week after spending the summer months in a flat at Manly.

BOBBY LARNACH drives her car from her mother's (Mrs. J. E. Larnach) new home at No. 3 Manning Rd., up and down to town, nowadays, instead of speeding around Manly, where the family used to live.

ARDELLE WOOTTON, of Randwick, a niece of "Dick" Wootton, has just announced her engagement to Mr. Lloyd Donnelly, of Gilgandra. Miss Wootton met her future husband while on a holiday trip to the far western town, some little time ago.



BECAUSE someone started the apostrophe on the wrong path, the notion has got abroad that the Governors' ball is the Governor's ball. The ball was named because it will bring to life, in pageantry, many of the Governors who have helped make Australian history.

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR PHILIP GAME has been most enthusiastic and helpful about the ball, which is in aid of the District Nurses' Association, a cause very dear to the heart of the Governor and Lady Game. Tickets are selling so rapidly, that the success of the event is already assured, and the evening of April 3 should see the Town Hall packed to capacity.

THAT they have chosen the evening before the Governors' ball, when many of their friends might well be getting in a little beauty sleep, doesn't seem to worry Janet Thatcher and Margaret Burns, for they have issued invitations to an "At Home" with dancing, at the Royal Sydney Golf Club for April 2.

ALTHOUGH she has to be home by Easter, to go to races and other odds and ends, Mrs. James McMaster left Sydney last week for Jervis Bay with a very attractive itinerary planned. After a stay there she will motor to Canberra for a while.

Beaupe Bassett is accompanying her, leaving her mother at "Clifford," Wyde St. with Miss Beatrice Bassett, and Miss Bewpre, of Bathurst, who are down on holiday for consolation.

Later on, Beaupe will go with Mrs. McMaster to Canberra for a short visit.

IN the cause of good music, Miss Ruby MacDonald, the well-known Sydney violinist-conductor, is planning a performance of "Stabat Mater," for March 26, at the Sydney Town Hall. Rehearsals are well under way, but Miss MacDonald would like it known that there is room for more good voices, especially tenors and young sopranos. Future performances planned include "The Dream of Gerontius," and "Hiawatha."

ROBERT JOHNSON has had many appreciative visitors at the show of paintings he is holding at the Grosvenor Galleries till March 31, and sales are going satisfactorily.

I saw Judge Backhouse deep in admiration before a picture of Burrigorang, and it recalled to me that the Judge had once walked there from Picton. He is still a lover of walking, and daily walks into the city from his home in Elizabeth Bay.

MRS. C. G. BERGE went to Yass to join the house party of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Merriman, at "Ravensworth," for the picnic races. On her return, she and Dr. Berge commenced the task of sending out invitations to a cocktail party in honor of Dr. Harry Macgregor Cutler, who is off to New Zealand to compete for the annual Kirk-Windeyer golf prize.

EVER since their boys were little Mr. and Mrs. B. B. O'Connor have gone to Tuggerah for their holidays. This Easter they are keeping up their custom. Their son, Berry, and his bride are accompanying them.

The great attraction is fishing. One sees lots of members of the medical and legal fraternity patiently perched in rowing boats around Tuggerah Lake waiting for a nibble.

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A £100 Quest for Australia's Jolliest Baby with £50 for first prize, £25 for second prize, £10 for third prize, and 100 consolation prizes of a handsome Baby Gift Box, sold everywhere for 4/6.

Someone's baby is Australia's Jolliest, why not yours? Surely you can get a snapshot of your baby at his jolliest moment and it may win you £50. Any baby of two years or less on the 17th May, 1934, may be entered.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE

There is no entrance fee whatsoever. All you need do is to take a snapshot of your baby at a jolly moment, fill in the free entry form obtainable at your chemist, and post the two to Messrs. Johnson and Johnson Ltd., 517 Dowling Street, Moore Park, Sydney, to arrive not later than May 17th, 1934.

Give your baby a chance of proving to be Australia's Jolliest; ask your chemist to tell you more about it and to give you an entry form.

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JEAN - MARIE - FARINA
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So closely have Roger & Gallet, the famous Paris Perfumers, guarded the formula, that no imitations have ever rivalled this perfect product.

Prices from 2/6 to 50/-

Women at Agricultural Bureau Conferences

The two recent conferences of the Agricultural Bureau of New South Wales proved to be both educationally and socially a pronounced success.

AT the North-Western Districts Conference at Binnaway men and women came from all quarters of the north and north-west, travelling by car and train, and remaining till the very end of an extensive programme. Hospitality, as usual, was lavishly extended, delegates being invited to stay at the homes of many of the local residents.

A large number of women attended the majority of the sessions, as well as special women's sessions, both being presided over by Mrs. Collins, president of the Binnaway branch of the C.W.A. An address by a local doctor on "Foods—Their Relation to Health," which was extremely useful, and a talk by Mrs. C. L. A. Abbott on travel, were features of the first women's session.

On the second day, demonstrations on the scouring and general preparation of wool on the farm for making wool mattresses, rugs, and other useful articles were given by Miss Gay (Wee Waa). A cake-decorating demonstration by Mrs. Griffith (Gunnedah), followed by a talk on poisons and their antidotes by a local chemist, was very useful from all points of view.

It is interesting to see also the keenness displayed by women in the many subjects relating to the farm, and talks on poultry, vegetable growing, flower gardening, and trees are always of keen interest to them.

Interesting Address

AT Eugowra, women attended from Parkes, Cowra, Molong, Grenfell, and the local members of the Bureau and Country Women's Association attended in force.

A very interesting address and demonstration at the women's session was given by Mr. S. A. Thornell, Young, on pruning, budding and grafting fruit trees and shrubs. A talk by Mrs. Niven, president of the Eugowra Bureau Women's Club, on the work of the women in this branch of the movement, and an address by Miss Lorna Byrne on "Citizenship" were listened to with keen interest by the women.

A debate between two branches of the Agricultural Bureau, one from Eugowra and one from the Dubbo district, the subject being "That Dictatorship is Preferable to Democracy," was probably one



MRS. A. J. STUDDY, of "Glencoe," Boggabri, a vice-president and former State president of the Country Women's Association.

—Freeman.

of the best debates that has ever been held in any of the country centres. The debate was won by the Eugowra team with a very narrow margin. An illustrated address by the Consul-General of Denmark, Mr. Host, attracted a prominent crowd.

All delegates and visitors, together with the organisers of this year's conferences, can be more than satisfied at the progress of the movement from the point of view of both the men and the women of the country.

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(Next Wynyard Station).

DON'T... FORGET

The Benevolent Society's kiosk at the Royal Easter Show, run entirely by voluntary workers, will be at 72 Rotunda St. Mrs. Arthur Rutter is in charge.

Miss Doris Pison is giving a performance of "London Wall" at the Savoy Theatre on April 5. Proceeds are in aid of the Governors' Ball funds for the District Nursing Association.

Under the patronage and in the presence of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Onda, the annual meeting of the N.S.W. Bush Nursing Association will be held at Government House on March 29 at 11 a.m. Their Excellencies invite all those who are interested in the association to attend.

Mr. J. Lewis is organising a reunion of supporters of the Benevolent Society of N.S.W. at the society's hall on April 14 at 8 p.m. Tickets are 1/- each, and the proceeds will be devoted to the society's work.

At the inaugural meeting of the Northbridge Bridge Committee—a new branch of the Royal North Shore Hospital Auxiliary Service League—Mrs. E. Powys and Mrs. A. Andersen were elected as joint honorary secretaries, and Mrs. R. W. Todd as honorary treasurer.

The first function of the committee will be a monster card evening to be held in the Massacre Hall, Northbridge, on Wednesday the 28th instant. This branch has been formed for the purpose of raising funds to supply one of the wards in the new children's section at the hospital with blankets.

Footers House Ltd. Staff Club will hold a dance at Mark Poy's Empress rooms on March 24. The total proceeds will be donated to the funds of the Australian British Empire Games team, which will leave Australia on May 10.

The Royal Hospital for Women Linen Auxiliary have planned a visit to Lever Brothers' on April 11, commencing at 2.30 p.m. A charge of 1/- will be made to help the hospital's work. Mrs. H. Crawford will gladly accept the names of those desiring to join the party.

The official opening of the swimming pool at Barker College will take place on March 24. Sir Philip Oame performing the opening ceremony.

To help defray expense in connection with their twelfth annual dance, the Donnelly College Ex-Students' Union will hold a bridge party at the Carlton Hotel on April 14. The annual tennis tournament and "Back to College" Day will be held at the college on April 15.

On March 24 the Y.M.C.A. 20th Anniversary Welfare of Youth campaign will be held in the Sydney Town Hall. Speakers will be the Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Mowll, and Dr. Fred W. Norwood.



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**Can you
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"Mustard Makyth Methuselahs!"
For Mustard keeps the digestion young. Modern Parrs (and Ma's!) can keep their digestions youthful and efficient by taking Mustard with their meals. Teach your children to take Mustard, too, and see how much more they enjoy their food—and how much better they digest it. It may even make a lot of difference to their health afterwards.

**it's nicer
with
Mustard
— Keen's Mustard**

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Jack Morgan has just cabled his family about receiving a contract for "Magnolia Street"?

During the absence of her husband in Adelaide, last Sunday, Mrs. Wallace Pratt, M.Sc. (formerly Enid Edmonds), preached in the Congregational Church, Broken Hill?

Mrs. Arthur Kingston, on holiday in Sydney, is the only person whose enamel-work was chosen at a recent exhibition for the Paris Museum?

Enjoying Terrigal

MRS. A. WHITE, of "Belltrees," Scone, has been staying at Terrigal with her three children, whom she brought to the seaside for the worst of the summer months.

Mrs. White, who was formerly Judy Coombe, looks more like the children's sister than their mother. Mrs. W. H. Mackay has been holidaying at Jervis Bay, but she went to Terrigal to stay with Mrs. White before she returned to her home.

Down from Shanghai

MRS. J. LEGGE, who has just arrived in Sydney, has many happy memories of her home in the French concession at Shanghai, though life lost the beautiful tenor of its way when Japanese bombs started falling into the streets.

Mrs. Legge and her husband, Captain Legge, will be settling in Sydney. At present they are at 44 Macleay St.

Wedding Festivities

MRS. WILLIE ANDERSON will be in Melbourne for the wedding festivities of her nephew, Sam Hordern. Sam's pretty cousins, Irene and Jean, will accompany their mother. Soon after the marriage of Miss June Baillieu and Mr. Hordern, Mrs. Anderson, with her daughters, will leave by the "Oronsay" for England, where her son is still a Varsity student.

Keen Playgoer

MRS. FEATHERSTONE-HAUGH, who was formerly Miss Vic Lyne, daughter of the late Sir William Lyne, is in town staying at "Holyoake," Cremorne, but is shortly returning to her home in Coonamble. Mrs. Featherstonehaugh's mother belonged to the Shaw family of Tasmania, to which George Bernard Shaw is also related.

Mrs. Featherstonehaugh is interested in all the latest plays. She was at the Independent Theatre last Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Wilfred Heritage, who is a visitor from Tulagi, in the Solomon Island group.

Lover of Home

RATHER reluctantly, Miss Annie Cook decided to join her sister, Lady Maitland, and has accompanied her on a journey to Persia. Miss Cook is unlike the majority of people, who love to travel. For her, the comfortable flat in Macquarie St. has more charm than even the land of Omar and Haroun Al Raschid. Although she thoroughly enjoyed her last visit to Europe, she is always glad to turn her face homeward again.

How Elise Scored

WHEN Philip Game took half-a-dozen of his young friends along to the Harbor Bridge pylon on Friday evening, one of the great attractions was the "pashometer." Strangely enough, all the party scored about the same, except Elise Budge, who positively soared above the rest! The scores were: Philip Game 49, David Game 49, Bill Bathurst 48, Wilfrid Wallace 48, Suzanne Stogdale 49, and Elise Budge 75.

Cymrodorion Society

BEING of Welsh parents, though colonial born, Mrs. P. D. Belcher has always been interested in everything Welsh. She is very proud at present at having been elected president of the Cymrodorion Society. This is the first time a woman has held this position in N.S.W.

To Visit Vienna

DR. AND MRS. GARNETT HALLORAN, with the exception of a determination to visit Vienna, have not made any definite plans about their visit to the Continent, but they intend seeing as many interesting places as possible. While they are away their twin boys will be boarders at "Cranbrook."

News of Yolande Proctor

YOLANDE PROCTOR, daughter of Dr. Rogers and at present in England continuing her art studies and learning dancing, writes that she is planning a most interesting exhibition there. Yolande introduced modern prints to Sydney, and now she is going to introduce aboriginal designs, and Australian flowers, such as orchids, which haven't been done to death like the waratah and flannel flower, to England.

Yolande is an authority on such Australian designs. She attended anthropology lectures at Sydney University, and is continuing with her studies under Professor Firth in London, where he, too, has gone. Recently, she danced for television.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



Convalescing

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pike (formerly Alice Pritchard) were on their honeymoon, some months ago, Philip was taken ill. He got better, however, and, after a short time under treatment, returned to his station home.

A few weeks ago he was again taken ill, and, coming to Sydney, has been operated on by Dr. Sandes. He is making good progress now, and has gone, with his young wife, to Sussex Inlet to convalesce.

Beryl Bryant's Venture

BERYL BRYANT is going into theatrical management in earnest, and has arranged for Rene Riano to tour the suburbs under her management. The revue to be presented is "Stardust," and a number of Beryl's students, who are well known in social circles, will act as show girls in the production.

John Clugston, who so successfully designed the settings and lighting effects for "Snappy Sydney," is associated with Beryl in the venture, and the frocks are being designed by Jocelyn Poynter, daughter of Lady Poynter.

From Tasmania

MRS. GEORGE EVANS, who is the daughter of The Speaker of the House of Assembly in Tasmania, came to Sydney with Mrs. E. H. Salenger, and will be Mrs. Salenger's guest at her house on the North Shore until she returns home.

Trio for Java

FOUR of the five daughters of Mr. H. B. Allard are either travelling or preparing for a trip.

Mrs. Lex Trall, with her husband, has just gone to New Zealand, and Dolly, Betty, and Nancy Allard are preparing for a tour of Java and Japan.

Just Announced

NELLIE WALKER, who announced her engagement, last week, to Justin McArthur, has beautiful titian hair, and all the energy that proverbially goes with it. After leaving "Ascham," she took up economics at the University, while her sister Nancy went in for architecture. After this was finished, she stayed at home for a while until, bored with just "loafing," she took a business position.

Her fiancé is an old Newingtonian, and very popular.

Seeing Her Friends

INVITATIONS will be out this week, we hear, for the marriage of Nancy Ruthven to Jack Buchanan, for April 26. As luck—or, rather, good management—would have it, this date is not only the birthday of Mrs. Alan Copland, one of Nancy's closest friends, who, since her marriage only visits Sydney for a few months every two years, but Mrs. Copland arrives here after five months in New Zealand, just in time to be present at the wedding.

Mrs. Copland (Eileen Hall) is also very excited about seeing Mrs. Maitland's (Alice Carruthers) new home, and in helping her sister-in-law, Margaret Copland, prepare for her wedding, which will probably take place about September. Barbara Holmes, who has been spending a holiday in New Zealand, dividing her time between visiting Mrs. Copland and hiking down South, will return shortly to her home in Bathurst.

SORE THROATS ended at once

Pyorrhoea - Ulcerated Mouths

Every septic condition responds at once to the healing influence of Eichorn's Antiseptic.

Sore throats for instance are eased at once and cleared up quickly if you gargle with a solution of Eichorn's and warm water.

Ulcerated mouths are cleansed and healed. Pyorrhoea is checked and the conditions which lead to it removed. Bad breath is stopped at once.

Eichorn's first cleanses, then heals, and finally firms the skin tissue and prevents reinfection. There is nothing quite so good.

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Popular President



MRS. MATT SAWYER, O.B.E.,
State President of the Country
Women's Association since 1928.

COUNTRY WOMEN'S Association

Outstanding Personalities at the Forthcoming Annual Conference

The twelfth annual conference of the Country Women's Association will be officially opened by Her Excellency Lady Isaacs at David Jones's auditorium on April 3.

Lady Game, who is patron of the association, will be present and will move a vote of thanks to Lady Isaacs.

OUTSTANDING personalities at the Conference will include many women who have worked earnestly and unselfishly to achieve the ideals for which the Association stands.

Mrs. Matt Sawyer, O.B.E., the State President of the C.W.A., will preside. Mrs. Sawyer has been State President

since 1928. She was a foundation member and has been on the executive since its inception. Mrs. Sawyer's home is at "Euloma," Bellungra, where her husband is engaged in pastoral pursuits.

Regarded as the most strictly punctual member of the executive, Mrs. Sawyer has been an indefatigable worker in the cause. During her term of office as State President she has visited almost every branch in the State, making increase in membership her main objective.

Mrs. Sawyer puts an immense amount of time into her work. Recently, His Majesty conferred the O.B.E. upon her in recognition of her fine services. This was the first time the Association was thus recognised.

Toured the State

MRS. A. J. STUDDY, of "Glencoe," Boggabri, was the immediate predecessor of Mrs. Sawyer, as State President, and is now a vice-president. She is a very able speaker and a tireless worker in the cause.

The "Frances Study Rest Home" in Gunnedah is called after her as a compliment to her work in the Namoi Group. During her term as State President she toured the State in a baby Austin car, visiting branches everywhere. Her husband is engaged in the pastoral industry.

Mrs. Percy Stacy, another vice-president, represents the Hunter River Group on the executive, and lives at Warromean, Singleton, where her one unmarried son carries on a large dairy farming business. Intensely interested in questions affecting the welfare of mothers and infants, she is chairwoman of the standing committee of the Association for Maternal and Infant Welfare.

Mrs. J. W. D. C. Beveridge, president of the Hume Group, another vice-president of the State, lives at "Billabong," Gundagai. Mrs. Beveridge has been nominated as delegate to the Pan-Pacific Congress by the N.S.W. branch. She is an ardent feminist, and an authority on international matters affecting women. She has given many interesting talks to various branches on the work of the League of Nations. Mrs. Beveridge is the mother of two sons and one daughter.

Miss Mary Yeo, of Yass, represents the Southern Tablelands on the executive. Three years ago she was a delegate to the Pan-Pacific Congress, and was responsible for the establishment of rural breakfast sittings of the Congress, at which questions affecting rural women are given special attention.

Stamp collecting and poultry rearing are two of Miss Yeo's hobbies, and her friends regard her as a veritable encyclopaedia of knowledge on Australian history.

South Coast Group

MRS. MARK MORTON, Nowra, represents the South Coast Group. Miss Morton never fails to keep up her engagement made for her in connection with the work of the C.W.A. One of the older members of the Association, she is still full of vigor and enthusiasm, and her bright personality has made her many friends.

Mrs. William Hammond, of "Gawsworth," Harefield, Wagga Wagga, president of the Riverina Group, is also a member of the executive.

An effective platform speaker, she has a wide influence among women. On her various visits to C.W.A. centres, she has given many helpful demonstrations of handicrafts.

Mrs. James See, of Inverell, is a member of the executive and represents the Gwydir Group. A pretty blonde, with a charming complexion, she is one of the young enthusiasts in the movement.

Mrs. Helen Marina (Young) is one of the oldest members of the executive, but still a tireless worker in the cause. No C.W.A. State Conference would be considered complete unless Mrs. Marina were present in her accustomed place.

Mrs. George Mack, of "Weemabah," Trangie, represents the Far West Group. She takes great pleasure in covering the vast district comprised by her section of the movement and visiting all the branches. In some centres, there is no hall and she has held her meetings under the shade of a friendly tree.

Many other women who are working capably and tirelessly for the good of country women will be present at the Conference, where problems of the greatest importance to the welfare of the women of the State are brought for discussion and solution.



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£3,500**

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For a FIFTH SHARE and a LUCKY CHARM, send 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in DIFFERENT TICKETS, send 5/6
Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope bearing your name and address (this is very important, as you'll forget to enclose a self-addressed envelope).
By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.
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MANY Want To BE Permanent Wavers

Hairdressing is a favored job with the girls

Hairdressing as a profession has gripped the imagination of women as no other class of work has ever done before.

Since the introduction of permanent waving, the industry has flourished and grown by leaps and bounds.

Even the economic depression which affected every other industry failed to stem the tide of prosperity in the hairdressing trade.

OFFICIALS of the union at the Sydney Trades Hall are being inundated at the present time by applicants who wish to enter the industry.

"Almost every mother who has a good-looking daughter to-day," said an official, "wants to make a hairdresser of her."

While there are only 500 women members of the Hairdressers' Union, large numbers of others are engaged in the industry.

For some years the union was in the happy position of having equal rates of pay for both sexes, but some four years ago the Industrial Commission reduced the wages of girls from £5/10/- to £3/7/-. The award wage is now £2/19/- a week.

The result was that numbers of the best girls employed in the high-class establishments refused to work for that wage, and seized the opportunity of opening in business for themselves.

Many of the girls had a regular clientele among the customers they tended, and they started off with almost the certainty of success, and are now employing up to 10 and 12 hands in their own business.

The result has been to develop a new race of smart business women. And they love the work. "Of all the hairdressers I know," said the secretary of the union Mr. J. P. O'Reilly, "I do not know one who dislikes the profession."

Not only does the artistic nature of the work appeal to women, but they meet interesting people, and they take a woman's pride in helping to beautify.

However, the secretary points out that the idea held by many people that the trade can be learned in a few months is erroneous. Hairdressing is a profession requiring a high degree of skill, and the period of apprenticeship under the award is four years. Reputable employers admit that it requires this period to make an apprentice thoroughly competent.

THE Hairdressers' Union conducts classes at the Technical College for the teaching of wiving. The classes are only available to members of the union, and applicants to the college are invariably referred to the union.

Thus it is that often as many as 50 applications a day are made to the union by mothers who wish to place their daughters in the trade.

Many of them belong to the very best class, and they are prepared to do anything short of offering a bribe to get their daughters a chance to learn.

"It is just the work I would love," the girls say, many of them the pick of Sydney so far as smartness and good looks are concerned.

The office of the union in Sydney has many callers from women and girls who have paid large sums to so-called hairdressing colleges for training, and who have found that they have not been taught the trade in the period specified by the colleges. They come to the union to try and recover their fees, and, in a recent case, the union took action against a college which charged a girl £50 for training. The full amount was recovered, and the college was ordered to pay the girl wages during the period in which her time was wasted.

Certain people have set themselves up as instructors in hairdressing, and undertake to teach pupils the trade in from three to six months for fees ranging up to £25. They are careful to see that their written agreements do not bind them to guarantee anything, and pupils find themselves at the end of the term very little advanced in the trade and minus their fees, plus out of pocket expenses for tools of trade and uniforms.

It has been found that the majority of girls admitted to these classes are admirably adapted for the work, and, generally speaking, Sydney hairdressers compare favorably with those of any other city of the Commonwealth.

MCDOWELLS GREAT GROUND FLOOR Easter SPECIALS offer Exceptional Savings

6/11 5/11 12/11 10/11 4/11 5/11 15/11 13/11

No. 1.—BEAUTIFUL QUALITY DULL SILK GLOVES. Featuring deep two-toned gauntlet with smart drawn thread effect and contrasting points. Available in all the new shades, Mocha, Java, Arab, Grey, Beaver, or Black. Usually 6/11. Special Price 5/11.

No. 2.—FINEST QUALITY GENUINE KAYSER SIMPLEX GAUNTLETS. Popular pull-on style, with self-toned middle-stitched fingers and points; featuring Pleist edge and elastic wrist. All new season's shades, including Arab, Mocha, Java, Beaver, Chamels or Black. Us. 5/11. Spl. 4/11.

No. 3.—"DENTS" REAL BELGIAN KID GLOVES. Featuring smart two-toned Vandyke trimmings with ornate fingers and points. Good fitting. In Brown and White, and Black. Usually 12/11. Special Price 10/11.

No. 4.—GENUINE "FOWNS" FINEST QUALITY REAL BELGIAN KID GLOVES. Featuring smart tucked and flared gauntlets. Beautifully embroidered silk points: guaranteed fingers and thumb ensuring perfect fitting and comfort. For discrimination. Usually 15/11. Special Price 13/11.

MCDOWELLS NOTED BETTER HOSIERY VALUES!

There are thousands of satisfied wearers of our Famous Fully Fashioned Hosiery which are made expressly for use to our specifications which insure the highest possible standard, and each line represents the supreme value at the price.

No. 5.—"Gossamer Charm." A fine Service Siner Stocking: Silk right to the toe. Featuring two blue stripes and Picot top. Usually 7/11. Special Price 5/11 pr. or 3prs. 16/11.

"Nancy Lee" Eight Thread Pure Silk Fine Service Weight Hosiery. Featuring strong little tops and feet. Usually 7/11 pair. Special Price 5/11 pr. or 3prs. 16/11.

No. 6.—Smart Chubby Umbrella. Covered in bordered silk mixture, best quality 10-rib British frame; suitable for sun or rain. In Navy or Brown. Exceptional value. Usually 14/11. Special Price 10/11.

No. 7.—HANDSOME BLACK UMBRELLA. Covered with finest quality silk mixture: best quality 10-rib British frame and attractive novelty handles. Wonderful value. Usually 30/-. Special Price 22/11.

Other smart Black Umbrellas. From 7/11s. 4/11s. 5/11s. 6/11s. to 30/-.

SYDNEY'S BEST HANDBAG VALUES!

No. 8.—SMART REAL CALF UNDER-ARM BAG. With zipper pocket under flap. Inside fittings include double centre frame with lambkin divided inner; large mirror and extra purse in pocket. Good mouse lining. Finished with roll bar fastener and thumb strap. In Black or Nigger only. Usually 10/11. Special Price 12/11.

No. 9.—STYLISH NEW TOP OPENING BAG. In real Morocco. Covered frame with chromium finish; lambkin divided centre, swing purse and large mirror in pocket; ext. silk lining throughout, and thumb strap finish. In Black, Nigger, or Navy. Usually 15/6. Special Price 15/11.

No. 10.—Real Morocco UNDERARM BAG. With double centre frame and triple divided inner; front zipper pocket under flap. Best mouse lining, and large mirror in pocket. Finished with new bar catch fastening and back strap. In Black or Nigger. Usually 17/6. Special Price 19/11.

No. 11.—Sensational Purchase of a range of HIGH-GRADE HANDBAGS. Comprising the very latest in imported top-opening frames of chromium and jet. This is your opportunity for a good Easter bag. In imported leathers, best mouse silk linings, and newest fittings. Usually 25/- to 45/-. Special Price 25/-.

EXTRA FLEECY...EXTRA DURABLE TOO!

THE longest wool is used in Challenge Blankets. That gives them deeper fleeciness... prevents them from wearing smooth in the wash. Challenge Blankets are snug and downy-soft, yet firmly woven. They are odourless and free from filling... fully guaranteed by the retailer who sells them to you. Ask to see a pair. Note the depth of nap, the perfect weave. There are sizes and qualities to meet all needs.

CHALLENGE BLANKETS

The Perfect WAVE —
ANDREE PERM. 15'-

Our 23 Rooms are consistently booked to capacity — because we give service at a price.

PRICE INCLUDES — HAIR CUT, SHAMPOO, FINGER WAVE

BUCKINGHAMS OXFORD STREET SYDNEY

INVISIBLE MENDING

Have that damaged Suit or Frock INVISIBLY MENDED at
90 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Sydney Weaving Co. : 90 Pitt St. : Phone: BW6952

CLARICE TEECE

Ladies' Hairdresser
Late Her Majesty's Arcade, has moved to larger premises.
SHE HAS TAKEN THE ENTIRE THIRD FLOOR
194 PITT STREET
Two Doors from Market Street.
Call in at the new address.
Phone: MA1134 Phone: MA1134

KNITTED Stripes are so EFFECTIVE

This is the first of our series this year of exclusive knitted wear. Our representative has specially selected a number of very smart overseas designs featuring the newest notions in colorings and in trimmings.

THEY include the most intriguing ideas, for the time-light of fashion is definitely focussed on knitted wear this year.

Red and stone color with chromium buttons sounds most attractive, but, as an alternative you could use blue with battleship grey, or bottle green with sand and brass buttons.

Abbreviations: K., knit; m. make by picking up thread before next st. and knitting into back of it; p., purl; rept. repeat; sts., stitches; st. st., stocking stitch.

Materials: 4oz. red double knitting sports wool, 3oz. stone colored double knitting sports wool, 1 pair No. 7 needles, 4 No. 7 needles, 10 chromium buttons.

Measurements: Cape, 8 1/2 in. x 38 in. round bottom; neck, 15 in.; cap, 19 1/2 in. x 7 1/2 in.; gauntlets, 8 in. x 12 in. at top; 7 1/2 in. at waist.

Tension: 7 rows to the inch in depth; 4 sts. to 1 in.

THE CAPE

Cast on 80 sts., do 3 plain, 2 purl rib for 8 rows, join stone colored wool (continue in stocking stitch throughout). 1st Row: Plain. 2nd Row: Purl. 3rd Row: (Plain) k. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1. Knit until only 4 sts. remain on the needle, M. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1.

4th Row: Purl. 5th Row: Plain, repeat as 3rd Row. 6th Row: Purl. 7th Row: Plain, repeat as 3rd Row. 8th Row: Purl. 9th Row: Join red wool, separate stitches on needle into three sections, having 32 sts. at each end. Mark these points for shoulders. Knit to 31st stitch; m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1. Knit 47 sts., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1. Continue to end of row.

10th Row: Purl. 11th Row: Plain k. 2. Cast off 3 sts. for top of buttonhole. Continue to shoulder point and rept. Increase as in 9th Row, making 1 st. at shoulder point and one on either side.

12th Row: Purl, turn, keeping two sts. separate at end of row.

13th Row: Plain, k. 2, make 3 for bottom of buttonhole, continue to shoulder points, increasing as before. 14th, 15th and 16th Rows: Continue in st. st., increasing at shoulder points on plain rows.

17th Row: Join stone color wool, st. st. without increasing for 8 rows, join rept. as from 9th to 16th row, join stone st. 8 rows, join red, rept. as 9th to 13th row, then st. st. for 4 rows, cast off. Press firmly with damp cloth and sew on buttons.



CHROMIUM BUTTONS, a quaint little peaked cap, and cleverly-arranged stripes are the features of this smart Parisian outfit that can be quite simply knitted.

CAP

Cast on 87 sts. on 3 needles (29 sts. on each) in stone colored wool, k. in st. st. for 2 ins. Join red st. st. 8 rows, join stone st. st. for 4 ins. (28 rows). Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with damp cloth, divide top of cap into four and sew one button firmly in centre to hold it together.

GAUNTLETS

Using red wool, cast on 40 sts., beginning with plain row st. st. 8 rows, leaving 6 sts. on needle, join stone color st. st. for 6 rows, st. st. the remaining

red sts. for 6 rows (this continues red border).

*15th Row (red sts.): K. 2, cast-off 3, k. 1, continue in stone color to end of row.

16th Row: Purl, casting on 3 sts. where they were cast off.

17th Row: Join red st. st. for 8 rows, increasing 3 sts. at end of each plain row, join stone, rept. from star continuing to increase 3 sts. at end of each plain row. Join red st. st. 8 rows, increasing as before. Join stone, leaving 6 sts. on needle as before, st. st. for 1 row.

41st Row: With red sts. k. 1, cast-off 3 and k. 2.

42nd Row: Finishing buttonhole as before, st. st. for 5 rows, join red, st. st. for 5 rows. Cast off loosely. Sew up red border to stone colored stripe. Rept. for other cuff.

TO MAKE UP

Press well with damp cloth, tie all ends and thread through, sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

CONDITIONS OF £250 COMPETITION

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition and each entry must be accompanied by four coupons of successive dates.
2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.
3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.
4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St., Sydney; Queensland: Shell House, 361 Ann St., Brisbane; South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide; Victoria: Age Chambers, 239 Collins St., Melbourne.
5. Entries close on June 15.
6. Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover return.
7. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.
8. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.
9. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.
10. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The Judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.

£250 KNITTING Competition!

Comprehensive Judging

Further developments in our big knitting competition have been arranged to give the widest possible scope in the judging of entries.

A representative committee will be appointed in each State to judge the entries received at our office in that State. A group of entries from each section will be chosen by the committee for the final judging.

WITH £250 as prize money, and 157 prizes to be awarded, readers are reviewing the different sections and deciding just what garments they will make, keeping in mind the utility of the garment for subsequent wear. For this competition affords, of course, a delightful means of adding a charming and modish garment to one's wardrobe, as well as the opportunity it offers for the winning of generous cash prizes.

One of the most important features to the entrants is obviously the method of judging. This matter is now being arranged and on such a basis that every entrant will feel that she has received the widest possible consideration.

Separate committees, comprising well-known people, will judge State entries as a whole in the respective States, selecting from the total entry in each section a group of garments, all of which they consider are possible prize winners.

For the final judging the garments thus selected by the respective State committees will be judged as a whole by a committee comprising not less than three well-known people, representative of all States.

Have you started your entry yet? Remember you can enter in as many sections as you please, so give yourself plenty of time to knit more than one garment.

There is no entry fee, but don't forget to keep entry coupons from the paper each week so that you will have four successively dated ones to attach to each entry.

Following are the full details of The Australian Women's Weekly £250 knitting contest.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
3rd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £260.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. (Shades in mart wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme). Styling, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £30
2nd Prize ... £15 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
3rd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 33 Prizes valued at £260.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used, and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize ... £30 2nd Prize ... £2/10/-
3rd Prize ... £7/10/- 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
Total of 13 Prizes valued at £235.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize ... £10
2nd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £20.

To comprise not less than three garments, including a frock or coat.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children Between 8 and 14 Years of Age

1st Prize ... £20
2nd Prize ... £5 10 Prizes of ... 10/-
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £230.

These garments will be judged mainly for school wear, and entrants can evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outfit of 5/-

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £230.

Best Outfit of approximately 5/-. The Judges will award the prizes in this Section to the garment or garments which, made from the stipulated outfit, represent, in their finished state, the best value for the money. Any garment, or garments, will be eligible for entry in this Section. Sets of berets and scarves, ladies' lingerie, men's socks and ties, bag-me-lights or dressing jackets; an endless variety of garments may be evolved by the enterprising knitter for 5/-. The market value of the garments, together with the standard of the knitting, will be the guiding factor in judging this Section.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £5 20 Prizes of ... 5/-
Total of 22 Prizes valued at £230.

Artistry of design will be regarded as a special feature in this Section. Fine lace stitches, touches of hand embroidery, or applique can be used.

See conditions at foot of column 3.



FOR EVERY
SANDWICH
OCCASION

Whenever sandwiches are served, at picnics, light suppers, school lunches, Peck's Anchovette is the very thing. Young and old enjoy its delicious flavour. Ensure popularity by serving the most popular fish paste sold in Australia.

PECK'S
ANCHOVETTE
FISH PASTE



They all
like it..

No matter how young children may be, you can give them Bonnington's Irish Moss. They like it. It SOOTHES and eases the breathing, it's by far the best nursery-aid for Mother when COUGHS are about, it's agreeable and perfectly harmless!

**BONNINGTON'S
IRISH MOSS**
FOR COUGHS & COLDS



Our FASHION Service and FREE Pattern!



WX400.—Velvet frock with fancy sleeves and double knife pleats in skirt. Material required, five and three-eighths yards of 36-inch, or three and one-quarter yards of 54-inch and half a yard contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and five-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX 400

WX 401

WX 402

WX 403

WX 404

WX 405

WX401.—Frock and hip length coat of woollen material, suitable for medium or large figures. Material required, four and a half yards of 36-inch or three yards of 54-inch and half a yard of 3-inch pleated trimming for frock. The coat requires three and one-eighth yards of 36-inch or two and one-eighth yards of 54-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, of frock, two and one-eighth yards. Size 44-inch bust requires four and three-quarters yards of 36-inch or three and one-quarter yards of 54-inch, and half a yard of 3-inch pleated trimming for frock. The coat requires three and one-eighth yards of 36-inch or two and three-eighths yards of 54-inch. Width at hem, of frock, two and one-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46, and 48-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WX 406

WX 407

WX 408

WX402.—Tweed frock with raglan sleeves, high-waisted effect and seam down centre front and back skirts. Material required, three and three-quarters yards 36-inch or two yards 54-inch, and three-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and five-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX403.—Frock of woollen fabric with jumper and skirt effect, sleeve pleated at top. Material required, four and a quarter yards 36-inch, and five-eighths contrasting 36-inch, or two and three-eighths yards 54-inch and three-eighths 34-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX404.—A smart tweed suit consisting of coat, skirt and waistcoat. Material required, four and three-eighths yards of 36-inch, or three and five-eighths yards of 54-inch. Waistcoat requires five-eighths yard of 48-inch material or one and one-eighth of 36-inch material. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem of skirt, two and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX405.—Frock with side front hip pieces and fur fabric collar and cuffs. Material required, three and five-eighths yards 36-inch or three yards 54-inch, and three-eighths yard 48-inch fur fabric, and three-eighths yard 36-inch lining for collar. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WX 409

WX 410

WX406.—Girl's flannel frock with pleats in skirt. Material required, two and a half yards 36-inch and three-eighths yard for collar and cuffs. To fit size 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.**

WX407.—Girl's wool-de-chine frock with pleats in skirt and new sleeves. Material required, three and a half yards 36-inch or two yards 54-inch, and three-eighths yard 36-inch for collar. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes, 8-10, 10-12, and 14-16 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.**

WX408.—Small girl's tweed coat with round collar. Material required, two and three-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 6-8 years. Other sizes, 2-4, 4-6, and 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.**

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 229 Collins Street.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Wall Street.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and id. stamp for postage to:
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name
Address
State
Pattern Coupon, 24/3/34.

Two entirely different designs, each perfectly delightful, can be made from our free pattern this week. It is cut to fit size 36-inch bust, and all hems and turnings must be allowed for when cutting.

All these patterns may be obtained on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated from The Australian Women's Weekly—

Adelaide: Shell House, North Terrace.
Brisbane: Shell House, Ann St.
Melbourne: The Age Chambers, 229 Collins St.
Newcastle: Carrington Chambers, Wall Street.
Sydney: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

FREE PATTERN

Give me one look at any woman—

and I'll tell you if she has P.B.S.

—says a leading practitioner

"The signs are unmistakable—dullness of the eyes—a pasty unhealthy tinge in the skin, and a general run-down appearance."

P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) is a woman's worst enemy because it distributes deadly health-wrecking poisons to every organ of the body, bringing loss of vitality and charm, **LISLENESS, NERVOUS HEADACHES, BAD BREATH, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, STOMACH DISORDERS.**

P.B.S. is the outcome of the faulty and incomplete functioning of the bowels, liver and kidneys. Many medical authorities assert that P.B.S. causes chronic constipation and some of the most terrible human ailments.

The cure for the unclean system is a small dose of Schumann's Salts in a long glass of warm water every morning. The first dose will prove this.

There is no substitute for Schumann's Salts.

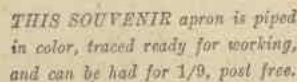
Any Chemist or good Store stocks Schumann's, so buy a jar to-day.

Schumann's Salts are the extracts of mineral spas renowned throughout Europe for their marvellous curative powers. Enjoy good health and abundance of energy and charm by keeping your system clean.

PRICE per 1/6 Jar Family Size 2/9

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts
Purifies but does not Purge

CONDUCTED
BY FIVE GIVE



Traced ready for working in best quality British calico—send for it!

SOUVENIRS of the Royal visit will naturally take countless forms, and soon the shops will be flooded with all manner of things to meet the demand of such a great and memorable occasion.

So, those of you who would like to be among the first to have something of a novel and useful nature, who are in need of a strikingly attractive apron, or who would like to work one and send it overseas to a relative or friend as a happy souvenir of the Prince's visit, can obtain this immediately on application for 1/2 post free.

PLACE embroidery face downwards on a very thickly-padded ironing board, cover back of work with muslin, press lightly with a moderately hot iron. If material is very creased or slightly puckered, use muslin damp. When embroidery is on velvet, or material which should not be pressed on a board get someone to hold material out taut while you pass iron firmly over back of work.

The cover of 'THE ASPRO YEAR BOOK 1934' features a detailed illustration of a library or study. A man in a dark suit stands in the background, holding a book. In the foreground, two women are seated on a plush sofa, each engrossed in reading a book. The room is filled with bookshelves, a large window with a diamond-patterned leaded glass, and a small table with a lamp. The title 'THE ASPRO YEAR BOOK' is prominently displayed at the top in a large, stylized font, with '1934' centered below it.

The 1933 'ASPRO' Year Book was an outstanding success. Thousands of letters have been received from all parts of Australia requesting a 1934 edition. In response to this popular demand "The 1934 'ASPRO' Year Book" has been produced for Free Distribution to every home in New South Wales. The cover is beautifully illustrated in colors, and the pages are chock-full of interesting information for every member of the family. The book is worth every penny of ninepence, yet it costs you nothing. Distribution commenced on Monday, March 5th, and should be completed by Saturday, March 24th. IF YOU HAVE NOT RECEIVED YOUR COPY BY THAT DATE, write to 'ASPRO' Dept., C/o Gollin & Co., Clarence Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded post free.

WHAT THE BOOK CONTAINS:

EDITORIAL ARTICLE EXPLAINS ASTROLOGY. In concise form 35 pages are devoted to Astrological Information, which includes Astrological Predictions for Australia and other countries, and an Everyday Guide for each Month. Horticulturists and Farmers are informed of the influence of the Stars for seed planting, and a special Planting Chart is included for the direction of those wishing to put Astrology to the test. Poultry raisers will be interested in a correct Astrological Table for setting eggs, and persons contemplating Marriage will be intrigued by the article—"Choosing a Mate." The Year Book also contains First Aid Notes, edited by the St. John Ambulance Association, and articles contributed by authentic writers on Health and Eating, Hints on Motherhood, How to Treat Sick Animals, etc. In addition, reliable sporting records, including Cricket, Golf, Rowing, Tennis, Racing, and Football are provided.

With the great interest in the forthcoming 1934 Test Matches in England, Test Cricket Records should prove intensely interesting when listening to broadcast descriptions of the Test Matches. A Calendar and much other information makes the Year Book one of the most interesting booklets ever offered to the Public.

If You Have Not Received a Copy at Your Home—Read This Message:
Delivery in N.S.W. should be completed by Saturday, March 24th. If you have not had your book by that date, write to The Manager, 'ASPRO' Dept., C/o, Gollin & Co., Clarence Street, Sydney, for a post free copy. All postal applications must be received in Sydney by March 31st, as on that date the printing formes will be lifted, and no further copies will be available. Do not procrastinate. If your book has not reached you by March 24th, make positively certain that you write before Saturday, March 31st, and so avoid disappointment.

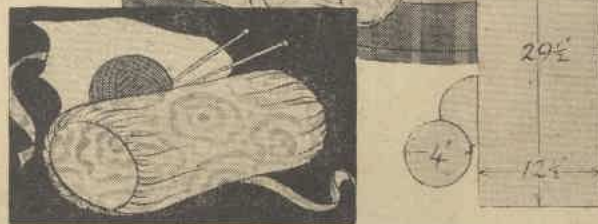
8F/34

..... Such a pretty bag
in flowered silk or gay
cretonne for you to make.

The illustration below gives you an idea of how charming and practicable this bag—specially designed to hold your crochet or knitting—is. As you can see, it is compact.

CUT two pieces of flowered silk the size and shape shown in the diagram, also four circles and a long strip

THIS pretty bag is
ever so simple to
make and will
keep your work
clean and
fresh.



DAINTY ENOUGH to
wear under your
Prettiest Frock...

With the patterns, you can safely undertake either one of these slenderising slips, even if it is your very first attempt at dress-making.

If you like a touch of hand embroidery on your lovely undies, you will find the transfers very helpful. These, if care is taken in stamping off, can be used over again. Always use an iron slightly warmed to stamp transfers on to silken fabric.



WHEN YOU decide to make these dainty as well as practical garments, do pause and consider how very important it is to choose good wearing material, so that your dainty stitchery will not be wasted.

2342.—Material required, two and five-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.** Transfers 6d.

Y1518.—Material required, two and three-quarters yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.** Transfers 3d.

PICTURES taken by The Australian Women's Weekly may be obtained from our Photographic Department at low costs. Why not inquire about that portrait or picture you like?

HOST HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrook's Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetizer.***

for ties. Seam the two strips together, and turn them right side out. Sew the circles together in pairs. Gather along the two long sides and inset one double circle at each side. The shaped piece makes a flap. Work herringboning all round the flap and round the two circles. Stitch on the ties with a row of herringboning.

THE traced lines and patterns quoted on this page may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated at—

ADELAIDE: 2nd Floor, Shell House,
North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 223
Collins St.
SYDNEY: Mardunell House, 221 Pitt St.



Wise habit — Gargle
night and morning with
"MELASOL"

Most germ-infection finds its way into the system through the mouth—and during the night germs can multiply undisturbed. The daily Melasol gargles quickly kill all germs in the mouth and affords you definite protection. Melasol contains 40% Ti-trol, the new and extremely powerful Australian germicide and deodorant—pleasant and soothing to use, and definitely non-poisonous.

Recommended throughout Australia by the medical profession. Also unequalled for—Poisoned wounds, cuts, sores, skin eruptions. Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, 2/-, 4/6, 9/6.

MELASOL

Antiseptic Solution

Contains 41% T-trip Oil, the new Australian germicide and fungicide. Eliminates diseases from cereals but non-poisonous and non-irritant.

"Sure in Action—Safe in Use."

Remove Superfluous Hair
SAFELY  QUICKLY



Just rub
Wonderton
over the hair
to be removed
and then ad-
mire your
beautiful hair-
free skin.
No unpleasant
irritation.
Wonderton is
being used by
thousands of
women every-
where. 1/8
and 1/4 PER
CAKE AT
CHEMISTS

Wonderstoen

OVAL OR FLAT TOP

Micrometer-
Tested Frames
Keep Playing
Face True

The Only Frame
Engineered to
Take Modern
"Board-tight"
Stringing

No Breakage
at Racquet's
Throat

You can't score bull's eyes
with a Musket —

It's your Racquet at fault
not You —

YOU can't score bullseyes with a smooth-bore musket; neither can you play perfect tennis with an old style racquet.

The old style tennis racquet will be replaced by the Chesterfield 1934 Superstroke by every player who wishes to combine the terrific speed of modern tennis with hairline accuracy. Often you've found yourself stroking as well as ever you've done, but missing vital points as the ball strikes the net or drops out of court by inches. Nine times out of ten it's your racquet at fault, not you.

The First Racquet Engineered to Take "Board-Tight" Stringing

Up to the present all tennis racquets have been made with frames to stand the strain of gut tensed to 40lbs. To-day gut is strung at a tension of 80lbs.

conditions as when the racquet began life. You can play your shots faster, more accurately and with the certainty that the ball will do exactly what your stroke asks it to do.

**Super Strong, Carefully
Selected, Naturally Seasoned
Ash in Frame**

The frame of the Chesterfield 1934 Superstroke is constructed of carefully-selected ash seasoned in the open and not by kiln drying. Most manufacturers kiln dry their timber for the sake of convenience and cheapness. Kiln dried timber collapses the wood cells—thus weakening the structure, and will absorb from 18% to 20% of moisture when later exposed to the air. The timber in the frame also becomes spongy, loses its resilient vitality, rendering it liable to distortion and warping. It soon becomes brittle and is easily broken.

The 1934 Chesterfield Superstroke defies wear and tear, and hardcourt players particularly will welcome this sturdy, honest frame, which will stand up to many "board-tight" restrings.

Once, the force of the stroke was absorbed by the gut, but with an old-style racquet strung "board-tight" the strings cannot absorb the shock of the stroke. At the moment of impact with the ball an old style frame "board-tight" strung, bends slightly and throws the plane of the racquet out of true. The result is that inexplicable failure to make winning shots with good strokes that comes with annoying frequency to every player.

Faster, More Accurate Play . .

Chesterfield frames are specially designed to suit modern "board-tight" stringing. The new stronger and completely rigid frame the playing face remains as true under all

**Generous
Replacement
Guarantee**

If a CHESTERFIELD 1934 "SUPERSTROKE" requires replacement within 60 days no charge will be made for frame or gut.

Allowances on New Strung "Superstroke" Racquet	
If replacement needed within	
3 months	45/-
4 "	37/6
5 "	25/-
6 "	20/-

Some Allowance on Faulty Racquets of Other Makes.

Price 75/- Strung with best Gut

**CHESTERFIELD 1934 SuperStroke
TENNIS RACQUET**

Perfect Symmetry of Grip Means Comfort Plus Accuracy.

J. O. ANDERSON has changed —
SMITH has changed.
They're changing every day
— Changing over to CHESTERFIELD.

We'll pay you
**£1 FOR YOUR
OLD RACQUET
FOR ONE MONTH ONLY**
ANY MAKE — ANY CONDITION
Ask for Details

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Autumn Style by Creed's



Naturally you want the finest Autumn styles your money can buy, and therefore you naturally go to CREED'S.

This year it is even more essential that you should do so, for CREED'S have produced a range of garments that is far, far ahead of any that has ever been introduced to Sydney before! Honestly, you'll be amazed at the wealth of style that even the smallest outlay secures at CREED'S! Of course, you pay only manufacturer's prices!

• The Coat is \$29. There are thousands more at 29/11!

• Suits, too, are to be had in all styles, colours and sizes. Prices 29/11! from



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TAIL-WAGGER CHATS

PREPARING For a SHOW

By "PHILOKON"

IT would be superfluous to offer advice to old hands about the preparation of their dogs for shows, but so many new people are coming in all the time that I am tempted to say a few words upon the subject.

The manner in which the dogs are put down has a considerable influence upon their success or otherwise, and intending exhibitors from now onwards should be getting busy. In most breeds hard condition counts materially. This can only be achieved by giving plenty of exercise, preferably on hard ground, which develops the muscles and tightens up the feet. Fatness is a serious handicap.

Make the dogs as smart as possible by strenuous daily grooming, first brushing thoroughly, and then using a hair glove. A final rub down with a clean towel puts a polish on those coats that need it. Long-haired dogs should be combed with much care so that the coat may not be raked out or broken.

There have been complaints this summer about coats losing their glossiness. Perhaps the weather may have had something to do with it. A little linseed meal or oil in the food once a day for a few weeks before a show would probably act as a corrective, but that will not take the place of grooming. Two or three days before the show most breeds will be improved by a bath, but those with wire coats should be dry-cleaned with powdered chalk. Washing softens the coat. Be sure that the dogs are free from worms, for these pests make it difficult to bring them to their best.

Then there is the question of deportment, that is a stumbling block for most beginners. The dog that conducts himself well in the ring, so that his points may be displayed to the utmost perfection, has at least a fifty per cent. better chance of winning than one that has no manners.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of this matter, yet every judge has reason to deplore the slackness of some exhibitors in this respect, and they are usually the first to grouse about unfairness and partiality.

Every dog should be trained at home before he goes to a show, being taught to go on the lead without pulling, and to stand at attention in a way that will accentuate his characteristics. Unless this is done, disappointment is inevitable, and it is folly to put the blame on the judges when the fault lies at home. Experienced men and women would be ashamed to show a dog that had not been taught how to behave himself.

Our KNITTING BOOK... Now on Sale!

Between the colorful covers of our knitting book there are twenty exclusive designs, with full and straightforward directions for the knitting.

It contains a complete range of jumpers and cardigans from the ultra-smart, new sensor models to the comfortable garments, so easily knitted.

In addition there are some most attractive little models for members of the kindergarten, and a plain tailored cardigan for the menfolk.

For good measure, too, our knitting expert has compiled a "lexicon of stitches," giving explicit directions for six intriguing stitches with close-up photographs of each stitch, and a smart little beret with gauntlets to match.

You can secure your copy straight away. It costs you only sixpence.

Ned Kelly Will Speak

NED KELLY himself will give a short address to H.W. listeners on Wednesday, March 28, at 2.15. This is as near to the real Ned Kelly as you will ever get.

Leslie Hay Simpson, the clever young actor who plays the part of Ned in "When the Kellys Rode," the new Imperial Feature film, will come to the microphone as the character he takes in the film.

Mr. Simpson will sustain the role over the air, and will speak to you, not as himself, but as Ned Kelly. He will tell you something of his trials and thrills.

"MOTHERCRAFT," by Mary Truby King, 3/4 posted from Box 1940 K.K. G.P.O., Sydney.



"Young brains and bodies get tired too!"



Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle.

CHILDREN, like parents, have a hard job these days in keeping "up to the mark." So many lessons, so much sport, and then homework to be done at night, when young bodies and brains are often weary. When children are nervy and tired, nothing is better for them, nothing safer, than Clements Tonic — the great natural restorative that feeds the blood and nervous system. Read what this mother has to say about it.

"Good for Children When Lessons Worry Them"

Nelson, N.Z., Jan. 29, 1933
"Just now I am giving Clements Tonic to my children. It is so good for them if their lessons worry them at all, even if they only take a dose at night or going to bed."

—(Mrs.) D.H.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

For "Nerves," Lassitude and Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Loss of Energy, take Clements Tonic without delay.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

HEADACHES



GIBB & BEEMAN'S
1934 DESIGN

If you suffer from headaches, or pain in the eyes you may save yourself further suffering by consulting us. You can rely on our most conscientious service, and moderate charges.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,

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378 PITT STREET, (opposite Anthony Horderns)
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And at NEWCASTLE.

Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon Steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit over and under the water, contains a Slippery Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Wheels, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dining Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provide the same of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4/6, LADIES' 3/6, CHILD'S 1/6.

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S 4/6, LADIES' 3/6.

DAILY FARES: ADULTS 6d., CHILDREN 1d. (under 5 years FREE).

THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY S.S. CO., LTD.
Telephone: B3231, B3783.

War Memorial APPEAL . . . 150,000 Two Shillings Are Needed

By MILDRED MUSCIO

The Anzac War Memorial in Hyde Park is unfinished. Had it been made in freestone the £65,000 in the fund would have sufficed, but the wise decision to use lasting granite and marble meant £15,000 more.

IT is more than 15 years since the war ended, 19 since the Anzacs landed at Gallipoli, and whatever memorial of the tragic and heroic doings of that time we intend should be completed quickly, for even now the years have robbed us of the spontaneity which should have been part of our commemoration.

This memorial is not to glorify war. It is a tribute of love and appreciation to men who stood up to that monster, and whose patriotism and sacrifice remain as symbols of great value to us. We write our history here, and very significant is our spiritual reaction to this monument. When in the future we beautify our city, may it not again be in order to commemorate great losses of our youth in war!

May happier occasions induce us to plan beauty and remembrance! But here we have tragic history written, something real and deep, something which has set its mark on us all, even on those who have grown up since that dark time.

IF 150,000 contributions of 2/- are given the memorial will be finished. To give quickly is to make the giving more valuable, and the money is asked for by Anzac Day, April 25, next. Women helped greatly in the early collections for the Soldiers' Memorial for women who have little money are nevertheless quick and generous givers when their hearts are touched.

In this granite and marble, in these symbolic figures, we give a long-lasting form to the courage, the spiritual achievement, the heroism, which Australia begot and war sought to extin-



IS IT any wonder that Australian-made tennis racquets are so good when we have girls such as this assisting in their manufacture? English firms see a menace to their trade in the Australian-made racquets, according to recent cables.

Should Wives Have Salaries?

Here is a problem in which every woman is interested. Some wives, of course, get paid, but most of them do not. Should there be an award for wives, and if so, how much should it be?

MRS. ALBERT LITTLEJOHN, director of the 2UW-The Australian Women's Weekly radio sessions, well-known Sydney personality,

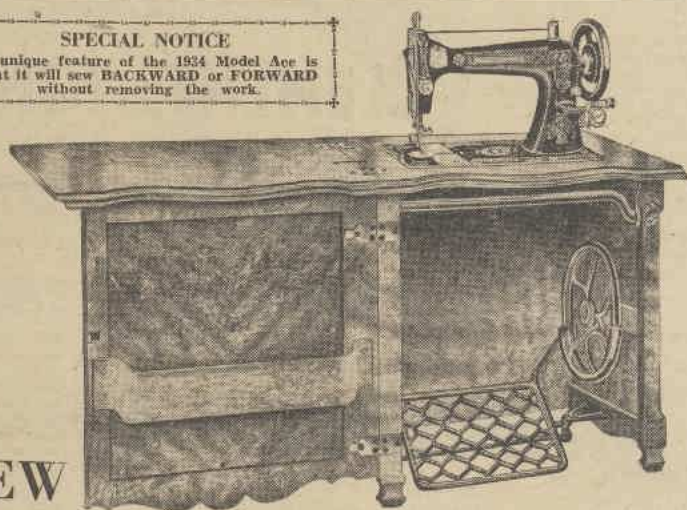
has very definite views on the question. She feels that wives should be paid, and that, until they are, women will not really be emancipated.

On the other hand, Mr. C. N. Baeyeritz, author, poet, late editor of "Triad," a confirmed woman hater, is of the opinion that wives should not be paid. More-over, he rather feels that they are getting too much of a good time as it is.

So frequently have Mrs. Littlejohn and Mr. Baeyeritz argued this point at 2UW, that at last it has been decided to let them have it out over the air, and listeners are asked to judge who is right. On Tuesday, March 27, therefore, at 2.40, these two verbal champions will cross words over the microphone. And there will be no quarter. As they both feel very keenly on the subject, it is expected to be a pretty hot debate. Send the children to play in the garden while you listen. Neither husband nor wife, nor unmarried men or girls, can afford to miss this argument. Judgment should be posted to 2UW or The Australian Women's Weekly.

Our memorial is for them, and thus we must give quickly and make it as perfect as possible. It is not costly as such things go; in Melbourne they have spent 34 times as much as our £80,000. It is a small gift to make to our city and our State in the name of our dead Anzacs.

SPECIAL NOTICE
A unique feature of the 1934 Model Ace is that it will sew BACKWARD or FORWARD without removing the work.



"NEW CENTURY ACE" Sewing Machine 10/- DEPOSIT 2/6 WEEKLY CASH PRICE

The "New Century Ace" is a machine which is REALLY modern, really incorporating within itself all those many improvements which ease the weariness of long hours of sewing! And at last, after long experiment, this machine has been evolved which WILL SEW FORWARD AND BACKWARD. . . Castings and cabinet are highest quality, made in Australia by Australian workmen. . .

Our instructress will call in city or suburbs and will teach you the use of all the attachments free. Trade in your old machine. . . take advantage of our easy terms. 10/- deposit; 2/6 weekly. Cash Price, £18/18/-.

Marcus Clark & Co Ltd
CENTRAL SQUARE, SYDNEY.

THE HUB "NEVER LETS UP"

Sydney's Greatest
Display of

Easter Handbags

Each with an
Amazing Price-Appeal

Morocco Leather

Ladies' Handbags in superior quality Morocco leather. Underarm style. Fitted with the double inner divided purse and mirror, also safety pocket and flap. Brown and Black. Usually 35/-.

HUB PRICE, each

20/-

Morocco Leather

Top-opening Handbag in finest quality Morocco leather. Finished with the new Chromium handle. Mair lined and fitted with the double inner divided swing purse and mirror. Brown and Black. Usually 22/6.

HUB PRICE, each

15/-

Morocco Grain

Extra large Underarm Handbag. Blue Ribbon brand. In Morocco grained leather. Fitted with double inner divided swing purse and mirror, and finished with 1 1/2 inch chromium bars on front. Brown and Black. Usually 18/11.

HUB PRICE

12/-

Genuine Calf

Genuine Calf Leather Handbags in the top-opening style. This bag has a fancy chromium frame and is trimmed with genuine lizard skin. Fitted with double inner divided swing frame purse and mirror. Grey, Brown, and Black. Usually 18/11.

HUB PRICE

12/-

Figured Calf

This design is a smart top-opening style with the chain and leather handle in a figured calf leather. Contrast pipings on front and fitted with the double inner divided swing frame and mirror. Navy and Brown, Grey and Black. Usually 12/11.

HUB PRICE, each

8/-

Underarm Bags

Underarm Handbag in genuine Crocodile and Crocodile Calf Leather. Fitted with the double inner divided swing frame and mirror, also safety pocket on front. Fitted with the sliding fastener. Usually 29/11.

HUB PRICE, each

21/-

Calf Leather

Ladies' Handbags in the Vester Calf Leather. Fitted with the double inner divided swing frame, purse, and mirror, also extra large pocket on front. Fitted with the sliding fastener. Black only. Usually 35/-.

HUB PRICE, each

16/-

Maid's Handbag

Maid's Handbag in Crocodile Calf Leather. Underarm style. Fitted with double inner divided swing frame, purse, and mirror. Safety pocket under flap, and finished with the turn-able fastener. Brown and Black. Usually 8/25.

HUB PRICE, each

6/-

The HUB Limited
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

BUY NOW FOR EASTER!



FOR BABY'S TENDER SKIN

USE only Wright's Coal Tar Soap for baby's daily bath. Its creamy emollient lather and anti-septic constituents will truly cleanse, will soothe and comfort, will afford constant protection from infection.

103d. a cake at all chemists and stores



WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

A HOME made BEAUTIFUL by the GOOD HEALTH of the FAMILY

Some Interesting Facts About Medicinal Yeast

Cenovis Irradiated Medicinal Yeast differs from any other Yeast.

WHY?

Because it is irradiated, that is, impregnated with the ultra-violet ray. This has the effect of supercharging the yeast cells with Vitamin D.

Yeast contains large quantities of a mineral salt known as ergosterin and it is this ergosterin which, when it comes in contact with the ultra-violet ray, forms vitamin D. This mineral salt is also present in the skin of human beings, and is formed into vitamin D by the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Vitamin D is the vitamin which keeps the digestive organs functioning normally; it protects against pulmonary complaints, and is the most important vitamin for health conservation. Vitamin E, in which irradiated yeast is also rich, is the vitamin which guards against old age, and is the cause of yeast having such a rejuvenating and vitalizing effect on those who are tired and run down.

Irradiated yeast is also valuable because it increases "metabolism," which is a function of the body by means of which burned out body cells are quickly eliminated, and new cells formed to take their place. The feeding of irradiated yeast results in so large an uneliminated burned out cells remain in the tissues. As age becomes older, this process of metabolism is slowed down, and it takes longer to recover from the effects of exertion as a result of these toxins producing cells remaining in the tissues. This effect increases with age. Yeast stimulates metabolism and reproduces the adding to eliminate and grow new cells, thus giving in actuality the effect and feeling of youth with greatly increased recuperative powers. Yeast is therefore invaluable to those growing old.

Cenovis Irradiated yeast not only contains vitamin B, but it contains five different varieties of it, known as vitamins B₁, B₂, B₃, B₆, and B₁₂. These vitamins are absolutely necessary to perfect digestion and various gland functions, and with vitamin G are present in irradiated yeast in considerable quantities.

Women especially will realize the value of Cenovis Irradiated yeast, for it prevents thinness, and enables them to recuperate very much more quickly than would ordinarily be the case, whilst for nursing mothers and those about to become mothers the high vitamin content makes it more indispensable than any other food, for it increases lactation to a remarkable degree, and gives the baby those vitamins which are so necessary to his healthy growth, and ability to resist the many infantile complaints which might otherwise attack him.

For children, one teaspoonful a day will ensure a full quota of vitamins, and will keep them strong and healthy and resistant to disease.

Irradiated yeast is of great value as a specific to all cases of rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis, diabetes, rotitis, and all stomach and digestive troubles, all blood and skin disorders, and the many other complaints which arise in the digestive system, whilst for hemorrhoids it is unrivalled.

Visits and enquiries by letter or telephone (Cent. 7599) are cordially invited to

CENOVIS YEAST COMPANY

Fink's Buildings, 6 Elizabeth St., Melbourne

G. V. RUSSELL, General Manager. R. F. RUSSELL, Manager for Victoria.

REDUCE YOUR BUST!

THIS NEW EASY WAY

Are you embarrassed by a large, over-size bust? Do you want to reduce the size and restore the firm shapely contour of youth? NOW it is so easy to reduce sagging busts. Let me Tell you How—SENT FREE!

If you post the coupon below at once I will send you something that has shown hundreds of women the way to firm, shapely busts. This will be sent you in strict confidence, and without cost. But hurry!

SEND THIS AT ONCE

Juan Powell, Studio W.W., Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney.
Please send me your Free information about your new easy way to reduce the bust. I enclose a 3d stamp for postage.
Name
Address
Date 24/3/34.

Juan Powell, Studio W.W., Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney.

For Young WIVES & MOTHERS

SANE MOTHERHOOD

By MARY TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir Truby King,
Authority on Baby Welfare.

HERE is absolutely no doubt that a woman who follows the right course from the moment she knows she is going to be a mother, is an asset, not only to herself, but to the State.

By her happy healthy months of waiting and a natural birth, she is bequeathing to her babe wealth that cannot be measured in pounds, shillings and pence.

I FEEL sure readers will enjoy the testimony of one who has faithfully carried out her maternal privileges and duties and has been amply rewarded.

This mother writes to me as follows: "Most of the people I know were very amused when I began to go to the antenatal centre and said it was all nonsense; but I followed Truby King instructions from baby was born and had a very good confinement."

"The sister at the maternity hospital said she wished every mother could come in as I did, particularly with a first baby. I was there only about two hours before my baby arrived, and was as fit as a fiddle afterwards."

"I went out right until the day before baby's birth, did my own housework, and never felt the least bit ill. I have never worn brassieres or corsets in my life and I didn't need any support at all, even in the later months. My doctor said that all the walking I had done had been a great help to me. It was a natural birth without any trouble."

"Baby is so good, and has been brought up by your system since birth. He was 8lb. born, and at a year weighed 24lb. 14oz. He has never been any trouble. He enjoys all his food and takes each new food willingly. He has always slept in his own room, right away from us. He sleeps well at night, and I have never

been up one night with him, even when he was teething. I have to watch for his teeth coming else I would not know he had cut any."

"One friend, very dubious about mothercraft methods, went so far as to tell me I would never rear baby unless I gave him a dummy. Needless to say, he has never seen one, let alone had one, and he has never needed it. Sister says he has a beautifully-shaped mouth; his teeth are strong and white and well spaced. He has a piece of apple after each meal and thoroughly enjoys it. He has only three meals a day now, as he was 13 months old yesterday."

TO many mothers this very human document will sound like a counsel of perfection. Would that more mothers would realise that the above history is merely the natural result of right living and right thinking—there is no mystery about it at all.

Those who wish to have the same expert advice as the writer of the above letter obtained for herself should write to the Sister in Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney, enclosing a 2d. stamp for reply. The society exists "to help the mothers and save the babies," and all advice is very willingly given free of charge.

Be happy—on your feet

A PAIR of shapely feet made Trilby famous!

If you want to make the most of your looks, you must have comfortable feet. You simply cannot look attractive if you are suffering agonies from corns, enlarged joints or dropped arches.

Exercise and massage keep them shapely. Try lip-rolling round the room for five minutes, nightly; rotate them in turn.

And, remember, that walking on the outsoles of the feet, with the soles turned inwards toward each other, banishes slight flatness.

Let your feet breathe! Give them as much air as possible by not wearing stockings whenever possible, and when you go bathing don't wear shoes.



BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE tall, thin man was quarrelling with the undersized little fellow. "Yer lanky strip!" yelled the diminutive one. "If yer tied yerself in a knot yer wouldn't be fat."

"And you," retorted the lengthy chap. "If you were to pull your socks up you'd be blindfolded."

FARMER: I've eaten beef all my life. Sweet Young Thing: But do you think it has done you any good? Farmer: Good? I feel as strong as an ox.

Sweet Young Thing: That's strange, I've been eating nothing but fish for about three months and I can't swim a stroke.

ONE morning while in camp a man was shaving outside his tent. "Do you always shave outside?" asked a friend who was standing near. "Gor Blimey man!" replied the other gruffly. "do you think I'm fur-lined?"

TEACHER (examining class): Now, Johnny, what is a cannibal? Johnny: Don't know, sir. Teacher: Come, come, think again. Supposing you ate your father and mother, what would you be? Johnny: An orphan, sir!



Strength

Bristles that won't come out! The very brush you've been looking for. Any Chemist will show you the full range of Hercules Toothbrushes, priced as low as 1/6 up to 2/6. Buy one—use it—and you'll agree with us—it's the strongest and best brush you've ever used.

Remember... HERCULES BRUSHES ARE SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS, EVERYWHERE

HERCULES TOOTHBRUSHES

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I GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY

If you have had luck at games, lots, business—you must carry a pair of Myrtle Brimma Highly Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—only to protect, but luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Pasted by return mail, price 4/6 the pair. Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase if not fully satisfied. V. B. Bassett, 125 Macleay St., Potts Pt., N.S.W.



VERM-X

Flies and mosquitoes have no chance with Verm-X. It kills quickly—surely—and cheaply. 2/6 a tin only 2/6. When this is used up, a bottle of Verm-X Concentrate (1/6) to the tin and fill with pint of kerosene, in replenishing your Verm-X at a bargain price. Pleasantly perfumed. Will not stain.

A HINT ON HOW TO KILL FLIES WITHOUT MESS (and without waiting spray). Before spraying room with Verm-X, close window and pull down blind to obstruct each of window sill. The dying flies and mosquitoes make for the light and come to rest on the sill, where they can be afterwards swept up. All Chemists, Stores, Ironmongers.

VERM-X Kills Cheaper

ROMPERS for BABY

AND tub frocks for Mary and play suits for Tommy—how perfectly Berlei Bias Binding trims them! Kiddies, of course, cannot appreciate the quality of this better bias binding, but they love its gay colours. Their mothers value its wearing and washing qualities—Berlei Bias Binding doesn't fray or lose its colour.

It's so easy to work with this Berlei Bias Binding. Folds cleanly; practically turns itself. Can be machined on in a twinkling. Buy Berlei Bias Binding in plain lawn for everyday clothes—in silk for those fairy-like party frocks with row upon row of bound frills for the skirt. Or choose it in piping cord binding for a "quintessence" trimming. Berlei Bias Binding is made in a fascinating range of colours. You are sure to find just the shade you want. Always ask for BERLEI Bias Binding. IT IS GUARANTEED.

BERLEI BIAS BINDING

By
Evelyn

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

YOUR HAIR...at its Attractive Best

SOME practical Advice on Thinning—and the Use of Curling Irons!

SINCE smart hats seem to be made for small-size heads in this era of waves and curls, many who used to count their "crown of glory" one of their greatest beauty assets, look upon it these days as a bother and a worry. The small hats demand well-groomed hair, and waves and curls must simply be acquired by the straight-haired type.

IT is necessary, therefore, for fashion's sake, to have the hair thinned out rather regularly, if it is specially thick.

Some hairdressers make an excellent job of this thinning process—some do not seem to know how to do it cleverly.

The hair should be thinned out all over the head. When hair is worn long it may be cut out in patches that come under the knot.

But this won't do with short hair. The patches show, of course. And even with

long hair this patch-thinning idea isn't so good, for, when the hair begins to grow, it is quite likely to bristle out through the longer hair and give that flyaway appearance that is always to be avoided if possible.

The best way is to take the hair in strands all over the head and clip it off, from the ends down to the scalp, on every strand. A surprising amount of hair can be cut in this way. It is difficult to do this for your own hair, but it isn't an expensive process to have done, and it's well worth while.

Such thinning is only needed every

couple of months to keep the hair at the right thickness.

Nowadays, brushing the hair is neglected by many women. Many never brush the hair, and still have shining, beautiful coiffures. Of course, they wash the hair frequently, and so keep it free from dust. Brushing, however, is always a good way to make the hair look well.

Care With Curling Irons

ONE of our readers asks for some advice about using a curling iron.



NETTING THE WAVES! This petite brunette before the mirror shows you how to place a net cap over the hair at night to keep your waves in place. If you choose a fine net in a color that matches your hair, it will hardly show.

She has singed her hair and is afraid now to use an iron.

It takes a long time for hair to grow, and we are never more conscious of that fact than when we singe it. Months sometimes pass before the singed ends grow out to the proper length. The only thing to do while they are growing is to arrange the hair as much as possible to cover them.

The hair needn't be singed, however, when you use a hot iron for curling. The work must be done carefully. A moment of carelessness, and the good results of months of care will go.

Always test the iron before using it. Use a piece of tissue-paper. If the paper browns when you close the iron over it, the iron is too hot. Yet you must have it hot, so test it until it is hot enough not to brown the paper.

If you use an iron heated in a flame the iron must be carefully heated so that it doesn't get sooty. Over gas, this

means the iron must be held above the top of the flames. If it is put down on the flame it almost always becomes smoky and sooty. And then, of course, it must be carefully wiped off with a bit of cloth to remove every bit of soot. This soot blackens and dirties the hair and makes it look lustreless and dull.

A good way to go about curling the hair is to divide it into the proper strands and warm each strand by rubbing the iron over it before beginning to curl. The hair is then ready to curl. Then wind it about the iron—but begin by winding it under rather than over, the rod. This gives a more natural curl.

Don't comb the hair out vigorously right away, as this makes it fuzzy, and also makes the curl come out more quickly. Let the curls "set" a little while before combing them out.

Nothing but practice will make you expert at this work of curling your hair.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I am worried about the diphtheria epidemic; do you think that it is safe to let my children go to school?

THE word epidemic is a frightening one, and it is perhaps wrong to use it as much as people do. Actually, diphtheria is always with us, though at some seasons of the year there are more cases about than at others. This is one of those seasons, and cases are rather more numerous than usual, especially in certain districts, but there should be no unnecessary worry.

We are fortunate these days in the treatment we have available for diphtheria; antitoxin given early in the disease is practically a sure cure. Once upon a time, and not so many years ago either, diphtheria had a death rate of two out of five attacked.

Yet there are still people who object to the use of sera, against all evidence of its efficacy.

Some years ago in a Queensland town a few children died from the effects of contaminated antitoxin; some virulent germs, quite unconnected with diphtheria, had by some means gained access to the serum. Methods of manufacture and storage render this impossible now.

For every one person who has died following antitoxin, a million have been saved. It is not too much to say that anyone who withholds antitoxin from a child with diphtheria is, from whatever motive, religious or otherwise, guilty of a criminal offence.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Is dandruff caused by excessive dryness of the scalp, doctor?

THIS is an idea commonly held, and one, moreover, spread by barbers. Actually the opposite is the case. Dandruff is caused by excessive greasiness of the scalp, combined with infection by germs. The scales are masses of bacteria and debris from the scalp packed together with dried secretion of the sebaceous glands. Sometimes large red areas of inflammation appear in the scalp and are very unsightly; the inflammation may spread down the face and chest.

It can be easily treated. There are excellent shampoos available which, combined with suitable ointments, result in the condition clearing up, though it is very liable to come back again.

One point worth remembering is that certain strong soaps sometimes light up a severe eczema which is a worse affliction than the dandruff.



PATIENT: 'Doctor, is it true that noise can cause us to become sick?

IT can't cause us to become sick, but it can certainly worry us exceedingly when we are sick or even feeling temperamental.

As long ago as two hundred years the problem of noise was discussed, and at that time a London Church started an appeal to prevent horses and carriages driving past during Church hours.

Intermittent noises are the worst; we can all grow accustomed to regularity; people work in iron foundries to the accompaniment of a terrific and continuous din without suffering inconvenience, but it only needs a riveter to start near an office to upset all hands.

Right COLOR in DRESS

Makes Grey Hair More Good Looking

WHAT is prematurely grey hair?

It is said that the tendency to early greyness runs in some families. And certainly a tendency to keep the hair color is noticeable from generation to generation in other families.

Health has something to do with greying hair, and it is well to keep the state of the health up if your hair begins to turn grey. Worry, fear, and nervousness are supposed to produce a tendency to turn grey.

The best thing to do, however, when the hair turns grey, is to decide to make it as becoming as possible. A beauty may be grey haired. And sometimes it is more becoming than hair in its original color ever was.

Grey hair, which is usually stiffer and more wiry than it used to be, should be kept in immaculate condition. It should be shampooed frequently, and the scalp should be massaged. And it should be arranged becomingly. It is worth going to a good hairdresser to get the right sort of bob or the right sort of arrangement for your hair.

One way to make grey hair becoming is to choose colors that bring out its best tones. Often colors that are becoming to a brown-haired woman are not good when her hair turns grey. And that is something to look out for.

If you decide to have your hair colored artificially, be sure to go to a real expert. It is even wise to consult a doctor about the wisdom of "touching-up" greying locks.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



STAND straight with the heels together, lift your weight on to your toes, now bend the knees straight out in front, keeping the back erect and chin well lifted. Return to original position and repeat twenty times. Deep breathing during this or any exercise is most beneficial to the general toning up of the system.

—Suzanne Karren, of Fox.

COSMETICS

Add to Nation's WEALTH...

ACCORDING to medical opinion, the overheated homes in U.S.A. produce a hardening effect upon the skin, and consequently the application of paint and powder is necessary in order to prevent the appearance of wrinkles and lines on the complexion.

But however that may be, most American women do not consider themselves "dressed" unless they have on their full "war-paint," and thus the cosmetic industry offers in U.S.A., as nowhere else, a most lucrative source of taxation.

Every schoolgirl takes powder and rouge-box with her into the class; every business girl and woman carries her cosmetics with her; and even in the smallest country townships one sees in the window of the drug store, displayed in the most prominent place, this lure to the vanity of woman.

HORT ROEBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Anchovy Anchovies. It makes delectable sandwiches and savories.



MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN, the beautiful English Theatrical Star, is another of the world-famous women who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

"Beauty is merely a Matter of Knowing HOW."

By NANETTE

"A CLEAR COMPLEXION." This first essential to beauty can be readily obtained by those whose skin now is rough and marred by blemishes. Mercolized Wax absorbs and thus removes all skin impurities, powder and perspiration from the pores, particles of dead skin, etc. The shallow unsatisfactory skin lifts right away in tiny, almost invisible particles, revealing the fresh, fine-textured skin beneath in all its natural beauty. No matter how bad your skin is, persevere with the use of this wonderful wax and in a very short while the difference in your appearance will delight you and astonish your friends.

"OF COURSE, DON'T DYE IT." Of course you mustn't dye your hair. That idea is now quite out of date. Merely touch your grey hairs with tammalite, a pleasant, non-sticky, non-greasy lotion which will instantly restore their natural colour. Do this at night without fear that tammalite will stain your pillow-slip or cause discomfort of any kind. Unlike hair dye, the use of tammalite cannot be detected.

Get this truly wonderful restorer from your chemist to-day.

"BEST AND SIMPLEST SHAMPOO." If your hair is not as lovely, as attractive as it should be, you probably are using wrong methods of shampoo. A few stallax granules in a little hot water is the most satisfactory of all shampoos; it is very different from shampoos which are merely highly-scented foam. Stallax is a real cleansing agent. It leaves the scalp perfectly clean and healthy; imparts a shining loveliness to any head of hair.

"UNRULY HAIR." I know of but one way by which your hair may be kept smooth and keep its well-cared-for appearance throughout the day. Hollywood Hair Dressing is the best means yet discovered for this purpose. Rascally women, stage stars use it. Men, particularly about their appearance, use Hollywood Hair Dressing. This new dressing stops dandruff, falling hair and certainly increases growth.

"PAT IS GO." You know this and if you are one of those unfortunate women who are burdened with troublesome fat, why, just take a few clynd berries and your weight will soon be reduced to more normal proportions in a perfectly harmless and safe way. They are really good.

It's worth while asking your chemist or store for
The New Dearborn Lipstick

"ROAST DUCK!"

Over Sir Ronald's face swept a confusion of emotions. Regret at doing something of which his respected wife would disapprove, satisfaction at scoring off her, down-right honest greed, and a boyish love of mischief.

"Roast duck! Well, that would do us all right, wouldn't it, Eddie, my boy?"

"Quite all right, pater," said Eddie solemnly. He had not yet dared to look at Phoebe, who now departed on the quest of food.

"Looks a nice girl," said Sir Ronald. "And she's certainly very pretty. Funny the sort of jobs ladies take up nowadays."

More quickly than anybody would have believed possible, the roast duck was brought. It was accompanied by orange salad, golden and green, by tiny new potatoes bathed deliciously in butter. It was followed by a creme de menthe jelly, green as an emerald, by creme cheese and home-made biscuits. The contents of the flask which the master of "Hollins Court" always took with him were all that was needed to make the meal perfect.

THIS Woman BUSINESS

Continued from Page 8

Sir Ronald, awed. "Then, my dear, I can tell you something. Some lucky young fellow is going to have a very excellent wife!"

The Latham family were all on their way to an agricultural show which Lady Latham was to open. She was looking distinctly worried. Things had been going very badly with her lately. It wasn't only that her husband had now kicked over the traces, and demanded duck with authority. It wasn't only that her elder son disappeared mysteriously every evening, and that the younger, instead of occupying himself with rattle and rabbiting, and such pursuits, had actually been found deep in a book of the most sentimental poetry. These things, dreadful as they were, were trifles compared with her own worries.

The Aid to Aircraft Society was still

without a secretary. All her acquaintances shied from the job. And if she didn't find a secretary soon, she didn't know what would happen.

Lady Latham sighed. She wasn't in the least in the mood for agricultural shows. Usually she could poke pigs' backs with the best of them. She could distinguish between a Buff Orpington and a Wyandotte. She had even been known to win a prize for guessing the weight of a young bullock. But not to-day would these things have been possible to her.

The car came to a standstill. The Latham family made its way through swarms of perspiring bucolic humanity, and after stifling in the flower tent, eventually found themselves surveying with an apathetic eye the young calves. It was just here that Sir Ronald, whom his wife had mislaid among the rabbits, rejoined her, with a pretty girl at his side.

"I wonder if Ronnie will ever be too old for pretty girls," thought Lady Latham.

"M

Y dear," said her husband. "I want to introduce a most sporting young lady to you. This is Miss Phoebe Macpherson, who is running a tea-house, and a very excellent tea-house, too."

His wife looked kindly at Phoebe. Certainly she was most devastatingly pretty. Lady Latham was rather nice, really, and too wise and too old not to appreciate a younger woman's good looks. Also, she told herself that this girl, in spite of the tea-house, was obviously "all right."

"How do you do, my dear?" she said. "Miss Macpherson tells me she's very interested in the Aid to Aircraft Society," said Sir Ronald.

Lady Latham's eyes brightened. "Are you really?" she asked breathlessly.

"I used to work for it quite a lot when I lived in London," said Phoebe.

"I suppose you haven't time to go on with the good work now?" inquired Lady Latham anxiously.

"I should have after September, of course," said Phoebe. "The tea-house will be closing down for the season."

A look of almost incredulous joy passed over her hearer's face.

"My dear," she said, "don't let me lose sight of you, will you? As soon as I have finished poking pigs and pinching cabbages, I'll meet you in the tent. I should so much enjoy a little talk with you."

It was a fortnight later. Eddie went sorrowfully into the garden to eat worms. Whether he actually did so is not recorded, but he was certainly in the mood. Which was queer, for Phoebe was now a frequent visitor at the Court. Not only was she the newly-appointed secretary of the A.A.S., but she was distinctly a friend of the family.

Of the family! There was the rub! How often lately had Eddie lain awake o' nights, pondering the best method of amatory approach!

"I know I'm rather young," he was going to say, "but if you'll only get



"Does your husband find it any advantage to be able to write with both hands?"
"Oh, yes, he can send in two applications for the one job."

engaged to me. I'll leave out Cambridge altogether, and go and work in an office. You're the Only Woman in the World for me. Until I saw you. I never so much as looked at a girl. Which, come to think of it, was quite true.

Or he would approach it in a more facetious way. "Darling," he'd say, "what about Tea for Two, for ever and ever?" But perhaps that was a little too light-hearted. Instead he would write: "Dear lady of my dreams." With an E to the end of "lady." Oh, hang it all, what was the use of talking about it now!

Eddie went down towards the pond and chucked a stone viciously at the boat. One may judge how deep his agitation when one mentions that he missed the boat and got the swan instead. The swan wasn't pleased. It ruffled its feathers and sailed away indignantly. Eddie pursued the gloomy tenor of his thoughts.

Never once since Phoebe had come to the Court had he spoken to her alone. It wasn't that she was not perfectly nice to him when they met, but they never met except in a crowd. And, as for Tony, whom Eddie dimly suspected of having a girl of his own tucked away somewhere — Tony wouldn't leave her alone! Poor Phoebe must be perfectly fed-up with the sight of him!

Eddie threw another stone at the boat, missed it again, and loosed off towards the rose-garden. And there, as he turned the corner of the yew hedge, he stopped transfixed. Among the roses a pretty scene was enacting itself, very much indeed, as Eddie had imagined it, but instead of himself as star performer, his place had been taken by that odious elder brother. It was evident, too, that so far from Phoebe being fed-up with him, she was finding him really rather exceptionally attractive.

Please turn to Page 41

HORST HOLMBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vintage. I call it Holmbrook's Pure Malt Vintage.***

Mother doesn't
mind washing-
day now!



She gets the clothes so
white—just by soaking

IT'S ALL IN THE LATHER!

That's the secret of the easy Rinso wash—the thick, extra-creamy lather. The suds are so rich, so full of washing power, that they just soak out all the dirt. And then you see how white your whites can be. Colours, as well—they dry as bright as new. No hard rubbing—that saves you, and saves your clothes. You need so little Rinso, too.

Weight for weight, Rinso gives twice as much suds as bar soap, even in hard water.

A LEVER PRODUCT



CREAMIER LATHER... MORE WASHING POWER

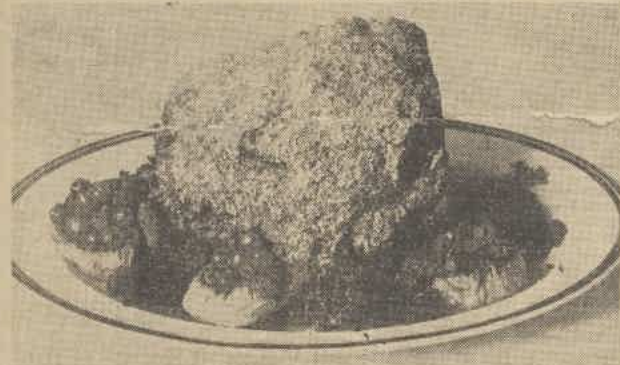
Combine SPICY FRUITS With Your Meat Dishes

Some delicious new ways with everyday foods that will meet with instantaneous success!

MOST of us serve red currant jelly with roast mutton, apple sauce with pork, and orange with roast duck, without any real knowledge why we do so, other than that custom has ordered it so, and that these accessories are very pleasant ones. But, has the housewife's curiosity ever led her to experiment further in combining other fruits and foods—such as plums with sardines, muscatel grapes with smoked haddock, apricots—either tinned or the fresh variety—with mutton cutlets, bananas with bacon, or pickled fruits with pork chops or meat loaf?

BESIDES being pleasing to the palate, there are dietetic reasons why tart and spicy fruits are used with meats and rich foods: The acids break the fats into smaller particles, making digestion easier. Then, again, if stewed with meat, the acid tends to soften the connective tissue of tough cuts, and the spice and flavor increase the flow of gastric juice. The mineral salts and cellulose make an ideal balance for the protein properties of the meat.

These fruit combinations afford interest to the housewife in her culinary adventures, while there is nothing like surprise and novelty to whet the appetites of the family.



LAMB ROLL and marmalade sauce is not only delicious, but it is decidedly good for you.

The fruits may be fresh, tinned, or dried. Sometimes only the fruit juice need be used, while at other times the drained fruit is required, and the juice can then be utilised for desserts.

Lamb Chops With Pineapple

One tin sliced pineapple or slices of cooked pineapple, 8 rib chops, salt, pepper, paprika.

Have the rib chops boned and rolled. Grill and season to taste. Drain the juice from the pineapple while the chops are grilling, wipe them dry and brush them with butter; sauté or grill to a tempting shade of brown. Lift them on to a hot plate and arrange a chop on top of each which has been sprinkled with salt, pepper, and paprika. Garnish the dish with parsley and decorate each chop with a piece of red pepper cut in fancy shape.

Cotelettes of Veal

Flatten with the broad blade of a knife veal filets, trim into neat pieces, allowing one to each person. Make a seasoning of 1 heaped tablespoon of grated Parmesan cheese, finely-chopped fat bacon, and parsley, mixed together with salt and pepper to taste. Spread this over the cotelettes and soak them for 1 hour in well-beaten egg. Lift out, cover well with breadcrumbs, and fry. Serve with orange sauce.

Orange Sauce

One small onion, 1 lemon, 1 orange, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, whole pepper, blade mace, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups brown stock or water, 1 stick celery, 1 tablespoon good dripping or bacon fat.

Melt the fat or dripping in a saucepan, add the finely-chopped onion, and cook until brown. Add the other vegetables which have been prepared and cut up roughly and fry all together lightly. Then add a small piece of lemon rind and orange rind, mace, whole pepper and flour. Mix in well. Lastly add the stock. Stir until it boils; return the lid to the saucepan and simmer for 1 to 2 hours. Strain. Rub the vegetables through a sieve, then add the juice of a small orange, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and shreds of orange peel. Re-beat but do not boil.

Meat Loaf With Bananas

Four bananas, 1 lb. minced beef, 1 egg, 1 onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup finely-chopped or minced salt pork.

Mix the meat, well-beaten egg, grated onion, salt pork, breadcrumbs, and pepper together. Press into a tin or small roasting dish, and bake in a hot oven. When nearly cooked, peel the bananas cut in two lengthwise, place about the meat, and continue baking until they are lightly browned. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and use as a garnish when serving the meat-loaf.

By MARGARET SHEPHERD

Instructor to Leading Hospitals.

set aside while the sauce is made as follows:

Boil the liquor in which the tongue has been cooked until reduced to 3 cups. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour; mix well, then add the strained liquor a little at a time and stirring constantly until it boils. Simmer 5 minutes. Add the juice of half a lemon and the raisins. Return the tongue to the sauce. Re-beat. Remove tongue to a hot dish. Serve sauce separately.

Mock Duck With Apricots

Two pork tenderloins, 1 lb. minced veal, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, marjoram, grating of onion, strips of fat salt pork, 1 small tin apricots.

Select two large pieces of tenderloin, have them split and opened, then flattened with a mallet. Make a seasoning of breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, marjoram, onion, and finely-minced veal. Place the filling between the two tenderloins and sew them together. Arrange strips of salt pork on top of the meat and place in the oven to bake, searing at first, then lowering the heat. Drain the apricots. Dip each piece in flour, then sauté in the baking dish, turning carefully. Arrange the apricots around the dish of meat.

Sausage Cakes on Apple Rounds

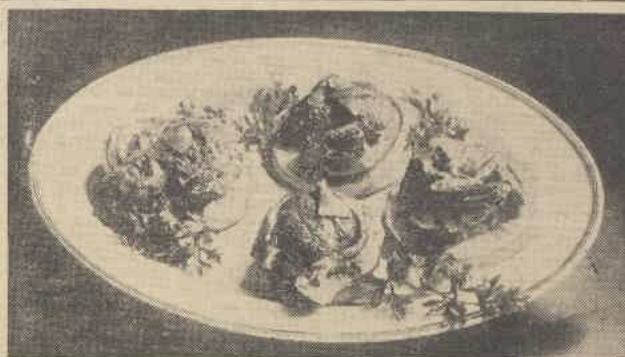
One and a half pounds good sausage meat, salt, pepper, large red-skinned apples, a grating of onion (if liked).

Add salt, pepper, and the onion to the sausage-meat, and form into small cakes. Cook them well. Cut your tart apples in slices, crosswise, and place in the hot fat from the sausage-cakes. Sprinkle them lightly with sugar, and fry to a nut brown. Serve on a hot plate (a sausage-cake on each apple slice), and garnish with parsley and toast points.

Lamb Roll and Sauce

Lamb roll (about 3 lb.), 1 carrot, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons made mustard, 1 lb. peas, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped mint, flour, salt, and pepper.

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth. Tear the skin away from the meat, taking care not to cut away the fat. Spread the inside of the meat with some of the made mustard to which has been added 1 dessertspoon butter and mint. Scrape the carrot and cut into eighths, and simmer 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Peel and slice the onion and fry in the remainder of the butter. When cooked, spread over the inside of



LAMB CHOPS and pineapple, decorated with red peppers cut in fancy shapes, is a dish fit for a king.

Sardines and Plums

Some blue plums, sardines, salt and pepper, lemon juice, lettuce leaves.

Wash the plums, cut in two (lengthwise), and remove the stone. Mash the sardines well with a fork, add the seasonings to taste. Pile on top of the plums, covering well. Arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Roast Beef With Browned Pears

When roasting your favorite cut of beef in a hot oven, place halves of pears, peeled and cored and dipped in flour, around the joint when nearly cooked. Baste well and cook until brown. Serve as a border around the joint.

Note: A sprig of rosemary embedded in your loin of mutton, or some leaves added to the seasoning for shoulder of mutton, makes all the difference.



"Shopping with you tires me out! How do you keep going?"
"Well, my dear, there's nothing superfluous about my figure... thanks to Vita-Weat!"

Women are so sensible!

WHAT is it that causes those hampering superfluities at the waistline? Too much food and not enough nourishment; in particular, too much unconverted starch. Now in Vita-Weat, the all-Australian crispbread, the starch granules are thoroughly disintegrated—easily digested and easily assimilated. So Vita-Weat doesn't strain your digestion, can't clog your system, and never runs to fat.

Vita-Weat gives you all the nourishment of the whole wheat grain in a form that does nourish you, and it provides just the right amount of roughage necessary to assist the internal organs to function normally and regularly. Eat Vita-Weat at every meal!

Vita-Weat

CRISP BREAD



Now made in Australia by PEEK FREAN. Obtainable all Grocers and Stores.

£1 Every Week to be Won

Almost every woman who takes a pride in her culinary skill has some favorite dish, which she loves to serve to her family and visitors on special occasions. It may be that no one else has ever tried it. Do not keep the dainty secret to yourself. Send us the recipe. It may win you £1.

This week's prizes go to the following:

DUMPLINGS IN QUINCE SAUCE

Now that quinces are in, try these dumplings. Make a thick quince sauce, and half-fill six muffin pans with it. Make a batter of 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, half-teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of butter, rubbed thoroughly into the dry ingredients. Add enough milk to make a soft dough, and drop two large tablespoonfuls of it on top of each pan of sauce. Cook in a hot oven about 30 minutes. Serve with lemon sauce.

First Prize of £1 to M. Fullerton, Dalma, Rockhampton, Q.

HAM AND APPLE ROAST

Take about 1 1/2 lb. sliced ham (not too thin), 1 lb. cooking apples, 2 firm ripe tomatoes, 4 oz. browned breadcrumbs, 2 onions, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, a little sage or herbs, 2 eggs, 3 oz. grated cheese.

Method: Arrange a layer of sliced ham in a casserole dish (or baking dish). Sprinkle with the browned crumbs, herbs, minced onions, tomatoes, carrot, and parsnip. Cover with a layer of sliced apples. Continue the layers until the dish is three-parts full. Bake in a hot oven three-quarters of an hour. Beat the eggs with the grated cheese, spread over the top and return to oven till the cheese is melted and the eggs set. Serve with creamed potatoes and beans.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Scott, care Mrs. J. D. Scott, Morlan St., East Moree, N.S.W.

A GOOD EGGLESS SPICE CAKE

Rub 6 oz. of butter into 1 lb. flour. Add a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful mixed spice, 1 tablespoonful caraway seeds, and 6 oz. sugar. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly. Dissolve 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate soda in half-pint milk and while stirring add to dry ingredients; mix well. Put into a buttered tin and bake for an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. C. Steer, Wharfedale South, Vic.

FRUIT CHARTREUSE

Ingredients: One pint packet of orange or lemon jelly, a few bananas, one or two peaches, if preferred, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 gills of fresh cream, and juice of small lemon.

Method: Dissolve jelly according to directions given on packet, but using about a gill less water than usual. Put it aside till almost cold. Then line a wetted mould with some of it and arrange in it two or three thinly-sliced bananas and peaches, stoned and sliced, adding more jelly. Rub three bananas through a coarse sieve. Mix them with the sugar. Dissolve gelatine in warm water sufficient to cover it, and add strained juice of lemon. Whip cream stiffly; mix dissolved gelatine and cream to the banana. Pour this mixture into the mould and leave aside in a cold place until set. If preferred, the chartreuse may be garnished with little heaps of whipped cream and bunches of red currants and strawberries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss S. Haley, Clara St., Murray Bridge, S.A.

H. O. HOLBROOK says: I have sliced olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

Latest American Aid for the

DEAF

SUPER-EAR
NO BATTERIES
NO COILS
NO NOISE
WORN WITH LIGHT
HEAD BAND.
Absolutely new.
Acoustical Principles.
Write for Particulars, 7 Days' Trial.
E. ESDALE & SONS
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42 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY

ARTERIOI TABLETS
are now the Renowned Remedy for
BLOOD PRESSURE
ALL OVER AUSTRALIA
Never has there been a greater blessing to
Sufferers from High Blood Pressure, Head
Dizziness, Fatigue in the Head, Stomach
Irritability, Lack of Energy, which are the
symptoms of Blood Pressure, than DR.
SAUBERGER'S (German) Arterioi Tablets.
Be on the safe side, avoid a stroke or
sudden death, and take a course of this
Wonderful Remedy. 4/6 2 Weeks; 12/ 5
Weeks; 22/ 10 Weeks (Full Course).
All leading Chemists, or Direct from
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63 Wellington Street, K.W., N.S.W. Victoria.
New Zealand Agents Supplied Direct Only.



CRADLE CAP

REXONA

Keeps the scalp clean

Mrs. Sheinwell, Hurlstone Park, tells you of another splendid use for Rexona Ointment. She says: "My baby has beautiful hair. I always use Rexona Ointment to rub on the head to keep it free from Cradle Cap, then wash the head with Rexona Soap."

Use Rexona Ointment for all skin blemishes and irritation—for cuts, burns, and bruises.

Rexona
the rapid healer
ointment & soap

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

"DON'T go back yet!"

She raised her brows in surprise. "I must, Arthur. I was with the family when you called. They're waiting to hear all the news. I can't leave them the very first evening. I told them I was only coming to the post."

"Can't I come back with you?" "You don't know my people, and I wanted them to see you for the first time as you really are . . . I can't introduce you looking like you do this evening. Why, really, you look positively criminal."

"I feel it."

"Try not to then. It only adds to the suspicion people feel."

He wished she wouldn't walk so fast; again he tried to stay her with a detaining hand.

"Madeline . . . I do just want to say you can't blame me . . . the way you left me in town to-day when you had promised to go out to tea was most unporting."

"Arthur," said she, "you've lost your one redeeming feature. With that moustache and eyeglass you did at least look somebody."

THEY were back at the gate. Across the road that mystery girl was keeping pace with Madeline. It was in vain.

With a fleeting smile and a signal to him to be off like a good boy, she shut the door and Arthur was left isolated.

He waited looking at the windows of that house, then turned and looked up the road in the direction he would have to take; once more he considered going across and speaking to that girl, but immediately outside Madeline's house was not the best place to argue with her. He began to walk slowly and aimlessly along the path; hands in his pockets and soft hat down across one eye, he did not once turn round, and therefore he was all the more surprised to hear a girl's voice at his shoulder. What's more, it was a voice in which he could not be disinterested. It had tone.

"Good-evening, Mr. Mostyn." Arthur came to a standstill; he looked upon that girl in the silence which strikes most of us when we particularly want to find some "very crushing answer."

"I am afraid," he said, "Mostyn is not my name."

"I didn't expect you to admit it."

"No," said Arthur simply. He did not feel any urge now to make snappy answers; he was only trying not to be rude; he tightened his lips. The girl said:

"I saw you in London. You made way for me at the booking office. I thought afterwards there must at least be something interesting about a man who is being hunted and yet has time to make way for a lady in his own great emergency. There was no mistaking you; and then on this train you disguised yourself. I suppose you're a romantic figure, really. You're trying to cross the Channel, eh? Some little motor boat is calling for you on the beach to-night . . . and you came for a last word, to say good-bye to a

FRONT PAGE STUFF

Continued from Page 11

girl. So there are two nice things about you, anyway."

It was slowly borne in on Arthur that there was something in this situation rather like a scene in Galsworthy's "Escape." He was on the run, and this pretty girl did not want to see him hunted down and caught before her eyes; he was, in fact, rather a romantic figure; on the other hand, of course, she would be an added embarrassment, if he stopped here for the week-end, and she was going to hero worship him all the time. Also, he could not see why, if she were not hostile, she had got out of the train rather than sit and look at him. She seemed to sense this query on his part.

"Do you remember me? You must

this is dead as far as you're concerned . . . there couldn't be a story here."

"I saw you much earlier. You were limping along and calling for a taxi. I noted your moustache and eyeglass, and you jumped into the cab and off it went. I got another and came after you. I caught you at the station, and I heard you ask the porter which platform for Worplegate . . . and so I pushed in front and got a ticket, too. My paper said 'Hang on to him . . . whatever else you do!'"

Said he: "Do you expect me to go quietly with you to the police, or are you going to blow a whistle or are there police already on the scene but out of sight?"

"It isn't my idea to give you up at all," the girl replied. "All I want is the story. I want to interview you and get the full account of all you've



GLADYS: What is the most treasured possession of your ex-husband?
BERYL: His alimony.

have noticed me get out of the train. I got out to disarm suspicion. You'd seen me staring and I was afraid you might make off. I got into another carriage . . . and at Worplegate I kept out of sight. Once I'd shadowed you to your hotel I went to telephone my paper."

"Oh," said Arthur gravely. "You are a journalist."

"That's right. And this is a scoop for me. And even if you killed me, to get away to-night, it would still be front page stuff. In fact, it would be fun to stagger into the office after I'd been sent out to get a story, and when the night editor said, 'Well . . . have you got a story?' I could say, simply, 'Yes . . . I'm it . . .' and fall dead on the floor."

Arthur felt his chin a moment. "Might I ask," he said, "what made you come to Worplegate at all, if you were wanting news? Surely a place like

done since you were missing. And then I shall be made. My tale is that I met you and got into touch with you without your knowing I was a journalist. I had your story from your own lips on the edge of the cliffs. It'll be called . . . 'How I Talked with Julius Mostyn,' by Greta Morris."

"You are Greta Morris?" She nodded. "Then at the very end, when you've told everything, to this strange girl who somehow got your sympathy, you'll suddenly touch my hand and drop over the quay in the

WE'RE LEARNING

Little by little we are learning.
Not to the new but old things turning:
Like equal skies
Of April weather,
That all men rise
And fall together,
Achieving only things attempted
By law when not a man's exempted.

Little by little we are seeing
Our common fate, our common being,
No class, no clan,
Profession, labor,
More favored than
Its poorest neighbor—
That only thus, with all our chatter,
Mankind will ever mend a matter.

—D.M.

dark, and I shall hear you rowing off through the mist. As far as that goes, I hope you get away. You didn't go in for any petty thefts, or blackmail or cheap trickeries. You went for big stuff, and it must have been a great adventure. From all accounts if you had any luck you might have pulled through after all; but you were let down by your friends . . . and now everybody's after you. You've got the best of them so far, and, from my point of view, I wish you luck. I simply want the story."

"Why should anyone believe the story? How will they know you really did meet Julius Mostyn?"

"Because they'll check the story up. No one knows where you hid. I'll tell them, and when they go to confirm it they'll find evidence. I'm not a policeman. I'm from Fleet Street. And I don't tread on Scotland Yard's preserves."

Arthur had a curious smile. "Yes," he said, "you will certainly have my sympathy. You'd better come down to the cliffs."

Please turn to Page 42

HOBBS HOLLIBROOK says: I heard I stir, and I saw the House of the House of Hobbs. The World's Appetizer.***

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Some New Laughs

"What is music?"

"An expensive form of noise."

"Is Jones on the bust?"

"I think so. His manners have so D.T.-riorated."

"And how do you like your hair cut, sir?"

"In perfect silence."

"You seem out of spirits, old man."

"I am. Not a drop left."

"I never pay my old debts."

"What about the new ones?"

"Oh, I let them grow old."

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The SUMMER HOUSE

Continued from Page 12

It was the first of the year's sweetness, and she had brought him some. Scent of clematis. Scent of it reminding him of how she had tended him through that long convalescence and had nursed him back to life again. Nancy giving unsparingly of herself. "She was such a good, good wife," he said.

And now . . . They had grown old, and perhaps a little laded with life. They were prone to forget the old sweetness and to linger too much on the difficulties and the trials which had beset them. As if anything mattered as long as they had each other.

But now the summer-house was in sad need of repair, and their marriage was the same. Nancy said she was sick of slaving, she was sick of going on trying to keep the home together. Lately there had been difficult times; the trade slump had affected him; it was a bit hard at her time of life having to skip and pinch all over again. He remembered how they had skimped in the beginning, and yet how happy they had been through it all.

Rose scent coming in upon his dreamings. It was not much use going on nagging, Nancy said, and she was sick to death of it all. She didn't believe in trying to pretend everything was all right when it wasn't all right, and she would prefer to go and live with Rhoda, the eldest married daughter.

This evening they had decided things. Nancy was matter-of-fact, and he, being only a man, clung sentimentally to the memories of the past.

"We haven't got on for some time now," Nancy said.

Well, perhaps they hadn't. She had grown into a nagging wife, and perhaps some of it was his fault; he had not been too tolerant with her. Once there had been such a lot of time for affection and love and the things that mattered. Nowadays she hardly kissed him. Well, perhaps he was an old fool to want it!

He was sorry that marriage should end in this way. She was going to live with Rhoda.

Ronnie had suggested that he should go to him. All the same, he felt that Ronnie did not really want him. He had a young wife, and it wasn't natural to have the old people foisted back upon you. Ronnie wanted the addition to the income that it would involve, but that was about all.

Once they had thought in terms of roses, honeysuckle, and clematis, but now they were thinking in terms of f & d.

He got up. For old times' sake he cut a sprig of each and smelt it lovingly.

He took it indoors with him. He went inside so quietly that Nancy did not hear him, but sat there, her head resting on her hands in the dim light.

"Nancy," he said, and he went over to her, and stooped down quietly and kissed her. She, too, smelt the sweetness of the honeysuckle.

"Where have you been?" she asked, but not so sharply as usual.

"In the summer-house."

"The old place wants pulling down." "Like our marriage?" Then he made a little movement. "No, dear, don't light the light yet. Let's talk."

She sat down again and stared at him.

"What about?" "Roses, and honeysuckle, and clematis. I was thinking about them. Do you remember when Ronnie was born?"

"Yes." For a moment her mind, also, went back to it, the round red cheeks of roses pressed against the window of the room. "He was a fine baby," she said with a certain pride.

"That night after he fell off the summer-house roof?"

"Yes." She was nudged a little, for there was a certain awe about it. She bent a little closer to him. "That was a bad time—worse than anything else."

"And my operation?"

"And that. That was when I started to age, Ernie; I could not face it."

He put an arm round her, very tenderly, remembering her as she had been as a young woman, fragile and delicate, and how he had thought of her as a kind of Madonna, mother of his babies.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "marriage meant a lot to us in those days."

They sat there silently, for they did not need words.

There are pictures which are painted in the human brain with the loveliest flower scents of all. Pictures that the essence of the lilac will call up; pictures that you can remember only when you smell a well-loved flower. She was seeing again something rather exquisite, something that held their marriage together through the years, just as flowers had bound the old and shaky timbers of the summer-house close.

Suddenly she saw in this man who had grown trying and irritable, and a little old, the memory of the lover who had stood by her, and whom she had loved dearly.

"Yet what can we do for the future?" she asked. "We nag each other. We are always having little scenes. And Ronnie wants the money."

"Ronnie doesn't matter. We matter most of all." He kissed her fingerlingly, one of those kisses there had not been time for of late. "Ronnie isn't important; we matter most of all. We nagged because we haven't saved time to keep our most precious belonging untarnished. We have allowed marriage to become ordinary—marriage, which is the loveliest thing in the world."

"It isn't that I haven't loved you, Ernie. It is that lately there hasn't seemed to be time."

"We have allowed life to clutter itself up with all sorts of things that don't matter; we have not allowed time for the more important things."

"Such as—?" she asked.

He held the sprays close to her.

"Such as roses, and honeysuckle, and clematis."

They were quiet for a moment, and the moon falling into the room shed a white light on the two of them. She said:

"If you were always like this, Ernie, it would be so different."

"If you were always like this, Nancy . . ."

He saw her again as the young girl; she saw him as her lover. They both knew that they could not say goodbye to each other; they could not part.

THIS Woman BUSINESS

Continued from Page 38

EDDIE looked at them with his mouth open. Then, before he could sink away, the two disengaged themselves from their fond embrace and saw him. Tony scowled, but Phoebe beamed. She held out a hand.

"Hello, Eddie dear," she said. "I'm so glad you're one of the very first to know!"

"Know what?" said Eddie.

"That Tony and I are engaged. You've been a perfect darling, Eddie. If it hadn't been for you, I believe I'd still be mouldering in that horrid old tea-shop, unknown to your adorable family, and Tony would still be coming down in the two-seater to see me every evening. But you introduced me to them, when he couldn't possibly have done so, without their thinking me a designing hussy. We've just asked them if we can be engaged, and they've been most awfully nice about it. And we owe all that to you!"

There was a pause. Then Eddie said gallantly:

"Congratulations, and all that!"

Perhaps his voice cracked. Perhaps his face told something for Phoebe, looking at him, said suddenly to her very new fiancé:

"Run away, Tony, now! I want to talk to Eddie."

"Don't be long then," said Tony, as he strode away.

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

When he had gone, Phoebe looked at Eddie.

"Eddie, do you mind as much as all that?" she asked softly.

"I loved you so frightfully," said Eddie.

"My dear, I'm so dreadfully sorry! But we'll be pals now, you see. Why, I shall be your sister. You'd find a wife dreadfully trying just at present, Eddie."

"I'll never marry now," he said.

"Oh, yes, you will," said Phoebe. "In another six years or so, perhaps. And here's a present from me to your bride."

She glanced round quickly to see if anybody was looking. Eddie felt the faintest, softest, scented flicker on his cheek.

"Give that to the girl from me," said Phoebe. Before he had time to recover himself, she was gone.

It was a week later. Disguised most hideously in overalls, Eddie, with Mary, the motor bike, took the crown of the hill at 70 m.p.h. Tony had given Mary to his brother. "I've no use for a motor bike now," he had said.

Eddie spent one glorious oily day pulling her to bits, and two glorious oily days putting her together again. And here he was riding like a fiend, scattering dogs, chickens, and pedestrians. The heart of Edward Charles Latham was at peace again. He told himself that he had done with that woman business for ever.

(Copyright)

THE OTHER WAY

My old uncle used to say, "Always walk the other way Than the crowd does. When they're walkin'."

East, and east is all they're talkin' Then I always travel west; Or, if they think north is best, That's an easy way of knowin' South is how I should be goin'.

"When my neighbors far and near Say it's been an awful year, Awful year for farmers' prices, (Plough 'em under, their advice is), When there comes another spring Then I mostly plant one thing— Not an acre, three or four of What the rest won't raise no more of."

"That's the rule to follow, and That's the way I got my land; Sell when other men are buyin', Buy when other men are tryin' Hard to sell, for right along Any crowd is always wrong, What they stint on, what they spend on— That's a thing you can depend on."

—J.B.

Next day he repaired the summer-house.

He fastened it together with long nails and staples. Yet although they were iron and held fast, he knew that nothing would hold it so fast as the rose and the honeysuckle and the clematis which grew thereon. (Copyright.)

YOU can have hair like this!



YOU CAN HAVE A SKIN LIKE THIS, TOO, IF YOU USE 'HENNAFOAM'

Does your hair look dull, drab, "mouse-colored," lank or lifeless? Would you like to know the secret of keeping it rich, lustrous, shimmering and admiration-compelling? Well, the secret is—correct shampooing! Not just washing with soap and water, or with greasy coconut oil shampoos, but with a real beauty specialist's prescription for toning up the hair. Tallow and excess alkali in soap—scalp-clogging, dandruff-causing lye in city shampoos cannot be good! But Kathleen Court's 'Hennafoam' Shampoo could not harm even the tiniest baby's hair, yet it gives the vital

spark of life the hair needs if it is to be lovely. There's just the wisest pinch of a special henna in 'Hennafoam'—not enough to change the colour on even a platinum blonde, but sufficient to reveal the wonderful lights, tones and tints now hidden in your tresses! 'Hennafoam' is sold by all reliable chemists and large stores at 9d. a double-packet, powder form, or 2/3d. a bottle for the liquid type. Try a 'Hennafoam' Beauty Shampoo: to-day, and revel joyfully in the surprised, envious exclamations of your friends!

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Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

Thoughtful Driver

I WAS riding in a Brisbane tram in one of the suburbs last week when suddenly the brakes were applied and many of the passengers were thrown from their seats. We all thought something serious had happened, but were astonished when the driver alighted from the tram, picked up a tiny black kitten from the footpath, and placed it on the driver's humane act, we forgot for the moment how close some of us were to being seriously hurt.—J.R.C.

The Lesson Miscarried

A FRIEND of mine has a penchant for making her youngsters tidy about the house. She insists upon them putting everything away after their play and burning all papers and rubbish. Last week she left 22 in notes on the table to have it ready when the land-

lord called for the rent. On returning to the kitchen she found her little girl, three years of age, just closing the door of the fuel stove. "I burned all the rubbish you left on the table, mummie," said the youngster, expecting the usual commendation. The mother rushed to the stove in time to see her rent vanishing into smoke.—G.B.

Born Before His Great-Uncle

HOW'S this for an unusual family tangle? A friend, writing from London, tells me of a woman of fifty-eight, her daughter and her granddaughter who all gave birth to healthy children during the same night. The first child to be born was that of the seventeen-year-old granddaughter. The birth of this child's uncle followed a little later, and before morning his great-uncle had also been born.—Bee.

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

A Small World

ONE of my earliest memories is of a man falling unconscious at our front door in a N.S.W. town. My mother took him in and nursed him for three weeks. When he was leaving he gave me a Kruger sovereign and a nugget of gold. For 30 years I treasured the gifts. Hard times came recently, and I decided to sell the gifts. I took them to a gold-buyer in North Queensland and I noticed that he looked long at the nugget. I told him its history, and found that he was the stranger who had given it to me 30 years ago. He is now a prosperous gold-buyer in the north.—J.M.

FRONT PAGE STUFF

"DON'T push me over,

will you?"
"My dear lady," he said, shocked.
"Julius Mostyn is not a murderer."
"I know, and that," she said, "is why I'm not afraid."

They had sat on the cliff-tops for what seemed an age.

Beginning by answering haltingly her questions, he had by degrees gained confidence and had described how he had come of poor but humble parents, and had been destined for the haberdashery. At times she had caught his slight smile and had puckered up her brow. Once, indeed, she had looked at him intimately and had said:

"I thought you must have a sense of humor. Without it you could never have kept on the run so long."

Presently he reached more recent history and described how he had been followed through the streets of London, stared at in buses, and cross-questioned by the police.

She said incredulously: "You mean they had you and they let you go again?"

"Just so," said Arthur, whimsically, "because, you see . . . I'm not Julius Mostyn. They had made just the same mistake that you did."

Her eyes rested on his profile for a moment.

"You needn't be afraid of me," she said, "you can tell me the truth. I promise . . . word of honor."

"And on my word of honor," Arthur said, "I'm not."

There was bewildered silence. Greta Morris was frowning at him like a child suspicious suddenly of awful disillusionment; all friendliness was leaving her.

"Do you mean honestly you're not. You've kept me here all this time simply to lead me on? Nonsense. Why did you take off your moustache, then?"

Quietly and apologetically he told her. He was not proud of disappointing her; he had discovered in this little while that she was a most fascinating person; she had nice ideas, and her voice gratified him even when he had not quite liked at first what she was saying.

She heard him out. She listened to the truth about Madeline Halse, and she sighed and looked away. Her eyes rested now upon the phosphorescent gleam upon the calm sea under the new moon; her lips were tremulous.

"So that," she said, "is my great story. I shall go back to Fleet Street and put in for expenses . . . and shall get one week's money and the sack."

"I don't see why," said Arthur earnestly, "you want a story. Well, good Lord, you've got one . . . surely. A story nobody has hit on. 'The Man Who Looks Like Julius Mostyn.' Isn't that just as good? If I were the right chap and you let me get away you might get into serious trouble. All you can get for this is praise. Print everything . . . the story of my several requests to go and be interviewed by the Inspector . . . the coincidence by which I sprained my ankle . . . the grim way I've been followed everywhere . . . and then the way I actually lost the girl I wanted . . . how I shaved . . . and put on glasses . . . and how we found ourselves sitting on this cliff. . . . A

OPERA

Every day in harvest
(Every now and then)
Little Robin Redbreast,
Little Jenny Wren,
Sang a comic opera
For the working men.

And they roared with laughter
(Those grimy working men)
At the comic opera,
Then sighed, and turned again
From Little Robin Redbreast
And Little Jenny Wren.
—Margaret Goyder.

man who could only find rest down at Worpiegate from being hunted all over England in mistake."

After an interval she turned and her hand rested on his arm.

"You wouldn't mind my using all you've told me?"

"Not a bit," said Arthur, "provided that you don't give the lady's name . . . and preferably don't even give my own . . . the story's yours, and if they don't believe it, I'll come up and show myself, with photographs."

Her hand stayed where it was; he was pleased that it did.

He looked down at her and admired her short, straight nose; also lips that would have gratified a film director.

At last she said: "All right, I'll go and phone that . . . now."

"I'll come, too," he remarked, "in case they want me."

"That would be sweet of you. They might want me to go up now by road, and if so I suppose they would like you to go up too, and show yourself."

"But you came for the week-end, didn't you?"

"I have been told to go again," said he, "and go I will."

ON the way up to town that evening in a hired car, Greta, who had been looking at Arthur for some time, expressed her considered thoughts.

She said: "I can't make out why you ever wore an eyeglass and that awful black moustache."

"You didn't like them?"

"They looked dreadful. In fact, they were affected, and they made you look the kind of man you're not."

"You mean to say that you prefer me, then . . . like this?"

"Of course I do . . . like that you do look somebody . . . If I were you, I'd never go back to the old style any more."

Arthur sat thinking. He leaned a little towards her, and proudly he said: "I shan't go back to anything or anybody . . . What time will you have lunch, tea, and dinner with me every day next week?"

(Copyright)

Are you a
CHANGE DAILY
girl too?



LUX FOR UNDERTHINGS
Removes perspiration — saves Fabrics

Those girls who *always* look, and *feel*, fresh and cool—they're the ones with the "change-daily" habit! Every morning they put on sweet, clean undies and *every* night they wash those undies in Lux! Isn't that a wise plan—just to be sure of not offending?

IT'S THE EASIEST JOB TO WASH UNDIES WITH LUX!

Just four minutes—who wouldn't spare that each night, to be always sure of fresh, clean undies? And that's all it takes, the Lux way. A bowl of lukewarm water, some Lux—a gentle squeeze in the rich Lux suds—two quick rinses—and there you are! Remember, too, that perspiration rots fabrics, so by freshening your things after *each* wearing you are also making them last longer.

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ROCKERIES are Delightful

... Says The Old Gardener How to Make Them ... and How to Stock Them!

THE laying-out of a rockery seems a matter of great expense and effort to many people. But anyone can have a small rockery and make of it a colorful, picturesque addition to the home surroundings, as our Old Gardener tells you this week.

TO-DAY we will have a chat on rockeries, then you'll be able to have this sloping ground laid out in a way that will suit you. Glad I came along at the right time.

The building and making of a rockery is to imitate nature so closely as to be mistaken for it. I have built many rockeries, Mum, and have also had long experience in this class of work. Many rockeries which I have seen feature, to my way of thinking, an excess of stone and a sad scarcity of soil for the culture of plants.

I was taught that rocks should not be the main feature. The earth and the plants to be the most essential, and to make the rocks cropping out here and there appear as natural as possible. Of course, this idea of rockery may not suit everybody, but I am only advising you and passing on to you the knowledge gained from many long years of practical and scientific experience.

I have seen people go to a great deal of trouble and expense in rockery building. They have had loads of stones carried miles at an enormous cost, and then cemented together, with pockets of various shapes and sizes. Some of them look well, too, when completed, but I consider this method makes the rockery appear more or less artificial, and detracts from the natural beauty.

There are many gardens situated on



HERE YOU glimpse a mixture of crazy and flagged paving which is interesting as well as attractive. Grass grows between the crevices, but you can grow moss and dwarf flowering plants with happy success. Note the picturesque effect given this corner by the potted azalea and young mandarin.

hillsides and elsewhere where possibilities exist for the building of perfect natural rockeries at very little cost. In all spots where the natural rock crops out of the surface or is so near it as to be easily reached and developed, the most satisfactory results are easy of attainment.

HOW TO MAKE IT

USE stone that is natural to the surroundings and keep to the one color. I don't think I have seen anything more ridiculous than a rockery made of a collection of stones of various colors. No, I'm not hard to please, Miss, but I do love to see a garden or rockery made as natural as possible.

Stones are used to form the ribs of construction, whatever the size may be. These prevent undue evaporation at the surface and aid in the healthy development of roots.

Before you commence building, draw a rough plan, then peg out the land accordingly. The next step is to dig it thoroughly. Make the soil the base, then place the stones in bold, natural positions around and cropping up here and there as nature would have them do. All pockets should be of different shape and size.

The soil in these pockets should be deep, well-dug, with suitable drainage, and the division or cracks should be arranged so that plants can be grown between.

Cement in rockeries should be avoided.

WHAT TO GROW

I COULD talk all day—there is so much to tell about rockery building, but time is going, and I must give you an idea of what types of plants are necessary in order to make an artistic and colorful display.

Before mentioning these plants there may be some among them that have a tendency to grow taller than is required, but by systematic cutting and judicious pruning these can be kept well in hand. Shape, size, and color will be maintained, also.

Rockeries should also be planted with perennials—something that will give color, besides blooms, throughout the year.

When planted with annuals it gives a bare and forlorn appearance while waiting for the next display, especially during the winter months.

Always leave room for cacti here and

there through the rockery, and select the hottest and best-drained position for them.

Make your choice of plants from the following:—

Agathis—dwarf and compact in growth, and crowned with masses of marguerite-shaped flowers of a lovely shade of blue.

Goldfussia—dwarf, bronze with lavender-like flowers; a delightful little subject.

Hypericum—a bright yellow flowering plant, small in habit. This is an excellent rockery plant.

Cuphea—the clear flower; a very free flowering plant.

Heliotrope—we all know the value of this sweetly-scented and pretty foliaged plant.

Gaeanias—low-growing plants, massed with bright, orange flowers.

Dracena Australis—these create an oriental effect and are very attractive.

Cotoneaster—has a weeping habit of growth; its white flowers are followed by scarlet berries.

Coleus Trailing—a hardy type with wonderful color.

Azaleas—It is needless for me to describe these, everyone loves them.

Anthericum Variegatum—beautifully marked with ribbon like leaves.

Veronica—a very fine shrub with glossy leaves and various colored flowers.

Lotus—a very distinct plant with silvery foliage; trailing habit.

Thunbergia—Gibsoni—another very distinct trailing plant, orange yellow flowers, and blooms eight months of the year.

Stokea—has a striking blue flower, while shamrock has very pretty foliage and sodium is very easy to grow.

Pomegranate has very handsome foliage, and brilliant flowers. Lantana is very free flowering and hardy.

Mezembryanthemum (my word, Miss, I nearly got tongue-tied that time!) is a wonderful rockery plant.

Sellowiana—this is the purple lantana, and very striking.

Abutilon (chinese lantern)—this prettily colored plant, with its quaint flowers, adds color to the rockery.

We must not forget the hydrangea. There are many varieties and colors to choose from, or russelia, a pretty weeping plant.

Flowering prunus, peach, quince and plum make nice color during the spring, and can be kept dwarfed by judicious pruning.



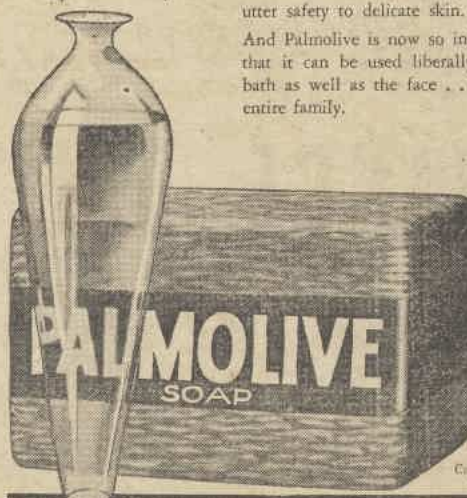
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Write to A. WESTON CARR, Bymock's Block, 430 George Street, Sydney, for his free brochure, "Asthma and Catarrh—Their Cause and Cure," which places you under absolutely no obligation.

Don't RISK Your SIGHT

An optician offers the following comment on "Cheap Spectacles," a matter on which readers recently argued the pros and cons.

OPTICAL aids should not be classed as mere merchandise—they should be considered adjuncts to the skill of the prescriber—be he optometrist or ophthalmologist.

Rarely is a person found who has two eyes exactly the same, from the point of view of vision—yet some of them endeavor to use these inferior "pairs" of lenses—possibly to the detriment of one eye. Further, most of these pairs of lenses are set in frames of approximately the same size, and whether the wearer's face be large or small, the features regular or irregular, they expect to achieve good results.

Without submitting mathematical evidence which would be tedious to the layman—it is perfectly correct to state that some persons who use these cheap ill-fitting spectacles are suffering from a self-imposed squint of two or three degrees.

This is surely bad enough—but where the eyes are dissimilar (and remember this condition exists in far more instances than usually credited) one eye only is forced to carry the burden of vision, while the other is suppressed. And when one eye is suppressed it is not the eye that suffers so much as the brain centre belonging to it; because although the eye is the camera that produces the picture, it is the brain that sees and interprets it.

Risk your money—your property—your digestion, if you wish—but not your vision.

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

"YOU won't be able to do much more swimming," said Wunderlust, one particularly cold evening, to Fred. "The summer is passing away, and soon all the hills around here will be laden with beautiful white snow. And won't you have a time playing in the snow with snowballs and snow men. I'm sure you'll love it," went on Wunderlust.

"It must be wonderful up here in the winter, then," said Fred, "if everything is covered with snow."

Fred then left Wunderlust, and went to bed. All that night he dreamt of playing in the snow. But, as the next day was extremely hot, all thoughts of the snow disappeared, and, once more, Fred put on his swimming costume and went down to the beach. Fred swam and dived in and over the breakers, for the better part of an hour, before he decided to come ashore and sit on the sand.

He sat there for quite a long time, looking at all the people who came along. They were not at all like the people who had flocked to Sydney beaches. Anyway, there was nothing unusual in that, thought Fred, for who would expect to find ordinary everyday folk in the Land of Magic? Nobody, of course not.

Little children and old, very old men, in fact, with flowing beards, comprised most of the people that went to this fairy beach to swim. All happy, laughing people, with chubby hands and chubby faces, with not a care in the world.

After talking and nodding to a number of the fairy folk Fred had met at various occasions, he got up and made his way along the beach. He headed for the new lighthouse that had been completed only that week. This lighthouse had been built quite close to the old one, and it was the intention of the council to pull down the old one within a short time.



"Come, Betty," says Jack, taking her hand, "Down for a romp in the golden sand. You have a bucket, and I have a spade. Why we can build castles without any aid."

FRED climbed the high steps, two at a time, that led to either lighthouse.

Just as he reached the top, he looked down at the raging waters, and thought how terrible it would be for anyone to lose their footing and fall to the angry waters below.

What was that? He stopped still as he heard a pitiful cry.

Fred looked all around him, but could see nothing. Again, he heard the cry, and this time he made sure it was coming from within the old lighthouse. Quickly he raced to the lighthouse, looking all around it for some way to get in. All he found was a big wooden door that was closed very securely from the inside. Fred hammered loudly on this door, and cried: "Is there anyone in there?"

"The only answer he got was a half-choked 'H-h-h-help!'"

Fred did not know what to do. Then an idea came to him. Why not break the glass at the top of the lighthouse and then get through! Wasting no time, he got hold of a brick and threw it at one of the windows. Then he climbed up, and was soon inside the lighthouse.

Inside the lighthouse, on the floor, was a little boy who was crying and holding his ankle in one hand. This little boy had gone into the lighthouse, locked the door, then fallen down and hurt one of his legs and was unable to move.

Fred unlocked the door, and as the boy was very small, Fred was able to carry him down the steps with perfect ease. He then carried him to Mushroom Grove, where Nurse Careless looked after him until he got better.



GOLLY, it's the end.

(Another story about Fred next week.)

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION
Prize of 10/- to KEITH FREQUATT (10), Mary St., Sherwood (Vic.), for the best coloring of "The Frog".

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—
As Easter is almost here, I suppose many of you are busy packing things to take away with you for a short holiday. Dozens of Pals have written telling me of where they intend staying. Now, don't forget, all of you, to write as soon as you get home again, and tell me about your holiday.



TONY, one of my very best pals. The best letter for the week comes from George James, 9 Melville St., Maryborough, Qld., for which he wins a 5/- prize. Here is an extract from George's interesting letter:—

"Maryborough, the town in which I live, is a very pretty place. There are shipbuilding yards, sugar mills, saw mills, and a bacon factory within a few miles of each other. Vegetables are grown extensively round about Maryborough."

Good-bye until next week.
Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

SAY THESE
The seething sea ceaseth, so the seething sea
sufficeth us not.
Which, which, Miss, is the right switch
for spawich, Miss?
Prize Card to Betty Williams, 187 Tyler St.,
East Preston, Vic.

Why can a fishmonger never be generous?—
Because his business makes him sell fish (selfish).
Prize Card to Lewis Williams, Bulgaundry, via
Albury, N.S.W.

Dream Express

By MAURINE CAHILL

All aboard the Dream Express
That's bound for Sleepy Town.
The fare is just one living kiss.
There's no room for a frown.

We pass the land where fairy tales
Really do come true;
And if you're very good you'll see
The Woman in the Shoe.

Then off into the sky we drive
The Lady Moon to see,
And all the pretty little stars
That twinkle merrily.

And when into the sky there creeps
The early morning sun,
The Dream Express comes home
To see another day begun.

Maurine Cahill, 4 Maitland Rd., Artarmon,
(N.S.W.) wins a 5/- prize for this pretty verse.

Just Chatter



INTRODUCING John Tackerman, of Five Dock, and Melva Jarman, of Redfern.

BARBARA STEPHENS, of Ashfield (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter. Jack Smith, of Shepparton (Vic.), does clever sketches; Barbara Yen, of Adamantina, will sit for the year; Bernard Porcelli, of Chrys's Hill (N.S.W.), can paint pretty pictures; Patricia Richards, of Lindfield (N.S.W.), used to live eleven hundred miles from Brisbane.
Harold Arns, of Maningrida, Brisbane (Q.), writes an interesting letter. Joyce Perry of Harbord (N.S.W.), is very fond of surfing during the hot weather. Dorothy Stone, of Kogarah (N.S.W.), writes clever verses. Miss Kallikow, of Goulburn (N.S.W.), can draw very pretty pictures; Charlie Morris, of Bendigo (Vic.), will be four years old in May; Alice Cunningham, of West Kent, Brisbane (Q.), will be in Sydney for the Show.

FOR FUN & FANCY

SYMPATHETIC old lady: What are you crying for, my boy?

Boy: Mother gave me a thrashing yesterday for not washing, and now Father's just given me another for bathing in the river!

Prize Card to Hazel Potter (11), Linton, via Stanthorpe, Qld.

Mr. Smith had finished putting the seeds in the garden.
"How about birds eating them?" queried Mrs. Smith.

"Hadn't you better put up a scarecrow?" was the reply.

"One of us will kill any more cockroaches!" was the reply.

Prize Card to Beril Ayres, Hector St., Sefton, N.S.W.

Mother: I left two pieces of cake in the cupboard, and now there's only one piece. Can you explain this, Tommy?

Tommy: Well, it was so dark when I went there that I didn't see the other piece.

Prize Card to Jean Rutledge, 8 Neth Parade, Burwood, N.S.W.

Master of the House: Now look here, Nora, if you fall downstairs and break any more crockery, I shall have to get another maid.

Nora: Really, sir, I wish you would—there's easily enough work for two of us!

Prize Card to W. Kingmill, 10 Griffith Ave., West Ryde, N.S.W.

What is that which occurs twice in every month, once in every minute, and never in a thousand years? — The letter "m".



HERE we have the Queen of Hearts all ready for you to color. You may use chalks, crayons, or paints. All competitors must be under the age of 17. Address contributions to Connie, Box 1511E, G.P.O., Sydney. Prize of 10/- will be given for the prettiest entry. In the forthcoming "Alice in Wonderland" picture, which is a Paramount production, May Robson takes the part of the Queen of Hearts.

THIS is the tale of greedy Sam.

He stole the cream, and ate the jam;
He climbed a stool and tried to take,
The plums out of the sugar cake.

The stool tipped up, and with a roar,
The greedy boy fell on the floor.

It gave him such a dreadful fright,
But sister said, "It serves you right."

Prize Card to Heather Hay (13), 56 Fourth Av., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Teacher: How do you spell "little"?

Johnny: L-i-t-t-l-e.

Teacher: You should say l-i-double t-l-e.

Next day Johnny had to recite the verse beginning:

"Up, up, my love, the sun is shining," but he was not to be caught again, and this is what he said:

"Double up, my love, the sun is shining."

Prize Card to Jean McKay, Yarrambool, via Diamond Creek.

A little city girl visiting her uncle on the farm was watching a cow chewing her cud.

"Pretty fine cow," said her uncle.

"Yes," said the little girl, "but doesn't it cost a lot to keep her in a cowshed?"

Prize Card to David Stone, Evelyn St., Grange, Brisbane.

"Johnny, this essay on 'My Mother' is just the same as your brother's."

"Yes, ma'am. We have the same mother."

Prize Card to Jean Pickup, 87 Bentinck St., Ballina, N.S.W.

Betty: Pass me some more cake, Mummy.

Mummy: Mummy, get one word, Betty, P-I—

Betty: Oh, yes, Mummy, I'm out!

Prize Card to Vera Harrison, 42 Prince St., Grafton, N.S.W.

A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 5

"I DON'T think it would make any difference," she said slowly, "the public loves a romance—and every true romance ends with marriage and people living happily ever after."

"That's it," he said triumphantly. "You're a great girl, Jenny. We'll work up a new legend. I'll tell Walters. The end of the road of romance. Don Juan in wedlock."

"Don Juan in Hell," she countered quickly, with a laugh.

"You're a frightful child, Jenny. If you worked in my theatre I'd sack you instantly. You know too much and you think too quickly."

"Do you like the flowers?" she said demurely, as she put the last touches.

"Fine. Do you like my flat?"

"I think it's frightful."

"So do I. This flat alone is enough to drive any man to the altar. Now quit messing about with those roses. You've got to have a drink with me to wish me luck."

"No, thanks, I—"

"Now, Jenny, don't be so unfriendly. Look, just a sherry, very dry like your humor and very ancient like my jokes. Come on. If a man's going to try to get married you can't refuse to drink his health." He picked up one of the fine amber wine glasses and held it to the light to show her the faint lines that ran around it. "Duclos, the artist who made these, told me these lines represented the eternal circle in which everything came back from where it started. And do you know what he told his friends? He told 'em he'd found a marvellous mug of an ignorant actor who was willing to pay to be beguiled."

"But you're not beguiled," she said, with a little sigh. "They get their money on false pretences. That's what's so wrong. You're not beguiled."

"Hush, Jenny, don't tell me. The best thing in life is to let yourself be deceived."

"No," she said stoutly, "that's not true."

He shook his head. "Otherwise one needs too much courage." He picked up the decanter. "Let's have some of the Dutch variety," he said more lightly.

She took the glass he handed to her and looked gravely across at him.

He faced her. "Jenny—little Jenny who doesn't find me amusing, will you please smile just this once." Her lips were trembling. She pressed them hard together and looked at him mutely.

"Well," he said, "to our friendship, Jenny."

With an effort she found her voice.

"To your happiness," she said, and made a little vow in her secret heart that the toast was not an idle one.

"Splendid. Now we should by right throw our glasses violently over our left shoulders—but we won't—Fletcher would be too angry. Thank you very much, Jenny dear, for your flowers and your friendship."

She picked up her bag, her scissors, and her boxes. "Good-bye, Mr. Gerrard, and good luck."

"Good-bye, Jenny Wren. Take care of yourself."

Jenny walked thoughtfully towards the Tube, unconscious of the buses thundering past her, and the big cars hurrying the Hampstead rich to dine in town. She was thinking of Tom, of a smile that was charming but that had so often just a touch of artificiality, a false quality. She would like to make it genuine. She had drunk to his happiness and the ceremony had a meaning. Since he wanted to marry Christine somehow Christine must be tutored to his purpose. Jenny smiled at her own presumption. Christine

must not be allowed to think that any woman could fool Tom Gerrard—no, not even if it were true. It would be a bad beginning. Jenny remembered Christine's brown eyes dancing with golden lights, not in the excitement of love, but in the excitement of battle. Under the sophistication, under the civilisation, under the French frocks, and the American make-up, and the Mayfair accent, Jenny suspected Christine of something untamed, a savagery that would think nothing of smashing a man's fragile happiness.

THE entrance to Baker St. Tube yawned like an open mouth. Jenny shook her head, threw off these thoughts, clutched her boxes, and fought valiantly and valiantly to hold her own against the crowds to Leicester Square.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Jenny got back to the shop, but Pamela was still working.

"Hello, Jenny, guess who's been here?"

"Who?"

"Your beau."

"My—?"

"Yes, courageous Olive Freeman, the terror of Threadneedle St., the rip of the Royal Exchange. Opening next week our whirlwind romance of the financier and the florist or the love story of a company director."

"Oh, shut up. Olive Freeman's all right." Suddenly she turned to Pamela, wistfully, eagerly. "He is all right, isn't he?" she insisted. She valued Pamela's opinion.

"Why—yes."

"But really—honestly."

"Do you like him, Jenny?"

"Yes, I do like him. Pam—but—"

"But what?"

"It's with my head, not with my heart."

Pamela was taken aback. "You don't mean—"

Jenny nodded.

"Not seriously."

"Perhaps—if I'm asked."

"Oh."

There was a silence for a moment between them. Pamela suddenly saw Olive Freeman in a new light. She thought lustily of all the feckless young men that she herself danced with; of all the irresponsibles who held her hand at the movies; of stolen kisses in taxis; of the mess and muddle and cheapness that passed for "having a good time."

She turned her intelligent, good-humored face towards her companion.

"I think you're right, Jenny," she said slowly. "I'd never have credited you with that much sense, but I think you're right."

"You do, really?"

"Yes. The world's a mess these days, isn't it? Boys of our age haven't a bean. They can't support anything, poor mites, not even themselves. If you haven't any money, life can be pretty grim. I've tried some."

"And there's no escape except by marriage," sighed Jenny.

"Well," said Pamela, "you might win the Irish sweep, or inherit a million, or become a film star overnight—or again you mightn't."

"I'm sure I mightn't."

"And the young fellows proposing marriage aren't so plentiful," pursued the young realist. "Why if all the chaps who've told me they loved me led me to the altar I could hold the



"Is Mariel doing well with her dramatic broadcast sketches?"
"Yes, she's a perfect scream."

bigamist's record for the British Isles. But they don't, and you wake up one morning and find you're thirty—or even forty."

"Yes."

"Forty is not so good. People don't even want to employ you, let alone marry you. I've got a cousin who was in this business. Sacked last week. The manager said he must have the kind of face that made young men buy flowers they didn't need."

Please turn to Page 46



I Love
Arnott's
SAOS at
any time"



People Talk About Her

A few months ago she was the life of her set. But now she doesn't sparkle. These quickies. Has lost her "dash." People are asking what is wrong. Actually she is paying the price of Constipation. Constipation destroys youth and health, ruins complexion; robs eyes of their sparkle and lustre. Yet it is QUITE EASY TO CORRECT CONSTIPATION SAFELY AND QUICKLY. No need for drastic purgatives, no need to suffer pain, distaste or discomfort. NVAL FIGSEN is a natural laxative, which gently induces normal bowel action. No matter whether you are young or old—how delicate you may be—NVAL FIGSEN is safe, sure—and does not form a habit. Buy a tin from your chemist to-day for 1/3.

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RUNS UPSTAIRS AT 92

Daughter's Pride in Active Father

"I feel in duty bound," writes (Mrs.) A. J. W., "to express my gratitude for the marvellous results my father has obtained from Kruschen Salts. They should really be called 'Miracles.' He is ninety-two years old, and is as fit as a fiddle. He can nip about, and run up and down stairs. His friends marvel why it is he is always alert, and never feels slack. He always tells them the reason—my regular daily dose of Kruschen Salts in my first cup of tea every morning. We always recommended Kruschen Salts to all our friends. To my idea no family should be without it." (Mrs.) A. J. W.

Most people grow old long before their time because they neglect one vital need of health—the need for internal cleanliness. Eventually they start the healthy Kruschen habit. Then they start getting rid every day of all waste matter from the system. New, healthy blood goes coursing through the veins. And almost immediately you feel your youth has returned; you feel young, energetic and happy. In a word, you've got that famous "Kruschen Feeling."

A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

"WHAT a shame!" "That reminds me. I think Madame is fed up with Anne, from little things she said. Anne's all right but she's a bit too much of a lady, don't you think?"

"Oh, Pam, I hope you're not right." "Your brother's keen on her, isn't he?"

"Dreadfully. Oh, damn money and the necessity of earning one's daily bread."

"Well, he's got a good steady job."

"Steady! No job is steady."

"Wrong again. I know a chap got two years' hard labor. He kept that job."

Jenny smiled a little wily. "Life's a mess, Pam," and she added fastidiously, "I always did hate a mess."

Behind the counter the little blue enamel clock with the silver hands struck eight politely. "Come on. Let's shut up shop."

"Right, Madame there?"

Pamela jerked her head in the direction of the back room. "Yes, deep in her newspapers. Buck up, I've got to meet the boy friend at eight fifteen. He has absolutely nothing in the upper storey, but how that boy can dance! Then she remembered their recent improving conversation. "Still, like you, I'll have to look out for a steady soon and settle down."

"You run along. I'll shut the shop."

"Really? You're a pal." Pamela dashed to rescue the absurd minute piece of sky blue velvet that sat so jauntily on the side of her auburn curls and that hardly deserved the dignity of being called a hat.

It was always quite a job "shutting the shop," because there were so many things that Madame insisted must be done every evening after closing time.

Jenny did not hurry. She stacked the vases of unsold flowers to one side. Automatically she gave them fresh water. A "steady," she reflected. Clive Freeman would be surprised to hear himself so described. She lifted the heavy pots of plants and ranged them neatly by the wall. "To settle down."

She sprayed the bouquets thoughtfully. Well, it was being done. Even Toni Gerrard was talking of marrying. She laid the dust sheets reverentially along the counter as if she were draping the coffin of someone's dead hopes. She had not expected him to want to marry Christine. It was like marrying Botticelli's "Spring" or Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." One didn't marry works of art, one hung them on the wall to admire.

She pulled down the blinds and locked the door with a vicious little twist of the key. Marry, indeed! Why should anyone want to get married who had twenty thousand a year.

Her job was finished. She fetched her hat and called "Good night" to Madame. The latter barely answered. She was reading a murder trial with fascinated attention. "Morbid old thing," thought Jenny. Presently she knew Madame would get up and take the money from the cash register and settle to her accounts. A queer, empty life.

It was a quarter past eight when Jenny came out of the shop's back door into the street, and she was surprised to find Ted waiting for her.

"Hello, Ted, what brings you here? Anne's out on a job, and oughtn't you to be working?"

He looked unusually serious. "I've got half an hour off and I wanted a word with you."

"Nothing wrong?"

"No, of course not. Why?"

"I don't know. Something in the air."

"Rot."

He led her silently through the noisy streets till they reached Covent Garden, where they turned out of Bedford St. into St. Paul's churchyard.

"Let's sit here a minute," he said.

There was a scattering of people enjoying the last warmth of the summer's day. They were mostly poor and elderly, but a pair of lovers sat opposite and further along a young clerk was eating sandwiches out of a paper bag.

T

he old church looked down on them serenely. For three centuries it had seen men and women come and go, desperately concerned about their impermanent little affairs. The old church had not grown cynical. It looked down on them with serene benevolence with its wide welcoming porch and its soft covering of London soot making lovelier shadows and patterns than even Inigo Jones himself had conceived.

They sat down. "What is it, Ted?" she asked.

"I wanted to tell you first. . . . He stopped, embarrassed.

"What?"

"It's like this. I've got fifty pounds saved. Anne and I want to get married."

The words had rushed out defiantly. Now he stopped and there was silence between them. At last Jenny said

lightly, "There is something in the air to-day. You're the second man who's told me he wants to get married, and it's queer 'cos it isn't even spring."

"I had to tell you first because if I pull out and set up with Anne I shan't be able to contribute much to the old home, and Dad is such a very intermittent and erratic provider."

"Yes, art was always long, but our supply is also cheap."

"It means it mostly falls on you."

Jenny laughed. "While I've got 'em and strength! . . . Don't let that aspect of it worry you. But there are other things. . . ." She stopped.

"Well?" he said impatiently, sensing her disapproval.

"Well," she echoed softly, "well, I think you're a fool my dear."

"What do you mean?" he said hotly.

"I'll try to explain. Only don't get excited." She sighed hopelessly. "What I say doesn't matter, anyway, so keep calm."

"All right. I won't flare out. Fire ahead."

"It's like this," she said slowly. "I think you're a fool because fifty pounds isn't enough, and what Anne's earning isn't enough, and what you're earning isn't enough. Yes, I know you're get-

ting good money, but for how long? Musicians aren't having the golden time of their lives—are they? For the last five years you've been in and out of work. No, I'm not saying it was your fault—at least not always—but there you are, it's the fact."

"Oh, we can manage. . . ."

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The distant roar of the traffic was like an orchestral accompaniment to their talk. The sparrows were picking up the crumbs from the clerk's evening meal. Jenny's eyes were misty.

"Well, aren't I right, Jenny?"

"Oh, damn you," her voice quavered. "Don't you think I know you're right? But I don't want to believe you. Perhaps you and Anne will be happy like Mum and Dad. You'll marry, anyway, and be poor and have worries and responsibilities but I dare say it will all prove worth while. . . ."

"Sure, You've got to have the right person."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You've got to take the people that are there, not wonderful mythical people that you might love."

"You mean? About yourself?" The question was shy and tentative.

"Oh me, I'll 'manage' too, but I'm going to have a settled income. . . ."

He was silent for a moment, regretful. She had set up a brick wall ten feet high between them. She had dissociated herself from the world of their childhood, the world of happy improvisation.

"When it's all over, Jenny," he said, slowly, "years and years hence, when we've ceased to care, let's come back here and tell each other which of us was right."

"We're neither of us right," she said sadly, "it's all a compromise and a

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To be continued



EDNA PRITCHARD, captain of "Cheerio" cricket team.
—Women's Weekly photo.

ATHLETIC RECORDS In Victoria and N.S.W.

The championships of the Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Association are completed.

In view of the selection of Empire Games representatives, the records established during the season are of the keenest interest to all athletic enthusiasts.

THE brilliant Doris Carter, winner of the high jump, 5ft. 2in., broke all existing Australian records, and was only 2 1/2 inches outside a world's record. The latter, with a little more training, should be well within her scope.

Miss Carter was a school teacher at Melville Forest, on the South Australian border, and, on the day of this fine performance, she drove for 10 hours alone, arriving in Melbourne at 1.30 a.m.

She has since been transferred over here, so even greater things will be expected of her in future, as living in Melbourne will give her more time for consistent training.

Among the "stars," too, were E. Biddle, who won the javelin championship, D. Ireland, who won the 220 and 100 yards and gained second place in the 75, and Vera Cowan, who won the shot putt.

N.S.W. Athletes

In New South Wales, Clarice Kennedy broke the Australian and the State record for the 90 yards hurdles. Her time was 12 2/5 sec. Edie Robinson was successful in defeating ex-Olympian, Eileen Wearne, in the 100 yards. She established a new Australian record by covering the distance in 11 1/10 sec.

It is unfortunate for Cora Hannan that the discus throw is not included in the Empire Games events, for her throw of 107.2 established an Australian and State record.

THE events set down for women athletes at the Empire Games are the 100 and the 880 yards race, 80 yards

hurdles, high jump and broad jump, throwing the javelin, and the 400 and 600 relay races.

The events included for the women swimmers are the 100 yards free-style, 100 yards back-stroke, 200 yards breast-stroke, 440 yards free-style, springboard diving, high diving, and the 400 and 300 yards relay races.

Swimming and athletics are the only two events in which women are allowed to compete. As a list of the names of the competitors must be in the hands of the Empire Games Organising Committee before July 16, it is expected that the Australian selectors will make public the names of those selected for Australian representation within the next few days.

QUEENSLAND Defeated In Interstate VIGORO

The New South Wales vigoro team has returned home, carrying the ashes with them once more and leaving the Queenslanders wiser if sadder.

In the three Tests, the New South Wales attack was superb, their fielding being second only to their deadly bowling.

SYBIL BLACK, Jess Smallman, and Rita Hallings excelled, Sybil Black proving the "Larwood" of the team.

ON their batting the visitors placed their balls well, using judgment to compile their runs in ones and twos. The Queenslanders, for the most part, attacked the bowling with a vigor, the results of which proved that discretion would certainly have been "the better part."

The teams provided a contrast apart from actual play. The New South Wales girls, in their blue pleated tunics to the knee, looked handicapped in contrast to the neat maroon shorts of the Queenslanders, though this fact was hardly reflected in the scores.

Myrtle Kanaugh, the Oakley junior, was an outstanding bat for the home team. Jess Paterson led the bowling.

Y.W.C.A. Activities

THE Y.W.C.A. Easter camp will be held at Thirroul, on the South Coast, this year. Already a large number have signified their intention of taking advantage of the holiday at the surf. A revue, arranged for Thursday, March 22, will be given at the Y.W.C.A., and the proceeds will go to help the Y.W.C.A. the Rachael Foster Hospital for Women, and towards helping with the expenses of the N.S.W. Basketball Association.

Athletes Nominated For Empire Games

NOMINATIONS from the different States have been sent to the Empire Games Selection Committee.

N.S.W. has nominated C. Kennedy, C. Hannan, E. Wearne, E. Robinson, with Mrs. C. Ellis as chaperon.

Queensland has nominated Mrs. T. Peake, and Doris Carter is Victoria's choice with Mrs. D. Mulcahy as chaperon.

CRICKET Premiers

PREMIERS for the first time since the inception of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association, the Cheerio team certainly deserved their victory.

The team was captained by Edna Pritchard, a sportswoman in every sense of the word. As a leader her fairness and cheerfulness have made the Cheerio team one of the most popular in women's sports.

Edna Pritchard's own record would be difficult to equal. She captained the New South Wales women's cricket team in their first match against Victoria and Queensland.

For four years she captained the N.S.W. basketball team, and on Saturday she will be among those chosen to play before the baseball selectors with a view to selection in the New South Wales team for the coming interstate baseball contests.

Seven years ago the Cheerio Club was formed under the guidance of Miss Gwen Varley, and Edna Pritchard received her first coaching in cricket. Even at that early stage she showed marked ability on the field.

The following year she was joined by D. Hannan, N. Bourke, and her sister, Hazel. These four players are still members of the club.

This year Hazel Pritchard again heads the batting list, a position she has held for the last three years. D. Blake, a member who transferred from the Sans Souci Club last season, comes second on the batting list, and heads the bowling averages, with M. Flaherty second.

The Annandale Waratahs team, second in the first grade premiership, hold a record unique among clubs playing in New South Wales, for their second grade team won their division, and their third grade team filled first position in their grade.

Mrs. Hudson, president of the Annandale Waratahs Club, has done much to improve the standard of cricket in her district. As a vice-president in the N.S.W.W.C.A. her work has been invaluable.

Two grade matches have yet to be played, but these will not affect the results of the competition leaders. Sans Souci have to play Teachers' College, and Kuring-gai will meet University.

while Winnie McMillan behind the sticks received praise from opponents and team mates alike for her neat handling of the ball.

MISS KITTY HOWARD (N.S.W.) will long be remembered by vigoro players for the havoc her bowling wrought in the second Test against Queensland.

Kitty is only 17 years old, and has the distinction of being the first country player to gain State honors in the N.S.W. team. Bathurst is her home town.

PETITE and very fair, Miss Thelma Healy, captain of the N.S.W. team, is a prime favorite in Queensland. She led her team to victory in the Tests, and was tremendously pleased to be able to carry on the unbroken chain of New South Wales' success.

THE defeat of the Queensland vigoro team at the hands of New South Wales has awakened the Q.L.V.A. to drastic action.

It is proposed to choose the two best eleven and arrange a series of matches during the winter months, with trophies to be awarded for the best batting and bowling averages.

Mrs. Dodge, secretary of the N.S.W. Association, is negotiating with the Melbourne Y.W.C.A. for two Sydney teams to play a demonstration match in Melbourne. New South Wales also hopes to hold its first Country Week this year.

VARIOUS Rulings for Prospective TESTS

There is apparently more than a possibility that the South Australian Women's Cricket Association will affiliate with the Australian Women's Cricket Council within the next few months.

The question of uniforms for the Test matches has been decided, but various rulings in regard to play have still to be adjusted.

LIKE the other Australian States, with the exception of New South Wales, South Australian cricketers play in frocks.

At present there are only four clubs playing cricket in S.A., two from the Y.W.C.A., one known as Myers, and another as the Waratahs. Three rounds are played during the season.

It is assumed that the English cricketers will be dressed in a uniform which, like that of the Queensland teams, is made on similar lines to the hockey tunic.

The Australian Women's Cricket Council has designed the uniform to be worn during all Australian matches. Frocks shall be of white tobralco. The upper half shall be made with a shirt front, which will be buttoned with two pearl buttons. Sleeves must reach midway between the shoulder and the elbow, and be finished with a stitched band, an inch and a half wide.

The skirt of the frock must have two inverted pleats back and front, and be finished by an inch and a half stitched hem. The top of this hem must just reach the ground when the player is kneeling.

White knee athletic hose and socks may be worn with white laced sand or cricket shoes and white caps or hats lined with green. The Australian blazer will be all green, with the Australian coat of arms on the pocket.

Two or three rules will have to be adjusted before England meets either Australia or one of the States in their first match. One is the question of how many balls will be bowled to the over.

The Australian Council has suggested to England that Australia would fall in with their wishes as regards the overs. In England the M.C.C. rules governing bowling state that there shall be six balls bowled. In Australia, in accordance with Sheffield Shield play, the rule is that eight balls constitute an over.

It has been the rule for England to adopt the Australian ruling in this

matter, when playing in this country, and, of course, Australia has played the six balls to the over when visiting England.

All the women players in Australia, however, have played eight balls to the over, and it is certain that they are going to find themselves severely handicapped at the commencement of the season. Bowlers are prone to concentrate and put more energy into the last few deliveries in an over, and it is surprising how many batsmen are out off the last or second last ball in an over.

This change, therefore, will bring about a great change in a bowler's tactics. Fieldsmen will also find a difference, for they will be called upon to make frequent changes, and it is advisable that these changes should be made quickly.

But if the Australian Council has its way in another direction, the English team also will be handicapped. England plays with a lighter ball than that used in Australia, so that English bowlers will also share in the handicap of playing under rather different conditions.

English Visitor

MISS EDITH THOMPSON, who is one of the leaders of the English Women's Hockey Association, will be invited to visit Australia during the Pacific Tournament.

Miss Thompson won the C.B.E. distinction during the war.

She has acted as manager of touring teams on such a number of occasions as to establish a record in this exacting capacity, and her genial disposition and tactful handling of the girls has made her universally popular.

If a vote were taken on the most popular world hockey official there is little doubt the honor would go to Miss Thompson.

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